

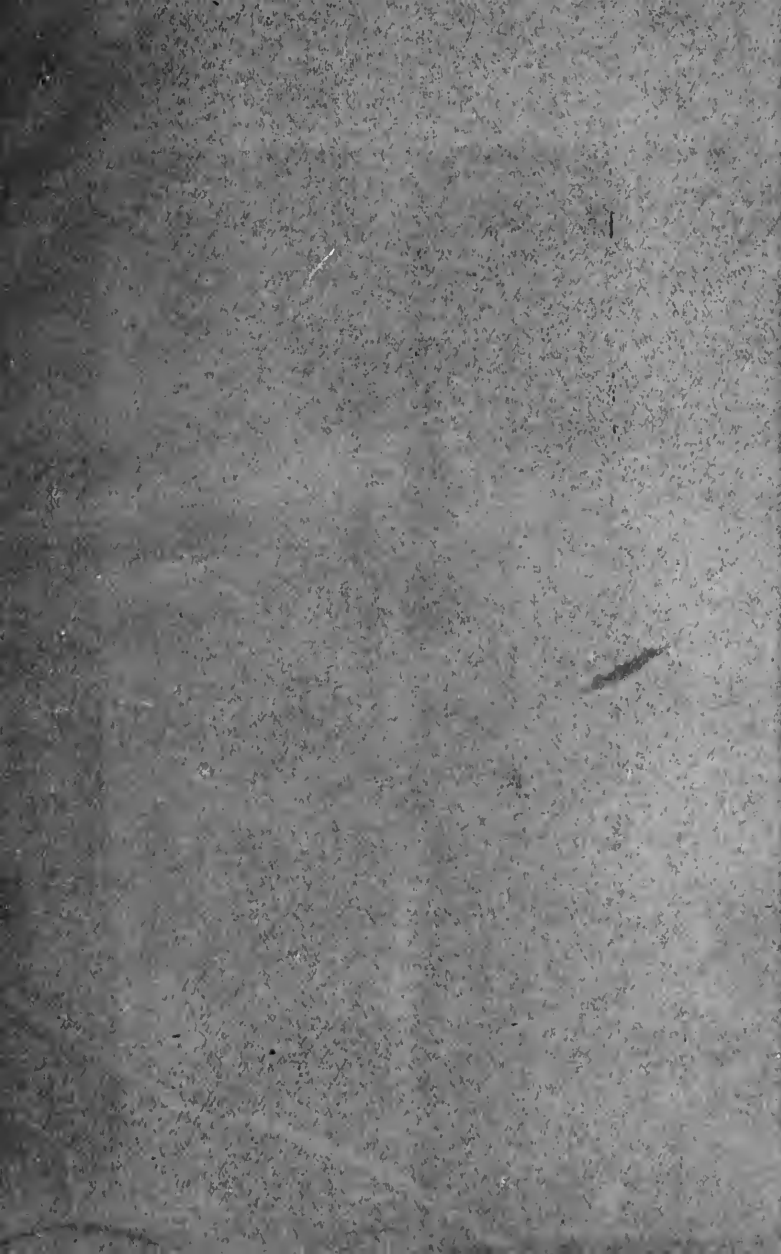
HEATHER AND FERN

JOHN LIDDELL KELLY





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Heather and Fern :

Songs of Scotland and Maoriland.

By JOHN LIDDELL KELLY.

" All the soul in rapt suspension—
All the quivering, palpitating
Chords of life in utmost tension
With the fervour of invention,
With the rapture of creating!"

—*Longfellow.*



WELLINGTON, N.Z. :

Printed for the Author by the New Zealand Times Company, Ltd

1902.

W. J. E. Donne.

With the best regards of the Author



Heather and Fern.

*From this isle in the wide Southern Ocean,
How oft does my swift fancy flee,
On pinions of love and devotion,
Dear home of my fathers, to thee !
In a land lapped in bright summer weather,
I sigh for one rugged and stern ;
I long for the bloom of the Heather
In the Land of the Kauri and Fern.*

*Though here there is nought to remind me
Of the dark, misty land of my birth,
Not tears and not distance can blind me
To scenes that are dearest on earth.
As I list to the Tui's clear whistle,
I sigh—" Shall I ever return
To the Land of the Heather and Thistle
From the Land of the Kauri and Fern ?"*

*Here the Spirit of Beauty rejoices
In scenes that enrapture the eye :
Earth raises her manifold voices
In praise to the bountiful sky.
In the blue of the infinite ether
More bright constellations may burn ;
But their glint on the Thistle and Heather
Were more fair than on Kauri and Fern.*

*Though dear to my heart is Zealandia,
For the home of my boyhood I yearn ;
I dream, amid sunshine and grandeur,
Of a land that is misty and stern ;
From the Land of the Moa and Maori
My thoughts to old Scotia will turn ;
Thus the Heather is blent with the Kauri
And the Thistle entwined with the Fern.*

TO

MY MOTHER AND FOSTER-MOTHER

(SCOTLAND AND NEW ZEALAND),

THIS VOLUME,

IN ALL LOVE AND GRATITUDE,

I DEDICATE.

PREFACE.

THE contents of this volume, with the exception of about a score of pieces now published for the first time, are selected from a mass of verses which have hitherto led a "vagabond existence," of, in some cases, thirty years' duration, in newspapers and magazines, or in "brochures" of limited circulation among private friends. It is for the reading public to determine whether their publication in collected form shall prove an act of sepulture or of introduction to a larger and more influential life. It has been deemed advisable to append to each poem the date at which it was written. A glance by the reader at these dates may make it unnecessary for the author to explain seeming inconsistencies or to apologise for crudities of idea and expression. The dates will also prove useful to those who may wish to study the collection as a "human document" and to trace the evolutionary stages of the writer's mental, sentimental, literary, religious, and philosophic experiences.

Without seeking or hoping to modify censure, the author would remark that these verses have been written in the brief intervals of a busy journalistic life, partly as a recreation, but chiefly because he was persuaded he had a message to deliver and desired to express himself in a form at once forcible and attractive. The joy of composing and the satisfaction of unburdening himself of his

message are reward enough for the "maker," who has an abiding faith that, whether critics praise or blame, his work shall not fail of its object.

The publications in which many of these verses first saw the light include the *Airdrie and Coatbridge Advertiser*, *Glasgow Weekly Herald*, *People's Friend* (Dundee), *Bulletin* (Sydney), *New Zealand Mail*, *New Zealand Herald*, *Auckland Star*, *Observer*, *New Zealand Illustrated Magazine*, and *Young Man's Magazine*. Acknowledgment is due to the proprietors of the *Bulletin* for permission to publish poems of which they hold the copyright, and which are marked by an asterisk (*) in the table of contents.

J. L. K.

SALAMANCA ROAD,

WELLINGTON,

NEW ZEALAND, *December, 1902.*

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Around my fire an evening group to draw.
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—Goldsmith.

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Dryden.

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"When found, make a note of."

—*Capt. Cuttle.*

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HEATHER AND FERN.



TARAWERA; OR, THE CURSE OF TUHOTU.

I.

TUHOTU'S RESURRECTION.

Scenes of horror, sounds of wailing,
Wild confusion, woe, and dread;
Earth abysmal, yawning, rocking;
Flames and smoke in heaven o'erhead.

Mountains reeling, thunders pealing,
Mixed with roarings from below;
Lightnings flashing, tempests crashing,
Surges dashing to o'erflow!

Tarawera's triple mountain
Bellowing, belching balls of fire,
Streams of lava, showers of ashes,
Smoke from Nature's funeral pyre!

Children, women, men in terror,
Fleeing, shrieking, seeking aid;
Others stricken helpless, lifeless—
On a fiery bier low laid.

Starving cattle, seeking vainly
Leaf of tree or blade of grass;
Such the scene at fair Wairoa
(Fair no longer now, alas!)

When we rescued from his *whare*,
 'Whelmed in fiery lava's tide,
Old Tuhotu, as he crouched there,
 With his Bible by his side !

Old Tuhotu, famed *tohunga*—
 Priest and prophet—wooed, yet feared,
With the snows of five-score winters
 Gleaming on his head and beard !

Strangely stared he when he saw us,
 Yet not vacant was his look ;
Words of prayer we heard him mutter,
 Firmly clasping still the Book.

" Hasten ! " cried we. " Fire-bolts threaten ;
 Flee for safety while you may ! "
" Nay," he answered, " leave me, leave me ;
 God is angry ; I would pray ! "

Forth we dragged him, still resisting,
 From his four days' vigil lone—
Four days buried, darkling, fasting,
 'Neath a drift of mud and stone !

Him we brought to Rotorua—
 Rescued from a living tomb—
'Mid a rain of fiery ashes,
 Earthquake shocks, and sounds of doom !

Tall of stature, grave of feature,—
 Graver, sadder, seemed he now ;
Marks of lonely, long communing
 Sat upon his stately brow.

Quailed the Maoris at his glances,
 Trembling, fled they from his sight,
Crying " Wizard ! Wherefore come you
 Back from realms of Death and Night ?

" See your doing ! Fire and ruin,
 Buried village, pasture burned !
Is your vengeance not yet sated,
 That to curse us you've returned ? "

Gently tended we Tuhotu,
 Rest and viands bade him take,
Then, in answer to our questions,
 Slowly, sadly thus he spake :

II.

TUHOTU MADE A PAKEHA.

Why have ye brought me hither? Why did ye break
my trance,

When I commune held with spirits on Reinga's shadowy
shore?

You say 'twas the *Atua* led you,—there is no such thing
as chance.

Good! 'Tis the will of the Father: I will complain no
more!

Sad is my heart for my people, o'ertaken by fiery fate;

Sadder still for the living, whose souls refuse the light,
Who curse me, revile me, disown me, and thrust me forth
from their gate,

As a foul and fell magician, in league with the Powers
of Night.

Outcast, despised, and friendless, why should I live alone?

Sure 'tis the curse of Knowledge,—but a wise man
should be brave;

And Christ, earth's greatest Prophet, was hated and killed
by His own.

But He rose, like me, in triumph, from darkness and
the grave!

Yes; 'tis the curse of Knowledge!—to know of impending
wrath,

To see o'er a sinful people uplifted the hand of God,
To know that, despite all warning, not one will forsake the
path

Till all shall be crushed to powder beneath the avenging
rod!

Wizard, the people call me; they would kill me did they
dare—

But they said He had a devil when Love was His golden
rule

Should I not deem it an honour His deep dishonour to
share?

Only the wise know wisdom, 'tis folly alone to the fool!

Fools! To believe that I willed it, when I warned them of
coming doom!

'Tis well that they have disowned me; a *pakeha* hence
forth I.

The *pakeha's* God was with me as I lay in my living tomb,
And He sent you to my rescue that I might not in
darkness die.

Gone are the people to judgment ; of their blood my hands
 are clean ;
 I will leave them to God's great mercy, and dry my
 useless tears.
 Let me tell you the vision I saw of the awful final scene,
 And the warning I long since uttered in vain to idle ears.

III.

THE CURSE.

Woe to the seekers of pleasure !
 Woe to the Maori race !
 Woe to this time and place !
 For filled is the wrathful measure,
 And Vengeance cometh apace ;
 Only a little space,
 And a man will give all his treasure
 To be hid from the angry face
 Of a justly-incensed God !
 The earth shall quake at His nod,
 And the hills dissolve in fire
 Before His enkindled ire !

Woe to Wairoa the gay !
 I see her at close of day,
 Go like a child to sleep ;
 I see her, ere morning breaks,
 Wake, as a madman wakes
 From a dream of the nethermost deep !

The earth is rent asunder,
 The heavens are black as a pall ;
 The bright flames rise and fall ;
 Deep rumblings come from under,
 While high in air,
 'Mid the lightning's glare,
 Bellows the angry thunder !
 Wairoa is gone—is fled—
 The wicked ones all are dead !

Woe to Ariki the proud !
 Humbled shall be her pride.
 She smiles on the fair hillside ;
 But I see the gathering cloud—
 I hear the mutterings loud.
 O God ! the cloud has burst !
 In a rain of living fire
 I see Ariki expire,
 By sloth and sin accurst !

Woe unto Moura, woe !

She is dreaming of peace and rest,

Like a bird in its quiet nest,

While the blue lake lies below.

Her sons to folly wander ;

The stranger's gold they claim ;

To the stranger's vice they pander—

They sell her daughters' shame !

God stamps His foot in anger,

The earth's foundations shake !

For Moura weep,

She lieth deep

In Tarawera's lake !

Waitangi, thy waters of wailing

Are lamenting, unavailing,

Too late to avert thy doom !

Too late doth thy conscience waken,

For, in sin and shame o'ertaken,

Thy glory shall sink in gloom !

Mourn, ye weeping waters,

The fate of your sons and daughters

Who sleep in a nameless tomb !

Deep and eternal shame,

Bitter and endless woe,

To each tribe of ancient name !

They shall perish in vengeful flame,

And sink to the realm of Po !

Weep, Ngatitoi, Tuhourangi,

Weep for Wairoa, Waitangi,

Ariki, and Moura the fair ;

They have drunk of the wine of Pleasure,

And now they must drain a measure

Of Sorrow and dire Despair ;

They have heard with scoffs and scorning

The voice of solemn warning ;

God striketh, and will not spare !

IV.

SUPERSTITION AND RELIGION.

He ended, and sudden a murmur

Arose in the street without ;

The murmur grew to a tumult ;

From the tumult there came the shout

Of a hundred angry voices,
 Joined in one vengeful cry—
 "Death to the hated wizard
 Who has made our people die!

"Death to the fierce Tuhotu
 Who has stirred up *Maui's* ire,
 And 'whelmed our homes and pastures
 In a flood of sacred fire—
 The fire from Hawaiiki,
 Brought to our chief of old,
 Great Ngatoroirangi,
 When perishing with cold!

"The fire that came as a blessing,
 Tuhotu has made a curse;
 He is fit to live no longer,
 His wicked plans to nurse!
 Many have died and suffered
 By the spell of his evil eye;
 We appeal to the law of Moses,
 Which says that he must die!

"Give us the grey old wizard
 Who has wrought us so much ill;
 No mortal man may harm him—
 No human hand may kill;
 But we'll bear him to Tarawera;
 He must enter the pit of fire,
 And appease the unquiet spirits
 Whom he roused to vengeance dire!"

Then we heard in gentle accents,
 A voice persuasive speak,
 Telling that God's was vengeance,
 And the earth was for the meek;
 That One who was greater than Moses
 A better law had given—
 To forgive an erring brother
 To seventy times seven!

And the Maoris, as they listened
 To the missionary priest,
 Were shamed from their wild intention,
 And the angry tumult ceased. . . .
 And Tuhotu, who ne'er had trembled,
 Or quailed his fearless glance,
 Told of the Vision of ruin
 He saw in his four days' trance.

V.

TUHOTU'S VISION.

The night had fallen soft and calm,
Wairoa lay in slumber deep :
I sang in peace my evening psalm,
But something said I must not sleep.

Wrapped in my rug, I sat and read
From Jeremiah's warning page,
Nor knew the midnight hour had fled,
So closely did the theme engage.

O'er Israel's pictured woes I wept,
And sadness o'er my soul held sway,
And yearning feelings o'er me crept,
For brethren in this later day ;
I know not if I waked or slept—
If hours or moments passed away !

The spirits of the mighty dead
Who sleep on Tarawera hill,
Innumerable, hovered round my head ;
I knew their presence boded ill !
But One was by my side who said
To my heart-throbbings—" Peace, be still !"

I felt this visit was the sign
Of trouble in these sinful years ;
But, in an ecstasy divine,
I soon forgot earth's cares and fears.

Communing with my visitants,
No more my fearful bosom pants ;
My eyes are tipped with heavenly light
And clear as day appears the night.
" Come forth with us," the Spirits say,
And in spirit I haste with them away !
Out 'neath the clear and star-lit sky,
With the villages slumbering peacefully
On the marge of Tarawera Lake,
Our way through the pure mid air we take.

With one consent we stay our flight
And gaze, as from a mountain height,
Down on Mahana's steaming flood,
Near that enchanted spot where stood

Those terraced pathways to the sky—
 Twin stairways that the gods might mount—
 Te Kupuarangi's cloudy fount,
 Tarata's pure white tracery!

Mahana's Lake, this night of June,
 Lies placid 'neath the crescent moon,
 Save in the central part, where sleeps
 The *taniwha*, in troubled dreams,
 And, ever restless turning, seems
 To agitate the boiling deeps!
 See, how he tosses and tumbles,
 Hark, how he mutters and grumbles,
 And shakes his clanking chain!
 Wild is the dream he is dreaming,
 For the lake is boiling and steaming
 And hissing and spitting amain!

A fiercer struggle and stronger!
 His bonds contain him no longer;
 From his dream the monster wakes—
 Wakes with a thunderous roar,
 Leaps with a force that shakes
 The lake's firm bottom and shore!
 Through the earth, quick cleft in twain,
 He sinks to his fiery home;
 The water follows amain—
 There's a rushing and gleaming of foam,
 And Mahana's Lake so blue
 Has vanished like morning dew!

Yes; the beauteous lake has for ever fled:
 Where its waters smiled their rise instead
 Thick clouds of smoke, white wreaths of steam,
 While in the midst the red flames gleam.

A moment's silence, and once more
 Earth trembles to the monster's roar,
 As, bursting from his den,
 He cleaves high Tarawera Hill
 To wreak his wild and evil will
 On weak and sinful men!

Bursts Tarawera, Wahanga,
 Bursts Ruawahia's height
 Into flames that illumine the night;
 The earth, as in fits of anger,
 Vomits, with terrible clangour,
 Mud, and lava, and rocks,
 While, answering to the shocks,
 The heavens re-bellow in night!

I see men wake from their sleeping
To praying and cursing and weeping !
O Heaven ! the strong man falls,
 Struck down in the throes of death ;
The child to the mother calls,—
 Poor mother ! her last faint breath
Is spent in a fruitless prayer
For the son of her love and care !
The sire and the daughter he cherished—
 The chief and the crouching slave—
The strong and the weak have perished,
 And sleep in one common grave !

How sad was Rangiheua's fate !
 (Oft did he boast, with mien elate,—
Toll-taking at the Terrace gate—
 Of all his wealth and power !)
On Puwai's Isle I saw him sleep
When hell broke from the placid deep ;
For Ngatitoi lament and weep !—
 All perished in that hour,
When tepid bath and terraced steep
 Were whelmed in fiery shower !

Fell Ruin wraps each dwelling place
Of people of my tribe and race ;
A hundred of my kinsmen die
In fear and mortal agony—
Some gulfed in waves that boil and hiss,
 Some slain by bolts of living fire,
Some plunged into a dark abyss.
 While some of Terror's pangs expire !

I gaze upon a little hut
 Where thickest fall the mud and rocks ;
Within is one whose eyes are shut,
 Who takes no note of earthquake shocks,
Nor seems to heed the fearful rain
 That on the groaning roof-tree beats,
 But something to himself repeats,
As one who wanders in his brain !

'Tis weirdly strange ; but, as I look
On him who sits and clasps his book,
 My own the form and features seem
The hut is mine ; yet am not I
Out 'neath the lurid, burning sky ?
 Am I awake, or do I dream ?

My mind is dark ; I cannot say
 If Fact or Fantasy held sway.
 I fain would tell the wondrous lore
 That Arawa's grey fathers told
 To me on Reinga's awful shore ;
 All that shall be, and was before,
 Was to my vision clear unrolled.

I live, the last of all my tribe,
 And must not lock within my breast
 The things they gave me to describe,—
 But leave me now, for I would rest.

VI.

THE REST IS SILENCE.

Tenderly we nursed Tuhotu,
 But his soul seemed far away ;
 Earth no longer seemed to claim him ;
 Weaker grew he, day by day,

Till his spirit burst its prison,
 And with features glorified,
 As beholding some grand vision,
 With a Christian's faith he died.

None of all his race or kindred
 Raised the *tangi's* mournful cry ;
 In the green churchyard we laid him,
 And his secrets with him lie !

Thus the last of the *tohungas*
 Perished, with his wondrous lore—
 Passed away to join his fathers
 On Te Reinga's blessed shore.

.

Still, at lovely Rotorua,
 Smiles the lake and shines the sun ;
 But from frowning Tarawera
 Ever rise the vapours dun,

Towering in a cloudy pillar,
 Bidding men their sins forsake,
 Telling them of old Tuhotu,
 And the fearful curse he spake.

FINITUDE.

The Night succeeds the day,
The Day is born of Night ;
For ever the dark and light
In an endless circle play.

Bright flower and green leaf fade,
The seed is 'tomb'd in earth,
Till lo ! a second birth
Brings flower and leaf and blade.

Earth, in its varied climes,
Has seen unvaried strife—
Succession of death and life
A million million times.

Succession of night and day,
Succession of seed and flower,
Cycle of minute and hour,
For ever, and ever, and aye !

As the turnspit treads his path,
As the gin-horse goes his round,
So is Earth's motion bound,
And the Sun his orbit hath.

In grand Olympic race
The ardent planets roll ;
No starting-post, no goal,
In the vast fields of space !

The stars, in their ampler course,
Are held by changeless law ;
In their motion is no flaw—
No failure in their force.

Who doth their strength renew,
That they neither fall nor slip ?
Are they urged by a driver's whip,
Or guided by instinct true ?

Whence come and whither tend
Strivings of star and sun ?
When was the race begun ?
Shall we behold it end ?

Who knows? We only know
 That, ever since sad-eyed Man
 To watch and think began,
 They have wheeled and circled so.

Insect, and tree, and star,
 Season, and day, and night,
 Blade, and blossom, and blight
 Have the edict heard—"THUS FAR!"

Man sees what he ever saw—
 Matter with motion rife,
 Light and darkness at strife,
 Ringed by immutable law.

What of the Genesis—What?
 Dumb are the oracle's lips.
 Of the final Apocalypse
 Nature proclaimeth naught.

Only in endless chain
 Event succeeds event;
 Future and Past are blent,
 And the Present doth ne'er remain.

Vain is our quest or call,
 No answer can we bring;
 Finitude's iron ring
 Surrounds and limits all!

1892.

ODE.

GLEAMS OF THE AFTER-STATE.

Aut Cæsar aut nullus.

I.

"We shall be gods, or we shall be naught,
 In the endless years that are yet to be."
 That was the message that came to me,
 With hope and despair full-fraught,
 As I lay on my lonely bed,
 In the midnight watch, so dark and lone,

And thought on the many-millioned dead,
Who have trod the path we all must tread,
And I questioned "Where they have gone,
Shall we bask in bliss or in torment groan?"

And this was the answering thought—
"We shall be gods or naught."

II.

In the state of mortal men
We could not bear to live
Beyond the weary span the Fates may give
Of threescore years and ten—
Pure spirits, 'prisoned in a noisome den;
True hearts, with sympathies awake,
That either harden, bleed, or break;
Strong souls, allied to feeble flesh and soft,
On Aspiration's pinions borne aloft,
Then dashed to earth again.
Surely the boon of Nothingness
Were better than these struggles vain—
The bitter wrong, the far-off, vague redress,
The futile hope, the strain and stress
Of noblest efforts unavailing;
Better to cease than to remain
Waifs tossed by every wind of Chance
Upon the sea of Circumstance,
With Death the cormorant ever o'er us sailing.

III.

We may not, like the angels, be
Fair, innocent, and stainless,
From Sin's sophistication free,
All passionless and painless.
As scars upon the warrior's front
Tell he has borne the battle's brunt,
So with the human soul must aye remain
Traces of some inexpiable stain—
Some thoughts for which no Lethe flows o'er any plain
Pandora's gift, once highly prized,
However much 'tis now despised,
Can ne'er be thrown away;
Here, in our earthly night, it seems
The haunting horror of our dreams,
Whose memory still will haunt in heaven's most lucent
day.

IV.

If we may not be angels or men,
 What then ?
 If naught from nothing came,
 Nothing shall come to naught ;
 But still the dreadful thought
 Burns like a fiery flame—
 " Omnipotence, who by a word,
 Made all things that have been or yet shall be
 In earth, or hell, or heaven, surely He,
 If but His wrath be stirred,
 May everything created uncreate,
 And reign once more in grand and solitary state,"
 Nay ; God is a God of life—
 Creating and preserving are His joy.
 His foes are Death, Destruction, Sin, and Strife,
 And these will he destroy,
 With all that causes sorrow and annoy ;
 But man, who has a spark of Godhead caught,
 Can never come to naught.

V.

Shall we be gods, and know
 What now we seek to know in vain —
 Of evil and good, of bliss and bane
 The far-off fountain-head ;
 Of a height above and a depth below,
 Unscaled, unplummeted,
 And unimagined still ?
 Shall we, with fixed, unwavering will,
 With perfect Wisdom's dower
 And Godhead's awful power
 Choosing good only, dwell serene and calm
 And passionless as Fate,
 Untiring and unsleeping,
 While evermore, through heaven's extended gate,
 Floats of the choiring spheres the glorious psalm ;
 In us the freshness of immortal youth,
 Round us the fragrance of eternal truth,
 The æons, uncomputed, past us sweeping ?

VI.

Shall we be gods ? God knows,
 'Tis not within our ken ;
 One drop of comfort flows,
 To soothe our poignant woes—
 We shall not be always men !
 Not always are we doomed to dwell,

In sight of heaven, but on the brink of hell,
There comes a grand, deciding day,
When doubt shall die and sadness flee away.
We can but hope, when suns and systems perish,
That God will His own image cherish,
And save it, as by fire, purged of all earthly clay.
And, brothers, should Oblivion's pall
Be fated upon us to fall,
Still let us live true men and brave,
And rest in this consoling thought
In that vast realm beyond the grave,
" We shall be gods, or naught !"

1892.

FREEDOM.

A Hill-top Hymn of the New Gospel.

Tis the Slave that makes the Tyrant—not the Tyrant
makes the Slave ;

Wherefore, O man, be fearless, be resolute and brave !

Listen, ye Kings of Muscle—attend, ye Lords of Mind—
Accept no man's credentials by God not countersigned ;

But question each one's title and bid him prove his right.
Obey not yon proud upstart, who claims to rule by might ;

He has no strength or cunning, conferred by right divine—
The power by which he ruleth, that power is yours and
mine ;

It has grown but by the weakness of the senseless, gaping
hordes ;

He is great but by the homage which a fawning crowd
accords.

Our grand old Mother Nature forms life on one great
plan—

One protoplasmic basis, one towering apex, Man.

She strips off gauds and titles and brings us back to dust ;
All men she makes as equals (and surely she is just!)—

Not ninety-nine to labour and one alone to rule ;
Not one per cent. of hero and ninety-nine of fool !

The masterpiece of Nature, Creation's lord and crown,
Is Man—when he has trodden every dark'ning terror down.

'Tis Ignorance enthralls him, and Knowledge is the key,
And they must seek and strive and learn who ever would be
free.

"Be meek and all inherit" No fouler-minted lie
Was ever coined, to serve the ends of Fraud exalted high.

What secret e'er was wrested, what conquest e'er was
bought,
But by bold, courageous effort, and by free, unfettered
thought?

"Obey; resist not evil; be restful and content!"
Self-meshed in these, ye struggle until all your strength is
spent.

Out, Sword of Truth! and sever these trammels of the brain!
Shine, Lamp of Truth! and darkness shall ne'er affright
again!

Behold, through all the ages, since e'er the world began,
The bondage and the fetters that man has made for man.

Each forges his own shackles—builds his own prison cell,
Decrees his own damnation—invents his final bell;

Ay, e'en the Heavenly Despot—hard, tyrannous, austere—
Exists but in man's fancy and child-like "Godly fear."

Awake, then, thou that sleepest! Great Demos, wake and
see
Fraternity, Equality, are thine, wert thou but free.

In that one watchword, Freedom—the freedom of the mind—
Behold the germ of Godhead for suffering humankind.

Seek not, poor, blinded Samson, to wreck the temple walls—
Come out into the light! In time each hoary structure falls.

Come out! Seek, know, inherit; regain the boon of sight;
Make Earth a stately palace ground and Life a long delight;

And, first, con well the lesson that is known to every knave—
'Tis the Slave that makes the Tyrant—not the Tyrant makes
the Slave!

THE ANGLOMURKAN NATIONAL ANTHEM.

(Apropos de l'entente cordiale.)

God save thee, O my country,
The greatest upon airth,
Victorious and glorious
And happy, and so forth !
God save our noble Jonathan,
God bless our gracious Bull !
(Excuse these muddled epithets—
My swelling breast is full !)

CHORUS :

Hurrah for Bullanjonathan !
Thrice cheers for Johnansam !
The Anglomurkan nation
Is bound to lick creation ;
Geewhillikins ! Tarnation !
Goldarn ! and likewise Damn !

We fear no Dons and devils,
Or treachery of Spain ;
Our noble Maine they scuttled—
We'll sweep the Spanish Main !
Beware the Eaglion's talons,
The Lioneagle's paw !
Shout " God save Yankee Doodle "
And " Dewey *et mon droit* !"

CHORUS :—Hurrah, &c.

Who says we are but traders ?
Why, that is all my eye !
We don't sell wooden nutmegs,
We make the Spanish fly !
For Islands rent and riven
The ghost of Philip pines ;
We'll blow our mild Havana
'Mid smoke of forts and mines !

CHORUS :—Hurrah, &c.

They said we ran for shelter—
Confound their knavish tricks !
We merely kept on programme :
" We start to shoot at six ;"

At nine we stop for breakfast
(Qui mal pense, honi soit !)
 And then we give them gruel
 With Dewey *et mon droit !*

CHORUS :—Hurrah, &c.

Ye Royal Red Republicans,
 Twist not the Lion's tail !
 Fling out the Union-Jonathan,
 Whose stars shall never fail.
 St. George for merry Yankland !
 Break fetters from the slaves,
 Free sons of Columbanglia—
 Brityankia rules the waves !

CHORUS :—Hurrah, &c.

1898.

AT SEA.

Out on the wide Atlantic's heaving breast,
 A thousand miles of sea on every side ;
 No sail within our ken to east or west,
 To north and south, nought but the restless tide,
 Whose buoyant waves, that glitter, foam, and glance,
 Mirror the infinite Heaven's broad and blue expanse.

Day after day, week after week, goes by,
 And, save the season's change, no change know we ;
 Above us bends the same blue, boundless sky,
 Around us heaves the same blue, trackless sea ;
 Æolus sings to us the same old song,
 'Mong rigging, spars, and sails, as fast we speed along.

At times a snowy sail, or sea-bird's wing,
 Gleams shortly on our vision, and is gone ;
 At times the breeze blows fresher, and will bring
 From Harper Æolus a bolder tone ;
 At times a cloud will burst in floods of rain,
 Blackening the sea and sky, which quickly shine again.

Anon the storm-god rises in his power,
 Riding on cloudy chariot, grim and dark ;
 Beneath his sway, the heavens threatening lour,
 Black surges heave beneath our fragile barque ;
 Above we hear the awful thunder's crash,
 But louder o'er our decks the waves tremendous dash !

'Mid scenes like these, that soul indeed were dead
That would not own, in wonder, love and awe,
The power of Him, all Nature's Lord and Head,
Who ruleth all by universal law—
Who biddeth swelling tempests cease to be,
And in His hollowed hand doth grasp the raging sea !

Ere yet our lengthened journey was begun,
We marked our vessel as in port she lay ;
We saw her white sails glancing in the sun,
Her masts so stately, and her trim array ;
We praised the genius of her maker, man,
Who could this floating isle—this ark of safety—plan.

But here, amid this solitude of waves,
This wide infinitude of sea and sky—
Whether in wrath the mighty tempest raves,
Or smooth and clear the peaceful waters lie—
What is our ship ? An atom in the void—
A floating speck of dust, that soon may be destroyed !

This ark of safety, once our hope and boast —
What is she now ? And what her pride of power ?
A bubble on the mighty ocean tossed,
A giant's plaything ! wrecked in one brief hour
By her capricious lord, while o'er the scene
The heedless waves would roll, as if we ne'er had been.

What here is man, whose mind of godlike mould
We praised erewhile ? And what his genius high —
His arts, his learning, or his wealth untold ?
When yon light cloud that sweeps athwart the sky
May bear his sudden doom within its breast,
His soaring powers laid low 'neath ocean's untamed crest.

On shore, we viewed the wondrous works of man ;
We marked the stately piles which pride had raised ;
With curious awe the Pyramids might scan,
On which full twenty centuries have gazed ;
We saw the mighty miracle of steam,
And prodigies which shamed the prophet's wildest dream !

First wonder seized us—pride possessed us next—
The dawning Godhead of our kind we saw,
And our vain minds, distracted and perplexed,
Spurned at fair Nature's grand but noiseless law ;
For man seemed everything, and God was nought,
And Nature's powers were slaves to man's imperial thought !

Thus have we seen a dark, portentous cloud
 Obscure awhile the effulgent pride of noon ;
 Or earth-born fogs have spread their misty shroud,
 And hid the eternal stars and lucent moon ;
 Then sighed we for the orbs of night and day,
 And deemed the clouds and fogs were mightier powers than
 they !

But now have God's own winds dispersed abroad
 The clouds and mists that hid Him from our sight ;
 " The heavens declare the glory of our God,
 Deep unto deep proclaims His matchless might ;"
 We see all Nature moving at His call :
 We feel that man is nought, and God is All in All.

And yet not nought are we : for 'tis His will
 To keep us, nourish us, and make us blest ;
 His hand has fashioned us with peerless skill ;
 In our marred mirror is His form confessed ;
 And He the meanest of our kind can keep
 Safe amid all alarms and perils of the deep !

Then grant, oh Lord, that we may feel Thee near,
 And own Thy presence evermore as now ;
 And through all mists of doubt, and clouds of fear,
 May we by faith behold Thy radiant brow,
 And feel upon the land, as on the sea,
 That Thou art Lord of all—Thy humble creatures we !

1881.

APOSTROPHE TO AUCKLAND.

(From " Zealandia's Jubilee.")

Auckland ! Queen City of the Austral Seas,
 Seated majestic on thy hundred hills,
 Soothed by the murmurings of hidden rills,
 And songs of birds embow'ed amid the trees ;
 Sweet home of beauty, whose enchantment fills
 With new delight the ever wondering eyes ;
 Whose genial heat, and cool, refreshing breeze
 And mildly radiant skies
 Give endless Summer to the circling year,
 Make Nature ever gay and life for ever dear !

The Past is thine ; thy fortunes and thy fame
Are with Zealandia's story intertwined ;
So long as Britons bear the Past in mind,
So long shall live the lustre of thy name !
Historic spot, in memory enshrined
As primal ruler of these noble lands ;
'Mid toils and trials, men of lofty aim
Laid here, with skilful hands,
The firm foundation of the infant State,
Which grows beneath our eye, enduring, good and great.

Thine is the Present. Proudly in the van
Thou marchest—first in beauty, wealth, and might ;
Firm, self-reliant, conscious of the right,
Thou heed'st not whether rivals bless or ban.
Soft, balmy airs, and skies serene and bright,
Mark thee the home of Music and of Art !
And men, ennobled by their love of man,
With warm and generous heart—
Witness McKELVIE, COSTLEY, ELAM, GREY—
Have dowered thee with gifts that all with pride survey.

The Future, too, is thine. The coming years
Are big with signs of greatness yet to be,
When, shedding light o'er all the Southern Sea,
Thou'lt shine, the first and fairest 'mid thy peers.
The myriad Islands fix their hopes on thee ;
Britannia hails thee as a bulwark strong ;
Thy power and *prestige* calm Zealandia's fears,
For unto thee belong
The pride of place—the key to her defence.
And sons who love their land with patriot fire intense !

Thou'rt first in all the gentle arts of Peace,
And rich in Nature's garnered wealth untold ;
Forests are thine, and flax, and gum, and gold,
A luscious fruitage, and abundant fleece !
Here Industry shall all her powers unfold
And busy thousands dwell within thy coasts,
Viewing with joy secure their wealth increase,
Knowing that Auckland boasts
Ships, docks, coal, iron, armaments and all
(With fearless hearts and true) to save from foemen's thrall.

Abode of Commerce ! City of harbours twain !
By Nature dowered, by Art made more complete,
While tribute wealth is offered at thy feet
By distant lands and Islands of the main !

Long may be heard, within each busy street,
 The roar of Traffic and the hum of Trade ;
 May Honour rule o'er every youthful swain,
 And Love o'er every maid ;
 May smiling Peace brood o'er the fertile land
 And Plenty yield her stores, with free, unstinted hand !

1890.

MAID MARGARET.

(FROM A SOUL IN PAIN TO ONE IN BLISS.)

I.

My love, who underneath the sod
 Hast lain these twenty years,
 The wrong I did thee—(O, my God !)—
 May not be purged by tears ;
 My fire, that ever rageth,
 No cooling stream assuageth.

Maid Margaret ! I loved thee well,
 And shrined thee in my heart,
 Until another cast a spell
 That tore us twain apart ;
 Too gentle, thou, and tender,
 To stand before *her* splendour !

I made that other one my bride ;
 I told thee of my choice ;
 I bade thee, in my youthful pride,
 Look on us and rejoice.
 Few fell thy words, but sweetly ;
 Thy soft smile vanished fleetly.

As formal friends we parted, love !
 Then, 'midst my nuptial bliss,
 They told me thou wert called above
 To brighter worlds than this.
 E'en then no voice reproved me
 And told me thou hadst loved me.

II.

Long time, wide distance, stand between
Those bygone scenes and now ;
Experience has brought insight keen
To make me know that thou
Wert loving, true, and tender,
In patient self-surrender.

And thou didst go to mouldy Death,
As to a bridegroom's arms,
Resigned thy sweet and cheerful breath
And all thy budding charms,
Because of love unswerving
For me, the undeserving ;

While I, a thoughtless, selfish boy,
Who nothing knew of life,
Exulting in my wedded joy,
Plunged in thy heart a knife ;
Yea, deemed the torture kindness,
And slew thee, in my blindness !

For crime of ignorance and youth,
Lord, doom me not to wrath !
The clear, illuming light of truth
Enough of judgment hath ;
Hell holds no greater terror
Than knowledge of my error.

III.

Sweet love, thou art not 'neath the sod
These twenty weary years ;
Thou dwell'st a saint, at home with God,
Above earth's smiles and tears ;
And Heaven has surely taught thee
More lore than Earth has brought me

Bride of my Spirit ! better part
Of what is best in me !
Though earthly love enchains my heart,
My spirit craves to be
Where thou art, virgin stainless,
In lands where love is painless.

If I could know thou dost forgive
My sin of long ago,
Then would I gladly cease to live,

Nor dread eternal woe.
 Saint Margaret! I pray thee,
 Let thoughts of mercy sway thee.

So may I gain that far, bright shore,
 When earthly ties are rent,
 And thou and she and I once more
 May meet and be content;
 No fleshly love dividing,
 But heavenly love abiding!

1897.

SONG.

THE CHIMES OF WELLINGTON.

I.

Ring on, ye Chimes of Wellington,
 Ring deep in heart and brain!
 Your surging waves of melody
 In pleasing rhyme roll over me;
 And answering chords of Memory
 Re-vibrate to the strain
 That rang through Hope's delicious prime,
 Through Friendship's glow, and through the time
 Of Love's rare-raptured pain.
 Then chime, ye bells of Wellington,
 Again, and yet again:—

“ Love, Hate, Life, Death,
 Joy, Grief, and Pain;
 Time is but breath,
 And Pleasure vain.”

Chime—Chime—Chime!
 Bells of Wellington,
 Bells of Wellington,
 Chime glad hours away!

II.

Ay, chime, ye bells of Wellington,
 Though hearts be sad and sore.
 Your song is now a threnody,
 For once fond friends are false to me,

And Faith, and Love, and Loyalty
Now dwell on earth no more.
Your harsh, repellent chime to me
Will tell a tale of misery
Till Life's sad dream is o'er !
Prophetic bells of Wellington,
Chime on for evermore :—

“ Love, Hate, Life, Death,
Joy, Grief, and Pain ;
Life is but breath,
And Pleasure vain.”

Chime—Chime—Chime !
Bells of Wellington,
Bells of Wellington,
Chime our lives away !

1897.

A ROSY PHILOSOPHY.

Here's a rule for all occasions—
Have it out !
Shun postponements and evasions—
Have it out.
Whate'er your age or sex is,
Every problem that perplexes,
Every ill that bores or vexes—
Have it out.

Have you griefs and feel like crying ?
Have it out.
Raging, laughing, sobbing, sighing—
Have it out.
Are you e'er inclined for swearing,
For desponding or despairing ?
Let your passion get an airing—
Have it out.

Is your pet corn burning, aching ?
Have it out.
Is a tooth your slumber breaking ?
Have it out.
Do you seek fresh care to borrow,
Brooding o'er some dark to-morrow ?
Holds your heart a rooted sorrow ?
Have it out.

If your mistress acts unkindly,
 Have it out.
 Worship not the blind god blindly;
 Have it out.
 Though the false one fair may be,
 Other girls are fair as she;
 There are good fish in the sea—
 Have 'em out!

That osseous deposit—
 Have it out!
 That skeleton in closet—
 Have it out!
 As you sail the ocean frisky,
 With your "innards" feeling risky,
 Even though it *should* be whisky—
 Have it out!

Has your debtor turned elusive?
 Have it out!
 Is your creditor abusive?
 Have it out!
 In a quarrel with your Maker,
 Your mahatma or your fakir,
 Your butcher or your baker—
 Have it out!

Have you differed with your neighbour?
 Have it out!
 Does your "mountain" heave with labour?
 Have it out!
 Is your "mouse" a tender story,
 Or a poem grim and gory?
 For ridicule or glory—
 Have it out!

Does remorse or terror haunt you?
 Have it out!
 Let no secret rise to daunt you.
 Have it out!
 Concealment 's too much trouble;
 A lie bursts like a bubble;
 Truth is cheap, and wears just double!
 Have it out!

In short, on all occasions
 Have it out!
 Doubts, fears, wiles or provocations,
 Have it out!
 Live your life, full, up-to-date;
 Love your love and hate your hate;
 Never dally till "too late"—
 Have it out!

THE PASSING OF THE POET.

(SUGGESTED BY THE DEATH OF W. R. WILLS, OF OTAHUHU.)

One morn I heard a caged lark sing,
Full bravely did its music ring,
As though it soared to greet the stars,
In spite of harsh, confining bars.
It sang of all things bright and free—
Of heaven, of love, of liberty ;
Though bound itself, in cruel dearth
Of freedom and of joy, to earth.
I passed and blessed the glorious strain,
Begot in pain.

I heard a poet raise his song
'Gainst want, oppression, hate and wrong
Hard toil and care and worldly strife
(The triple bars of lowly life)
Could not his soaring mind control,
Or quench the music in his soul.
He sang of the All-Father's love,
Of sunbeams from the Throne above ;
He sang of peace and love below,
Of balm for every sufferer's woe.
He sounded loud a trumpet call
Of hope to all.

Next morn I missed the lark's clear trill
They told me that the minstrel, chill
And dead, within his prison lay ;
But all my soul revolted. " Nay,"
My protest rang, " the bird is free—
Has burst his bars ! " And surely he
Whose music raised us to the sky
Was never fated thus to die.
Though fled, his songs of love and light
Left earth more bright.

The poet passed ; a silence fell
Upon the lyre he loved so well,
And mourners wailed ; " The bard is dead,
His music is as odour shed ;
Hope, aspiration, love and trust—
What are they to his lifeless dust ? "
Hush, triflers ! He but burst his bars ;
To join the choir of Morning Stars ;
The poet lives beyond the skies ;
Song never dies !

O bird, O poet, pour your lays
 To cheer our dusty, doubtful ways ;
 Make bright with your celestial mirth
 The grimy dungeons of our earth.
 In pain or gladness, caged or free,
 Tell of the love and liberty
 That sometime, somewhere, wait for all ;
 And when your spirits hear the call,
 Go trilling, carolling, from sight
 Forth into the Eternal Light.
 Your song, your fame, pass not away ;
 They live for aye !

1896.

THE DAWN OF BROTHERHOOD.

I,—THE PESSIMIST.

Earth waxes old and grey ;
 Gross darkness dims the ray
 That once upon her sweetly beamed from Love's Eternal
 Sun ;
 Through clouds of Hate and Terror,
 And mists of Wrong and Error,
 How faintly shines the light, to show what dangers we must
 shun !

The oracles are dumb ;
 No heavenly voices come
 To say, amid a thousand creeds, which holds unchanging
 Truth ;
 The ancient faiths are dead ;
 What have we in their stead ?
 Ask pleasure-loving Manhood, and vain, irreverent Youth.

A hundred diverse schools
 Train hordes of babbling fools,
 To prove that *this* alone is right, and *that* perforce is wrong ;
 While Huxley, Darwin, Spencer,
 But make our gloom the denser,
 And Seer and Poet shirk their tasks, and frame an idle song.

Grim War, with gory band,
 Still threatens many a land ;
 Rapine and Lust are rampant, from West to furthest East ;
 Labour flings down her gage,
 A deadly strife to wage,
 And Famine's ghastly skeleton is seen at every feast.

What of the moral night,
O, Watcher for the light?
What of the promised coming of the purer, better day?
Say, is the dawn advancing?
Or are those dead-lights, dancing
Above a form that soon must taste corruption and decay?

A mighty change is near,
Shall we hope, or shall we fear?
Humanity, expectant, stays its pulse and holds its breath.
Is the Earth to feel the presence
Of a glad rejuvenescence,
Or second childhood's dotage, the premonitor of Death?

II.—THE OPTIMIST.

The night indeed is dark;
Not yet the wakeful lark
Proclaims with shrill reveillé that the shadows take their
flight;
But, from his vantage high,
The Watcher sees the sky
All roseate with the promise of a day supremely bright.

Who says the dawn is far?
See yonder wandering star,
With speed increased a thousandfold when drawing near its
goal;
So, with electric fleetness,
Shall man approach completeness,
When lightning links of sympathy shall fasten soul to soul!

The darkness may be dense;
But o'er the gloom intense
Two mighty Spirits brood, and breathe of Progress and of
Peace;
New currents, warm and deep,
Through Earth's cold pulses sweep—
She wakes to fresh activity, that ne'er shall know surcease.

It comes! The dawn is near,
Foretold by Bard and Seer,
When men shall dwell in unity beneath the Sun of Love,
When each unto the other
Shall be true and loving brother—
The Earth our common Mother, and one Father-God above!

The accurséd brood of Cain—
 Strife, Envy, Greed of Gain,
 War, Hatred, and Oppression—shall vex the land no more ;
 But every son of toil
 Shall be free to use the soil,
 And none shall beg for bounty from another's hoarded store.

Dividing hills of Hate,
 Creed's deserts desolate,
 The dark and frowning barriers of Colour and of Race,
 Distrustful seas that sever
 Shall pass away for ever,
 When Love and Truth and Brotherhood make earth their
 dwelling-place.

Come quickly, blesséd morrow !
 Men now are one in sorrow ;
 All own a sad equality of sin and sorest need ;
 We are of one race and nation
 In hope and aspiration—
 In love of truth and charity, high thought, and noble deed !

We are children of one Father,
 Then let us gladly gather—
 Humanity united 'neath the canopy of Love ;
 Let each unto the other
 Be a true and loving brother—
 The Earth our common Mother, and one Father-God above !

1890.

HYMN TO EROS.

O Love ! that early found me,
 Stay by me to the end ;
 When gathering ills surround me,
 Be thou my constant friend.
 Though past Youth's fervent fever
 And Manhood's ardour warm,
 Dear charmer and deceiver,
 Still—still deceive and charm !

At five, thine arrows sought me,
 And pierced my armour's joint ;
 But then no pain they brought me,
 Unpoisoned was their point.

The years brought arrows plenty,
And venom'd barbs they bore,
With love at five-and-twenty,
And love at forty-four.

(A love that grew in secret,
And strengthened with the years,
Died in a wordless anger
And grief too deep for tears.
O, Woman! Woman! Woman!
False, frivolous and vain,
A blight on all things human
You've cast, since Eden's stain!)

Yet, Love, though thou hast ruled me
For blessing less than bane,
And many a time hast fooled me,
I would be fooled again!
Now comic, and now tragic,
The parts thou bad'st me play;
Yet ever, as by magic,
My doubts were charmed away.

Ah! Many a fond illusion
At Wisdom's touch has flown;
Of all my youth's profusion
The years have spared but one!
I hug my gilded fetters,
I joy in Eros' thrall;
Wealth, Fame, Religion, Letters—
O, Love! Thou'rt more than all!

And now, if thou should'st leave me,
What comfort would be left?
If Fate of thee bereave me,
I am indeed bereft.
What joy can Memory find me
In all his musty store?
A hundred loves behind me
Are less than one before!

Experience near me hovers,
Beside him stands old Time;
This sneers at foolish lovers,
That talks of Age's rime.
Bah! What though heads be hoary,
If hearts are soft and warm?
O, fly not, Love! Thy story
Is potent still to charm.

Bid some sweet face enamour,
 Some soft lips court caress ;
 Cast o'er my life a glamour
 To glorify and bless ;
 Still visit me—though rarely
 Thine angel-wings sweep past ;—
 O, Love ! that found'st me early,
 Desert me not at last !

1898.

BARCAROLLE.

(From the French of E. De Planard.)

“ Oh, boatman,” quo' Jenny,
 “ I'm sair at a loss,
 For I ha'ena a penny,
 And the water I maun cross ! ”
 “ Oh, mind na ! ” quo' Jamie,
 “ Come aye, and ne'er fear ye ; ”
 Singin' “ Row weel the boatie
 That carries my dearie ! ”

“ I'm gaun hame to my faither,”
 Licht-heartit quo' she ;
 Quo' Jamie, “ Would ye raither
 No bide here wi' me ? ”
 “ Awa wi' yer haivers ! ”
 Quo' the lass blithe and cheery,
 Singin' “ Row weel the boatie
 That carries my dearie ! ”

Noo the boatman and Jenny
 Leave canty and crouse ;
 A guid man is Jamie—
 Baith sober and douce,
 He minds aye his sang,
 And he never grows weary
 Singin' “ Row weel the boatie
 That carries my dearie ! ”

1876.

NIRGENDSWO.

Where lies the land beloved by all,
In youth, or age, or prime—
The land where pleasures never pall,
A rare and radiant clime ?
'Mid golden gleams, Arcadia's streams
With a magic music flow ;
The spot of earth that gave us birth
Shines with a gracious glow ;
But a lovelier land, more fair and grand,
Is the land of Nirgendsw.
O, a rare land and a dear land is the land we love and know ;
No fairy shore could charm us more than the Land of
Nirgendsw.

This is the land where all resort
Who seek forbidden joys—
The land that's full of wholesome sport
For healthy girls and boys.
They shirk the school, they break all rule,
They play with eager zest ;
They careless roam, nor think of home,
Till warns the reddening West.
" Where were you ?" anxious mothers ask,
And " Nowhere !" ends the quest.
O, a wide land and a free land is the land where the children
go,
And hearts are light from morn till night in the Land of
Nirgendsw.

Young men and maids, in later life,
Still to that land repair,
And live apart from worldly strife,
In bliss beyond compare.
" Where wert thou, daughter ?" " Whither, son,
Wouldst bend thy steps to-night ?"
A graver look the young folks don,
Their eyes become less bright,
And " Nowhere in particular "
Decides the matter quite.
No glory-land of Storyland can half the gladness show
That youths and maids find in the glades of mystic
Nirgendsw.

E'en Wedlock cannot quench the love
Of Nirgendsw's delights ;
Gay Benedick, by specious trick,
Gets often there o' nights.

Safe in his club, neglectful "hub"
 Is deaf to Duty's call;
 Vexed nigh to tears, his fond wife hears
 At last his footsteps fall.
 "Where were you, dear?" "Oh, nowhere, love!"
 This answer settles all.
 O, light gleams and bright dreams, with Wine and Friend-
 ship's flow,
 Recall Youth's joys to greybeard boys in the Land of
 Nirgendswow.

Old age comes on; this earth grows less,
 And Elsewhere larger looms;
 There's still a thought to cheer and bless
 Amid the gathering glooms.
 Man would not dwell in the mythic Hell
 Or Heaven the priests have made;
 He longs to go to Nirgendswow.
 To lie in grateful shade,
 Where the sad are blest and the weary rest,
 And joys ne'er fail or fade.
 A far land and a fair land is the land where the dead men go;
 There is silence deep and soundest sleep in the land of
 Nirgendswow!

1901.

A SONNET SEQUENCE.

I.—FIVE-AND-TWENTY.

Blest five-and-twenty—age of all perfection,
 When, nothing doubting, everything we know!
 I call to mind my spirits' buoyant flow,
 When I, like you, my son, defied dejection.
 Sweet five-and-twenty! Then, curst introspection
 Had not begun to work me cureless woe,
 Making me doubt if I were wise, and so
 I lived and loved and joyed, without reflection.

Rare five-and-twenty! Can I blame you, boy,
 For being now, as once I was myself,
 With friendships, loves and interests in plenty?
 Live while you live; your glorious youth enjoy,
 Glad, generous, free, despising worldly pelf,
 Prizing the boon of peerless five-and-twenty!

II.—IMMORTALITY.

At twenty-five I cast my horoscope,
And saw a future with all good things rife—
A firm assurance of eternal life
In worlds beyond, and in this world the hope
Of deathless fame. But now my sun doth slope
To setting, and the toil of sordid strife,
The care of food and raiment, child and wife,
Have dimmed and narrowed all my spirit's scope.

Eternal life—a river gulphed in sands !
Undying fame—a rainbow lost in clouds !
What hope of immortality remains
But this: " Some soul that loves and understands
Shall save thee from the darkness that enshrouds ; "
And this: " Thy blood shall course in others' veins ? "

III.—HEREDITY.

More than a fleshly immortality
Is mine. Though I myself return again
To dust, my qualities of heart and brain,
Of soul and spirit, shall not cease to be.
I view them growing, day by day, in thee,
My first-begotten son ; I trace them plain
In you, my daughters ; and I count it gain
Myself renewed and multiplied to see.

But sadness mingles with my selfish joy,
At thought of what you may be called to bear.
Oh, passionate maid ! Oh, glad, impulsive boy !
Your father's sad experience you must share—
Self-torture, the unfeeling world's annoy,
Gross pleasure, fierce exultance, grim despair !

1897.

LOVELY RAROTONGA.

Of all the Islands, east or west,
One charming spot I love the best—
A land of loveliness and rest
Is beauteous Rarotonga !
Like mermaid from her ocean cave,
This Island rises o'er the wave,
Where bluest waters gently lave
The shores of Rarotonga !

How nobly grand the hills appear,
 As clothed with verdure all the year
 Their bold and striking peaks they rear
 In lovely Rarotonga :—
 How rich and fragrant are the glades—
 How fresh and cool the forest shades—
 How brave the men—how fond the maids
 Of happy Rarotonga !

And she who rules this fairy scene—
 Makea—loved and loving Queen—
 Peaceful and just her reign has been
 In lovely Rarotonga !
 May she be spared for many a day
 To reign in Awarua Bay,
 While Commerce thrives beneath her sway
 In fertile Rarotonga !

And Tinuomana—Mere Paa—
 Who in their districts make the law—
 May they protect from blot or flaw
 This Isle of Rarotonga ;
 May Industry and useful Arts
 Send wealth to many busy marts,
 While Joy and Peace rule all the hearts
 In lovely Rarotonga !

May Maori and Papa unite
 In Friendship firm and Honour bright,
 While soft religion sheds her light
 On beauteous Rarotonga !
 Safe may you dwell from War's alarm,
 While strangers find an added charm
 In hospitable welcome warm
 To lovely Rarotonga !

For far New Zealand, whence we come,
 We soon must leave this Island Home,
 But oft in fancy we will roam
 The woods of Rarotonga.
 Thou lovely Island, fare-thee-well,
 But henceforth, wheresoe'er we dwell,
 Bright sun and sky a tale shall tell
 Of radiant Rarotonga.

A DREAM OF PERFECT BEAUTY.

"In the most enchanting of natural landscapes, there will always be found an excess or a defect—many excesses and defects. . . . Grandeur, in any of its moods, but especially in that of extent, startles, excites and then fatigues, depresses. For the occasional scene nothing can be better—for the constant view nothing worse."—"The Domain of Arnheim," by EDGAR ALLAN POE.

I dreamed a dream of a glorious land,
Of an ever-blesséd clime,
Replete with prospects wildly grand,
Or radiantly sublime.

The artist's eye could nowhere meet
A blemish or a blot ;
Naught rude, or crude, or incomplete,
In that perfect beauty spot.

No dark cloud ever crossed that sky
Of pure and spotless blue ;
The seas and lakes slept tranquilly,
For rough winds never blew.

The fairest scenes on earth's fair face
Were far outrivalled there ;
For beauty, order, form, and grace,
Shone perfect everywhere.

But I dreamed the lovely prospects palled,
That the eyes, with seeing sore,
Were fain to close, and what erst enthralled
Each sense, enthralled no more.

The scenes that once had seemed sublime,
Were all derobed of grace ;
And the glories of that golden clime
Sank down to commonplace

(For wondrous things, seen every day,
Are wondrous things no more ;
And the child, grown weary at its play,
Sleeps on the toy-strewn floor.)

On every sense lay a heavy pall ;
The joys of sight were gone ;
Once charming scenes were hateful all,
The grand had hideous grown.

And still the torturing dream went on,
And burned to my heart like flame ;
That beauty and grace were for ever gone,
Or only lived in name.

Nowhere my tired and bursting eye,
A resting place could find,
Till I prayed to God, with a bitter cry,
In mercy to strike my blind.

Then lo ! I awoke, and with joy I knew
I still lived on this earth of ours,
Where varied scenes delight the view,
Where weeds are mixed with flowers ;

Where storm and calm alternate bring
New pleasures in their train,
And birds, once silent, 'gin to sing,
When sunshine follows rain ;

Where, though no prospect may be seen
With perfect beauty graced,
Yet contrast vivifies the scene,
Nor palls upon the taste.

My waking eyes now found new charms
In the stretch of barren moor ;
In the homely scarecrow that flapped his arms,
In the patch before my door ;

In the moss-tarn, bordered with sedgy grass,
That did dark and gloomy lie ;
In the rough, stern granite's shapeless mass
That loomed 'gainst the leaden sky.

And my soul the useful lesson learned,
Which I missed in my waking dreams,
That the perfect pleasures for which I yearned
Were idle and fruitless themes.

For as the broken mirror still
A broken image flings,
'Tis past the limits of our skill
To mirror perfect things.

And well the great Creator sees,
Who formed these minds of ours,
That imperfection best can please
Our weak, imperfect powers.

And my heart of hearts took a lesson from this,
A lesson both deep and true,
That our souls cannot taste Heaven's perfect bliss
Until they are perfect too.

SONNET :

FOR THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN'S
SAKE.

"If thy hand offend thee, cut it off. It is better for thee to enter into life maimed, than having two hands to go into hell."—MARK IX., 43.

"In the resurrection they neither marry nor are given in marriage."
—MATTHEW XXIII., 30.

Whole will I enter Heaven, or not at all ;
I'll keep my hands, though I should fail of wings.
Is Heaven a place of maimed and sexless things,
Whose chiefest glory is—they cannot "fall?"
No; men and women, strong, majestic,
Full-facultied and free, shall taste the springs
Of life supreme—the larger life that brings
The higher joy, the mind more rational.

Maimed manhood, by the harsh Mosaic law,
Might not God's earthly dwelling-place go in ;
How, then, shall such in peerless glory dwell ?
Must fleshly pruning cure the spirit's flaw ?
Then, rather than a Heaven of cripples win,
I'll go, full-membered, cheerfully to Hell !

1897.

IN THE YELLOW LEAF.

"And desire shall fail."—ECCLESIASTES.—XII., 5.

I.

Had I of my powers been thrifty,
And husbanded as I went,
I should not now, at fifty,
Feel that my life is spent.
"Vanitas vanitatem" would not be written clear
On all things, great or little, or far away or near.
Yet so it is. . . It is finished. . . All now is void and vain ;
I have lived and loved and hated ; I have tasted bliss and
bane.

Life may be full as ever
 Of Beauty and strong Endeavour,
 Of Pleasure's racking rapture and Love's delicious pain ;
 But these can move me never, nor stir my pulse again.
 Not Wisdom, Patience or Virtue
 Has brought me this curse—or boon ;
 The desire, the desire faileth,
 And the end of man is soon

II.

When young blood leaps and rages,
 How glorious 'tis to sip
 That tippie of all the ages,
 The wine of a maiden's lip !
 Sweet the intoxication of a splendid woman's praise ;
 Largesse of Love to scatter, through prodigal nights and days,
 Is dear to the soul of the lover ; and deeper the joy that dwells
 In the music of Passion's conquest than in warrior's victor-
 bells.
 But the heart turns sick with rapture ;
 Sad surfeit follows capture ;
 Love's joys seem flimsy baubles, its fountains muddy wells ;
 The rare wine loses its sparkle, the sated taste rebels.
 O, foolish heart that railleth !
 Not ours to bless or ban :—
 The desire, the desire faileth,
 And man is no longer man.

III

Grand are Youth's dreams of glory ;—
 Wealth and Power and Fame
 Each has a well-turned story
 To set the heart aflame.
 I have felt great aspirations, I have known heroic rage,
 Made plans to win the plaudits of a grateful, wondering age,
 Sweet was the vision of Power used for the common good—
 Earth's wrongs should all be righted and Evil at last
 subdued ;
 I would strive and love and labour,
 Till each man was friend and neighbour. . . .
 Fool ! 'Twas but wasted effort on a selfish viper brood.
 Knave ! For the world has won me to its own hard, sordid
 mood.
 'Tis not that the strong will quailleth ;
 But Fate's sure web is spun.
 The desire, the desire faileth,
 And my work must remain undone.

IV.

Bright as a blood-red blossom,
To sweeten earth's care and strife,
Grows in the young man's bosom
The hope of eternal life.
Fortune and Fate may vex him, and the fume and fret of
Time ;
But he sees in the far-off Future a recompense sublime.
" The wages of going on " shall requite him for every woe ;
For ever and ever and ever he shall love, enjoy and know. .
Alas ! As the years bring sorrow,
To-day blots out to-morrow ;
Age has no compensations, Life's sunset no after-glow ;
He sadly realises he must go where all men go ;
And long ere the Death-Angel call him
To taste " the deep things of God,"
The desire, the desire faileth,
And man is already a clod.

1900.

MAY.

A PLEA FOR THE MINOR POETS.

Birds are now upon the wing,
Buds and flowers begin to spring,
Poets now begin to sing.

Not alone those birds we hear,
Which were with us all the year,
Chirping through the winter drear ;

Not those gaudy flowers we find,
Which, secure from cold and wind,
In the greenhouse are confined ;

Not from bards of daring wing,
Who can always soar and sing,
Do those notes of gladness ring.

No ; those birds of sober coats,
Pouring from impassioned throats
Deluges of sweetest notes,

Are the birds of passage, come
Back from wandering o'er the foam,
To their pleasant northern home.

No ; the flowers that charm the eye
Are Dame Nature's gems, that lie
Free to every passer by,

Decking all the verdant sod,
Fringing all the dusty road,
Springing at the touch of God !

No ; the bards we hear to-day,
Trilling forth their timid lay,
In the praise of virgin May,

Are the small and humble fry—
Poetasters such as I—
Flapping out their wings to fly !

Nature's flowers are they, I ween,
Only in the springtime seen,
Springing up amid the green.

Birds of passage, sure, are they—
Silent all the winter day—
Vivified by sparkling May !

Reader, do you blame the song ?
Does it pain you to prolong
Verses neither grand nor strong ?

Do not blame the struggling bard—
Do not by your frowns retard
Joys too long from him debarred !

When stern winter yields to spring,
When the woods and welkin ring,
Why should not the poet sing ?

Does it e'er the lark annoy—
Nature's harmony destroy—
That the sparrow chirps his joy ?

To the soul that rightly hears,
All the sounds that greet our ears
Swell the music of the spheres—

All earth's voices, great and small,
Sound the praise of Him we call
Father, Maker, Lord of all !

So the poetaster wight
Sings his part with all his might,
Pouring forth his heart's delight.

Would you, then, forbid his lay,
And repress his gladness ? Nay,
Let him sing, as sing he may.

Sing he must ; as well forbid
The mavis in yon thicket hid
To sing as yestere'en he did ;

As well forbid the verdant sod
To spring by field and dusty road,
Obedient to the voice of God !

1879.

EXODUS.

I.

God spake of old ; His chosen people heard,
In Bondage—bitterest of human woes ;
With wondrous signs He verified His word,
And filled with terror Israel's tyrant foes ;
Strong in His strength, the groaning captives rose,
Cast off their bonds, and vowed they would be free ;
They owned the Leader whom Jehovah chose,
And with him crossed the separated sea,
Which, closing, whelmed in death all Pharaoh's chivalry !

As forth they went through desert wastes untrod,
Their faith grew weak ; new terrors rose to smite ;
They cursed their Leader ; they forgot their God ;
Thirst, famine, fiery serpents, brought affright.
Jehovah spoke from Sinai's awful height,
Water He sent, and Heavenly manna strewed ;
In pillar of cloud by day and fire by night
He led them onward to their wished abode—
The welcome Promised Land, where milk and honey flowed.

II.

God speaks to-day ; and we who hear His voice,
Dwelling in bondage of Disease and Pain,
Arise, and making His high Will our choice,
Snap with an effort every binding chain.
The flowing river, the familiar plain,
The rugged mountain—all are left behind ;
Yon churchyard mound we may not see again,
Nor faithful friends, whose lives were intertwined
And blended with our own, in heart, and soul, and mind.

And forth we journey to a land afar,
 In Faith and Hope, across the trackless deep ;
 Around us raves the elemental war,
 High o'er our barque the angry billows sweep ;
 But God vouchsafes to guide us, and to keep
 Our souls from faintness, and our hearts from guile ;
 By bracing gales and sweet refreshing sleep
 Disease is vanquished ; and we reach the Isle
 Where Health holds rosy court, and Peace and Plenty smile.

III.

God yet shall speak, and we shall hear His voice
 In Life's dark bondage-house of Sin and Woe ;
 And, reft of Time, and Circumstance, and Choice,
 Shall at that awful summons rise and go.
 All ties must break that bind us here below ;
 Friends, parents, children, brothers, sisters fond
 Must leave us when the waters darkest flow,
 While we fare onward to the far Beyond,
 Whence never to their prayers or tears may we respond.

Night shall encompass us, and Death's dark shade,
 And nameless terrors shall beset our way ;
 But He who leads shall say, " Be not afraid !"
 And Faith shall chase the phantoms of Dismay ;
 And soon shall dawn the Everlasting Day,
 And we shall see, with wonder-raptured eye,
 The Tree of Life and Health, which blooms alway
 In Love's bright home—the kingdom of the sky—
 The Promised Land above, where bliss shall never die !

1881.

THE POET'S CREED.

I live for the love of woman—
 For the smile of the goddess divine ;
 Yet they tell me my heart is not human,
 But bears a demoniac sign.

I follow the star of glory,
 I strive for the prize of fame ;
 Yet they say that my pride is as Satan's
 And my aim is a devilish aim.

And who are they who judge me,
And coldly stand apart
In their boasted worldly wisdom,
And their vaunted human heart ?

They are those whose lives are passing
In a wild and fever'd race
For lands, and goods, and riches—
In a struggle for power and place.

And they stop in their fiendish strivings
To sneer at the poet's aim :
And they say that love is folly,
And a worthless bauble fame.

Then, if that aim is noblest
That strives for worldly pelf,
And if those hearts are truest
Whose love is all for self—

If living men and women
Are pleased with such a fame—
If such a love is human,
And such is a noble aim—

If theirs is a pure affection,
The love of the idol gold—
The struggle, the strife, and the envy
In which they grow wrinkled and old,

I will hold by my creed inhuman,
And my proud, Satanic aim,
And will seek with a new-born fervour
The smiles of woman and fame.

Yes, love shall be spring of my actions,
And glory my source of joy ;
And glory and love my guerdon,
Which nought shall e'er destroy.

Thus that which bids me labour,
Holds up the prize in view ;
And that which feeds my ardour
Rewards my toiling too.

Then I care not how men mock me,
Nor how they brand my name,
I will live for the love of woman—
I will strive for the prize of fame !

A NATION'S BIRTH.

WAITANGI, JANUARY 29, 1840.

(From "Zealandia's Jubilee.")

Hoist the flag, and flaunt it
 In the summer breeze ;
 Pledge your faith, and vaunt it
 Over all the seas !
 Fealty swear to England,
 Maori chief and slave ;
 Put your trust in England—
 She is true and brave !

Soars the old flag proudly—
 Shows no stain or speck ;
 Roars the cannon loudly
 From the war-ship's deck.
 With the Queen's commission,
 Gallant Hobson stands :
 " Chieftains, make submission ;
 Ye shall have your lands ! "

" At Waitangi meet ye
 In Victoria's name,
 Sign her gracious treaty,
 Her protection claim !
 Heaven shall be the witness
 That, while earth endures,
 Yours is England's greatness,
 English justice yours ! "

" *Kapai !* We trust in England,
 For good and great is she ;
 Our loyalty to England
 Shall never shaken be ! "
 " *Kapai !* " With acclamation
 The solemn pledge was sealed :
 The birthday of a nation
 The cannon's thunders pealed.

1890.

RE-INCARNATION.

I dug in my garden plot to-day,
 And now and again desisting,
 I watched the earthworms brisk and gay,
 In the deep black loam and the yellow clay,

Crawling and wriggling and twisting.
And I softly laughed "Ha ha! Ho ho!
You've been having a fine feast down below
In the richest spot
Of my garden plot ;"

And the worms kept wriggling and twisting!

My ducks came out with a " Quack, quack, quack !"

And after me, waddling and wobbling,
They closely followed my spade's fresh track,
And I saw, when I stopped to straighten my back,

How the worms they were greedily gobbling.
And again I laughed " Ha ha! Ho ho!

Eat on, my beauties, and fatter grow,

For the worms are sweet,

And they're cheaper than wheat ;"

And the ducks kept gabbling and gobbling!

In fancy I saw, some weeks ahead,

Those ducks grow fatter and fatter,

And I thought of a glorious Christmas " spread "

'When a couple should grace my table's head,

On a gravy-brimming platter.

And I merrily laughed " Ha ha! Ho ho!

My time for feasting will come, I know ;

I'll be fairly in luck

With a fine roast duck ! "

I was counting my chicks—no matter.

Then a graver thought came over my soul,

And gloom took the place of jesting ;

For a sombre vision before me stole

Of a sexton digging a deep black hole

For my worn-out body's resting.

And I laughed no longer, but sighed " That's so ;

The ducks and myself to the earth must go,

And the Conqueror Worm

Shall wriggle and squirm,

As he comes to the final feasting ! "

The final feast? That may not be !

Some other fool will come delving ;

Some other ducks those worms will see

And will eat them ; another Christmas spree

Will be graced with duck ; then another Me

Will go down to the worms ; and eternally

Will the wheel go on revolving!

Let us laugh while we may " Ha ha! Ho ho! "

For men, like worms, have their day, you know ;

And death and life

Are a struggle and strife,

Never ending, but ever evolving!

“LAST OF ALL, THE WOMAN.”

S. LUKE, XX., 32.

The last and greatest riddle, which man must solve or die,
Is Woman, strange, familiar, domestic, wild, and shy—
A haunting fiend from Tophet, an angel from God's sky.

Tender and soft and loving, cruel and fierce and vain,
Rending in wrath her sisters, turning to love again.
Shall ever man's wit or wisdom make this enigma plain?

Woman, the last strange country by man to be explored,
Has silver and gold and diamonds in her recesses stored;
In her jungles are apes and tigers and many a brood abhorr'd.

In her meet storm and sunshine, the frigid and torrid zones,
The luscious fruits of Eden, earth's hardest and sharpest
stones;
Her plains are fields of pleasure—that are strewn with dead
men's bones.

The last foe to be vanquished, ere man reigns free, supreme,
Is neither Russ, nor Mongol, nor Jew with his Empire-
dream;
'Tis Woman, the fly in amber, the flaw in Nature's scheme.

Designed as friend and helpmate—the complement of man,
The virus of the serpent has marred the gracious plan.
She is Rival and would be Mistress—let him stay her march
who can.

Dear, deep, distracting Woman is the last wild beast of
prey,
Roaming earth's pleasant places, that man must tame or
slay.
Will she fight him, fear him and flee him, or love him and
obey?

The tiger and wolf shall serve him, the zebra his yoke shall
take;
He will harness strong Behemoth, he will play with the
spotted snake,
Ere he shall conquer Woman, or her tameless spirit break.

Mountain and sea and desert, ice-caps of either pole,
Fields of the air and ether—all these shall man control,
And know, by his eager seeking and the powers of his
soaring soul;

But when, by his lore or labour, by suasion or by command,
Shall he know and master Woman, the undiscovered land—
Make this proud foe respect him, this wild beast lick his
hand?

To woo this strange, shy creature, this being of alien race,
Man lowers his noble nature, he stoops from his pride of
place—
She takes his gifts and caresses with a calm and Sphinx-like
face.

To win her, his most unselfish and bravest deeds are done ;
For her he would lie, steal, murder, dare aught beneath the
sun ;
Like a goddess she takes his offerings—yet is she never won.

Soulless, mindless, and heartless, he calls her when sorely
vexed ;
An angel of God he hails her when sorrowing and perplexed.
She stands, sole, far, self-centred, inscrutable, unannexed.

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Woman, the hostile alien we shelter within our gates ;
Beast of soft paw and venomous claw, that each one loves and
hates ;
Strange land, whose desert places Hope fills with all delights ;
Man's Angel and Adversary, whom he adores and fights ;
The honey amid Life's bitter, the gall in our loving-cup ;
The mystery that enthralls us, the riddle we *can't* give up.

1900.

NATURE OR GOD.

(SUGGESTED BY THE SUDDEN BREAKING-UP OF A SEVERE
FROST.)

The sun is brightly shining,
The sky is fair again,
The chilling snow has vanished,
And the frost from my window pane.
The earth seems glad and joyous —
The wind blows strong and free,
And light clouds skim the azure,
Like sails that fleck the sea.

And men are now rejoicing
At this wond'rous second birth
That brings a glad deliverance
To all the tribes of earth.
And they speak of the laws of Nature,
And say how strong is she
Who can break her icy fetter
And leap up glad and free !

Oh ! foolish ones, and blinded,
Who seek to find the cause
Of this glad release from bondage
In hard, unchanging laws—
Laws that think not, and that feel not,
That hear not the sufferer's moan,
That feel not the thrill of pity,
But work for themselves alone.

Ye own not a God who careth
For the needy and oppressed,
Who heareth the cry of the hungry—
Who giveth the weary rest ;
But I hold with a faith unflinching,
Which doubt can never dim,
That this sunshine glad and joyous
Has in pity been sent by Him—

Has been sent—a welcome answer
To the hearts of those who pray—
To the weak ones of creation
Who cried from day to day.
For God's eyes have seen the suffering
Of the poor with hunger faint,
And His ears have heard their groanings,
And the famished children's plaint.

And because the tiny field-mouse,
The rabbits in the wood,
And the squirrels on the branches
Perished for lack of food ;
Because the clamorous raven
Sent up its suppliant cry ;
Because the timorous robin
Looked up with piteous eye ;

Our God has been moved with pity
To the depths of His loving heart,
And the frost and the fog so deadly
And the snow has made depart ;

And to make His creatures joyful,
 And drive away their pain,
 Has given them cheering sunshine,
 And favouring skies again.

I know there are laws of Nature—
 I know, and I own with awe,
 That the stars in their orbits wheeling,
 And our earth, are upheld by law ;
 But hid in the veil of Nature,
 I know there is Nature's God ;
 And these laws are His manifestations—
 The marks where His feet have trod !

1875.

WHO IS THE GREATEST?

(INSPIRED BY SIR GEORGE GREY'S PRINCELY GIFT OF HIS
 VALUABLE LIBRARY TO THE CITIZENS OF AUCKLAND.)

*Who is a nation's greatest son,
 Most worthy of the people's praise—
 The highest honours, loftiest lays,
 That e'er by mortal man were won ?*

" The Soldier," (cries the ardent youth)
 " Who takes the field for Fatherland,
 Who fights for Virtue, Love, and Truth,
 And bears his life within his hand :
 Who dares all danger, shirks no toil,
 In foreign raid or civil broil,
 To make and keep his country free :
 Who carves his fortune with his sword,
 Whose honour shines in every word,—
 To him shall be our best reward—
 Our greatest son is he !"

Ah, no ! though bright the Warrior's fame,
 Dark cruelties have stained his name ;
 Mankind, ere long, shall banish far
 The memory of bloody war ;
 Then lost the Soldier's name shall be,—
 Ah, no ! our greatest is not he !

*Who is a nation's greatest son,
 Most worthy of the people's praise—
 The highest honours, loftiest lays,
 That e'er by mortal man were won ?*

"The Author," (cries the man of mind)
 "Who toils in Wisdom's fair domain :
 Who gives, to bless all human kind,
 The bright creations of his brain—
 Whether he roves in Fiction's field,
 Or bids fair Science treasures yield,
 Or sings with Poet's fervent glee,
 Or sounds high Duty's trumpet-call,
 Or makes proud Error's strongholds fall,—
 He is the noblest man of all—
 Our greatest son is he !"

No ; for though peerless yet shall shine
 Those heroes of immortal line,
 This still the meed they may expect—
 Harsh Calumny and cold Neglect.
 The busy crowd proclaims to-day—
 The earth has nobler sons than they !

*Who is a nation's greatest son,
 Most worthy of the people's praise—
 The highest honours, loftiest lays,
 That e'er by mortal man were won ?*

"The Statesman," (cries the public voice)
 "Well-skilled to execute and plan,
 Who, rising at his country's choice,
 Secures the common rights of man :
 Who watches o'er the nation's fate,
 And safely steers the ship of State
 O'er many a dark and stormy sea ;
 In action firm, in counsel wise,
 With noble purpose in his eyes,—
 He well deserves our highest prize—
 Our worthiest son is he !"

Ah, no ! the Statesman's love of Self,
 Of Place or Pension, Power or Pelf,
 Has often sunk in deepest shame
 The man who gained the Mob's acclaim.
 Though great and wise the Statesman be,
 We have a nobler son than he !

*Who is a nation's greatest son,
 Most worthy of the people's praise—
 The highest honours, loftiest lays,
 That e'er by mortal man were won ?*

"The man of philanthropic mind"
(Exclaim the earth's poor, suffering ones),
"Who loves most warmly all mankind,
Is greatest of our country's sons;
Who all life long does good by stealth,
Devotes his hand, his brain, his wealth,
To bless such needy waifs as we:
Who sends God's messengers of peace,
Bids Education's boons increase,
Makes Want and Misery to cease—
Our greatest son is he!"

Yes; the Philanthropist indeed
Is great, and high shall be his meed;
Though Ostentation's vain parade
To vulgar depths his deeds degrade,
His name shall live for aye; yet we
May claim a worthier son than he!

*Who is a nation's greatest son,
Most worthy of the people's praise—
The highest honours, loftiest lays
That e'er by mortal man were won?*

The greatest 'mong our noble men
Is he who fights in troublous days;
Resigns the sword, and wields the pen;
And then the nation's fortune sways,
With counsel sage and firm control;
While the warm philanthropic soul
In every act and word we see;
A generous friend—a statesman pure—
Whose law is Love—whose word is sure—
His fame for ever shall endure,—
Earth's noblest son is he!

Thus Rome, for Cincinnatus' name,
A double meed of praise can claim;
Old England boasts her Wellington;
Columbia has her Washington;
And, even now, Italia weeps
Where her loved Garibaldi sleeps!

Such pure, unselfish work as theirs
Each patriot soul the noblest deems,
And ranks them high as Glory's heirs,
Of whom the world scarce worthy seems
And our young land, Zealandia blest,
Enshrines one name among the rest.

O, GREY! that highest praise is thine,
 Who could'st so worthily combine
 The Warrior, with untarnished sword;
 The Statesman, eloquent in word;
 The warm Philanthropist and true;
 The Author, setting forth to view,
 With Learning's power and Fancy's grace,
 The annals of a noble race,
 Who, worthy of a better day,
 Are doomed to wither and decay!

The soldier's shining blade may rust,
 His fame lie buried in the dust;
 Thy eloquence may move no more
 Senate and people, as of yore;
 But this, thy last and crowning act,
 Shall ever keep thy fame intact;
 While Auckland stands, her sons shall keep
 Thy memory in affection deep;
 And unborn thousands, ages hence,
 Shall bless thy rich munificence,
 Which gave to them a priceless store
 Of knowledge and of curious lore.
 Those mental treasures, which refined,
 Enlarged, and filled thine own great mind,
 Thou freely yield'st, that all may share
 The glorious blessings which they bear!

*Our highest praises hast thou won,
 Though sung in weak and faltering lay;
 New Zealand, with one voice, to-day
 Proclaims thee as her greatest son!*

1882.

THE BONNIE BRAES O' BLANTYRE.

(SONG IN MEMORY OF DR. LIVINGSTONE.)

The bonnie braes o' Blantyre,
 How fair they are to view,
 When glancin' on the grassy knowes
 Are thousand draps o' dew;
 When wild birds trill in liberty
 Their sangs o' love and praise,

And strong and free
Clyde rows to sea
By the bonnie braes o' Blantyre—
By Blantyre's bonnie braes !

Ance, by the braes o' Blantyre,
A studious lad there strayed,
Whose heart was sad, though Nature round
A pleasing concord made.
He thought of lands of heathen gloom,
Uncheered by Christian rays ;
To light their way
He left for aye
The bonnie braes o' Blantyre—
Oh ! Blantyre's bonnie braes !

Far frae the braes o' Blantyre,
'Neath Afric's burning sky,
Still toiling at his noble work,
He laid him down to die.
His thoughts, in darkness, woe, and pain,
Went back to youthful days ;
He wished for " home,"
Again to roam
The bonnie braes o' Blantyre—
Oh ! Blantyre's bonnie braes !

The bonnie braes o' Blantyre
To Scots shall aye be dear,
And pilgrims from far-distant lands
Shall come and worship here.
The name and fame of LIVINGSTONE
Shall live till latest days,
And for his sake
Shall sacred make
The bonnie braes o' Blantyre—
Oh ! Blantyre's bonnie braes !

1874.

IN CHINA.

Of all earth's un-English and heathenish holes,
None comes within cooey of China.
The rottenest place, from the Line to the Poles,
Is that same Middle Kingdom of China.
Yet sometimes I think that we say and we do
Lots of things, and applaud them as proper and true,
Which we'd censure and damn with a mighty " Boo-hoo,"
Were they done by the people of China.

All ranks and all titles by merit are won
In the pestilent kingdom of China ;
They go back to the father, not down to the son—
Shows they're all topsy-turvy in China.
It is birth, and not worth, that we Britishers prize ;
We " kotow " to men whom we inly despise ;
The knaves and the noodles make laws for the wise.
We should call that rank nonsense—in China.

They've a praying machine, which petitions can string.
Sixty millions a minute, in China ;
Of course it's a horrid, irreverent thing,
They'd use nowhere else than in China.
We British keep thousands of parsons to pray,
Costing millions a year. But though Chows do not pay,
They get as much soul-saving comfort, they say,
From those praying contraptions in China.

We send parsons and opium and cotton and guns
To the poor, darkened heathen of China ;
We force our religion and Sunday-school buns
On the perishing millions of China.
But supposing they sent us some preachers across,
To make us wear pigtails and worship a Joss,
Should we blandly look on while they tore down the Cross ?
No ; I guess we'd make ructions in China.

The way they treat women's a perfect disgrace
To the bad, brutal people of China ;
They cramp the poor feet and they paint the doll's face
Of each dear little girlie in China.
Our women may paint, and it can't be denied
That their waists may be pinched, and their hair may be dyed,
And their busts may be padded, and lots more beside ;
But, bless you, *they* don't live in China.

The practice of gambling's a terrible vice
'Mong the sin-sodden people of China !
Fan-tan, pak-a-pu, and a species of dice
Are all known to the gamblers of China.
True, we bet in our streets, and play cards in our pubs ;
We have poker and nap in our big, toney clubs ;
But we cannot attend to our own dirty dubs
While we're preaching reform—out in China.

They have no old-age pensions or maintenance laws,
These barbarous wretches in China ;
No bankrupts are there ; and to find out the cause
Is to cast a dark shade over China.

There a man cuts his throat when he can't pay his debts ;
 No child e'er to honour his parents forgets ;
 And the worst thing of all is that nobody frets ;—
 They are *most* unprogressive in China.

They are all imitation—they're copyists grand —
 The ingenious toilers of China ;
 But they never invent, and they don't understand
 How to fashion a new thing in China.
 Yet I fancy I've read that in centuries gone
 They made silks, and had printing-machines of their own,
 And the mariner's compass, to Europe unknown—
 But, of course, we don't copy from China.

We pay our physicians for potions and pills ;
 They pay them for health, there, in China :
 While the patient is well he has regular bills ;
 When ill he stops paying, in China.
 Our doctor draws fees, if he cures, if he kills ;
 He gets paid while we're sick, he gets named in our wills.
 How blest are we British, escaping the ills
 Of unhappy, illogical China !

We are patriots here, when we hold by our own ;
 'Tis a different matter in China.
 To expel the invader, or bid him begone,
 Is flat-foot rebellion in China.
 How happy, contented and proud should we be
 That our lot has been cast in the Isles of the Free,
 Where we do as we like—if we only agree
 To condemn the same things done in China.

1901.

QUATRAINS.

I.—LABOUR.

Work, if you would be happy, gay, and free ;
 Would taste Life's gladness and its brightness see.
 Flowers may attract the butterfly ; they yield
 Their sweetness only to the toiling bee.

II.—LUXURY.

O ye, whose best ambition 'tis to own
 The largest, costliest pearl or precious stone,
 See how the oyster, or the fabled toad,
 Can vex your souls and wake your envious moan.

III.—POLITICS.

Shout for your "rights," O people, and rejoice
 In god-like Premiers, champions of your choice ;
 But stay your clamorous joy and loud demands,
 And *sometimes* list to Duty's "still, small voice."

IV.—RONTGEN.

Sans clothes and flesh, why cower beneath the gaze
 Of the Professor with his clear "X rays ?
 He cannot see your soul-scars, nor discern
 Your moral twists, or dark, deceptive ways.

V.—MORE LIGHT.

"More light," was Goethe's cry ; and still "More light"
 Cry we, who dwell enwrapt in moral night.
 God ! For "X rays" to pierce through vain pretence
 And make all shams transparent to our sight !

VI.—THE NEW WOMAN.

New Woman—Bah ! Her ways are old as Eve's—
 She trusts the guide who flatters and deceives ;
 But, now, Man shares not in her fall, nor weaves,
 To hide her shame, a robe of forest leaves !

VII.—THE WIDE, WIDE WORLD.

The world is wide ! Its vastness is a curse
 To those who'd travel on an empty purse ;
 But, flying from a dun, or angry wife,
 You'll find its narrowness will plague you worse !

VIII.—CONTRADICTIONS.

The world is narrow ! So the tourist says,
 Who boasts of "round the earth in sixty days."
 How wide it is in sympathy and love
 They cannot know who tread these hackneyed ways.

IX.—COMPENSATIONS.

The world is narrow ; but it never mars
 His flight, whose soul can soar beyond the stars.
 The world is wide ; but, in its free expanse,
 The soulless boor feels bound by prison bars !

X.—EARTH-LIFE.

From womb to tomb, what is the lot of man ?
A little while to play, to weep, to plan,
 To work, to laugh and frown, to love and hate,
To curse and pray, then slumber—if he can !

XI.—OTHER-LIFE.

From womb to tomb ! 'Tis but one letter's change
To link extremes ; and should we think it strange
 If from the grave, as from Earth's fecund womb,
We entered life of wider, grander range ?

XII.—FATALISTIC COMFORT.

If doomed to sleep for ever in the dust,
Or wake in resurrection of the just,
 Or live again to meet more direful death,
Why vex our souls ? The thing that must be, must.

XIII.—THREE PROBLEMS.

Life, Death and Spirit—with these problems three
I wrestled long, but failed the truth to see.
 Then said I, " To the sages will I go,
And with their light they will enlighten me."

XIV.—THE JEW'S SOLUTION.

I asked an agéd Rabbi, wise and keen. . . .
" Life is a shadow, staying not, I ween—
 The shadow of a bird that flies away,
And bird and shadow nevermore are seen."

XV.—THE CHRISTIAN'S ANSWER.

I sought the Christian of unbounded faith. . . .
" Twin mysteries," he said, " are Life and Death.
 Spirit alone is real, and survives
All shocks of chance ; it is th' Eternal's breath."

XVI.—APPEAL TO SCIENCE.

Next to the cold-eyed Scientist I sped ;
" Pray, tell me what are Life and Death," I said ;
 " What is man's spirit ? Whither does it go
When man himself is numbered with the dead ? " .

XVII.—LIFE.

"What is our life? A flickering candle-flame,
Whereof the wick is our material frame;
Our food the tallow. Whether snuffed out soon,
Or guttering slow, all candles stink the same!

XVIII.—DEATH.

"And what is Death? 'Tis terror to the knave,
Hope to the wretched, freedom to the slave—
A sinking on the breast of Mother Earth,
Who gives to all a cradle, crust and grave.

XIX.—SPIRIT.

"What is man's spirit? Whither does it fly
When pulse-beats cease and cold films dull the eye?
Where is the candle's flame of yester-night?
Question the ashes; wait for their reply!"

XX.—THE REVEALER.

Blind leaders all! If god or brute I be,
I spend my breath for nought in asking ye;
I go to Death, the grisly Janitor,
Who holds of every mystery the key!

1896.

A PRAYER.

"TO THE UNKNOWN GOD."

God of the starry skies,
God of the mighty deep,
Whose word commands the storm to rise,
And bids it rest in sleep!
God of all truth and grace—
All loveliness and love;
God of the boundless realms of space—
Beneath, around, above;
God, who in Heaven most high
Hast fixed Thy dread abode—
God—if there be a God—
Oh, hear my humble cry!

God! Can'st Thou hear my plaint?
 Art Thou not far beyond
 My struggling sighs and murmurs faint?
 Art Thou not evermore
 Where sorrow cannot come, or tears e'er flow?
 And can Thy Father-Heart respond
 In sympathy to human pain and woe?

Yes; *if The Book be true*,
 Thy hand hath fashioned us
 With skill most marvellous—
 In Thine own image made us—
 With lordly power arrayed us;
 And Thou dost ne'er forget
 We are Thy children yet.
 Whatever may betide us,
 Our shame shall never hide us
 Nor shall our sin divide us
 From Thy sweet rain of Love and balmy Mercy-dew!

If Thou *art*, Thou art True—
 Thy word shall never be removed!
 But how shalt Thou be proved?
 Oh, *if* I only knew!

Ah! That tremendous IF,
 Raised like a barrier cliff
 Of ice, cold, glittering, cruel, steep—
 Which we may neither climb nor overleap!
 Vain Reason's triumph over Instinct deep;
 The only thing destructive Doubt has built—
 Bringing chill numbness and a fatal sleep
 To men in love with treason and with guilt;
 Impervious to the Sun of Faith—
 Unthawed by Love's most genial breath;
 Hard, passionless and stiff—
 The scoffer's stronghold, IF!

If God exist—If he has e'er revealed
 His will to men—If there be Heaven and Hell—
 If He persuade, would not our spirits yield?
 If He but love us, shall not all be well?

Avaunt! foul "if," and fouler, falser sneer!
 Back, ice-cold doubts that would my soul destroy!
 While Nature's pulses throb with joy,
 I feel the power of God-head near,
 And bow the knee to Thee, the God whom I revere.

How shall I name Thee—how shall I address Thee—
 Flatt'ring and fawning, or with prideful mien?
 Needless it were for me to curse or bless Thee—
 Essence Ineffable, unthought, unseen!

Shall praises please, or blasphemies offend Thee?
 Wilt Thou respond to homage or despite?
 Can grovelling worms a nobler lustre lend Thee,
 Or devilish malice dim Thy glorious light?

No word of mine can raise Thee or defame Thee;
 Soft pity rules Thee, and not rude upbraiding!
 Thou wilt not chide, however I may name Thee—
 God, the Inscrutable and All-Pervading!

God of the Christian and heathen—God of the Turk and Jew—
 God of the realm of Nature—one, or many, or few—

God of the day and the darkness—God of sunshine and
 shade—
 God, the Maker of all things—the Destroyer of all things
 made—

God of the cloud and the fire, as the ancient writers tell—
 God of blessing and cursing—God of Heaven and Hell—

God of the slime and the ether—God of the serpent and
 dove—
 God of vengeance and mercy—God of hatred and love—

God of joy and of sorrow—God of war and of peace—
 God who raiseth the tempest—who biddeth the tempest
 cease—

God of good and of evil—God of blessing and bane—
 If Thou art God, and not Devil, kill me and end my pain!

Like Job, I have cursed and fumed,
 And yet I am not consumed!
 Surely Thou doest right
 To view with pity, not wrath,
 The worm that turns in his path
 In an impotent effort to smite!

If Thou had'st struck me down, with vengeful fire,
 In my mad hour,
 I would have owned Thine unrelenting ire
 And awful power;

But Thou revealest not in raging storm
Thy grand, majestic, dreadful form ;
In suns, which veil the splendour of Thy face,
Thou beamest Love from Thy most holy place,
And humbly do I own Thy Mercy and Thy Grace.

Despite my will or choice,
There speaks a still, small voice—
" Poor waif, perplexed by clouds of doubt below,
If Thou but do the right,
At ev'n it shall be light,
What now is darkly hid, thou shalt hereafter know ! "

So, like a child. I wait,
Till years enlarge my ken,
And at the Shining Gate
I breathe my last AMEN !

1890.

JANET HAMILTON.

Grim Death is busy yet—
Smiting the high and low, the weak and strong ;
And now from the bright firmament of Song
Another star has set.

A light that sweetly shone—
Cheering the gloom of Life's sequestered vale—
Is rudely quenched ; and weeping mourners wail
For her who now is gone.

Our dearest " patriot bard "—
Our JANET HAMILTON so true and brave
Is dead ; the sad rain beats upon her grave
Within the " auld kirkyard."

Strong love in her did dwell—
Love for her country, sorrow for its woes ;
With burning heart and powerful arm she rose —
" A mother in Israel."

Of freedom was her song :
Her aim was aye to set the captive free ;
To bring again to Light and Liberty
Victims of Might and Wrong.

Nor yet was this the whole—
 A nobler purpose beat within her breast :
 She strove to break, for those with sin oppressed
 The thralldom of the soul !

She blamed no adverse Fate—
 Hers was no strain of weak, complaining woe ;
 She urged on all to battle with the Foe
 " That sitteth in our gate."

And now her soul hath fled—
 That marvellous soul, which Heaven did inspire :
 And hushed for aye that sweetly sounding lyre—
 Our Poetess is dead !

Peace, weeping heart, be still !
 Mourn not thus hopelessly for her you love ;
 The lyre here stilled shall yet, attuned above,
 Vibrate with holier thrill.

Be glad, O drooping soul !
 The star that now has set again shall rise
 And shine for ever, when the earth and skies
 Have vanished, as a scroll !

1873.

THE GOLDEN AGE.

I.—PAST.

The poet's strain is sweet, in sooth,
 That tells us of the world's youth,
 When all was innocence and truth ;

When the lion and lamb, the hawk and dove,
 Lay down together in peace and love ;
 And God, approving, smiled above.

Ere yet the serpent's venom'd art
 Had turned to ill the heavenly part
 Implanted in man's innocent heart.

Ay, 'tis sweet to dream of the Past so fair ;
 But ah ! we must wake to our dumb despair—
 To the gloomy Present's sin and care.

For the world is leprosied o'er with sin—
Corruption reigneth without, within,
And sorrow and shame make all men kin.

Where is the light that so brightly shone ?
Is its radiant glory for ever gone ?
Has earth, as a garment, put darkness on ?

Yea; the earth seems left to its own vile will ;
Men lie and cheat, blaspheme and kill ;
But—God is over us, somewhere, still.

And He hath said, from His high abode,
That Christ shall come and spread abroad
His love o'er the earth He in meekness trod.

II.—FUTURE.

Oh ! Golden Age of the future year,
When shall thy glorious light appear
To shame this darkness of doubt and fear ?

The hours of Time go hurrying by,
And now we live in the years that lie
On the border of Eternity.

Already the darkness begins to flee ;
Already the poet's eye can see
The opening dawn of the great To Be.

The Eternal Sun, with beams sublime,
Through mists of error and clouds of crime,
Is gilding the mountain-tops of Time.

His rays shall a new-born life impart,
And make a blessed fruitage start
From the hopes of every yearning heart.

And health and healing shall freely flow,
And no more shall the deadly upas grow
Of grief and care, of sin and woe.

Arise and shine, O Christ, our sun ;
Bring light and life unto everyone ;
Say to our haunting fears—begone !

Restore the world its peace and ruth—
Restore to man his primal youth —
His soul of innocence and truth.

THE KING OF MOROCCO.

On wings of speed the evil tidings came
(From town to town they flew like tongues of flame,
And struck with terror all the Moorish Coast),
That Don Sebastian, Lusitania's King,
Did to their land his mighty warriors bring,
To sweep from earth the hated Pagan host.

Stretched on his couch the Moorish monarch lay—
His sands of life were running fast away ;
Nor sage's cunning lore, nor leech's art,
Nor lineage high, nor actions wise and brave,
Could snatch the monarch from the yawning grave,
Or turn aside the great Destroyer's dart.

On came the foe ; his legions filled the land ;
The Moors arose, a patriotic band,
By princes led, and many a noble knight ;
The dying monarch, though his hours were few,
Went forth to battle with the valiant crew,
To guide and witness the decisive fight.

Fierce was the strife ; the morning saw the foes—
Christian and Moor—in deadly conflict close,
And noontide's sun beheld the dubious fray
With sterner vigour waged. Though hosts of slain
In reeking gore lay stretched upon the plain,
Not lost nor won the fortunes of the day.

But see ! The Moors give way ; and now the King,
Borne through the ranks, new valour strives to bring,
And urges all to win a deathless fame.
Alas ! 'tis vain. The Christian arms prevail—
Morocco's fate is trembling in the scale ;
This field must tell her glory or her shame !

The King beheld his scattered armies fly ;
The fire of valour kindled in his eye,
Erect he sprang, forgetting all his pain !
He stayed the rapid flight with stern command ;
The soldiers followed him as, sword in hand,
He led them 'gainst the Christian host again.

Foremost he fought, with courage fierce and dread,
Till Lusitania's legions turned and fled ;
Then, worn and weary, from the field withdrew.

Scarce to the couch his fainting steps were led,
When, murmuring, " Tell them not that I am dead !"
The sweat of toil was changed to Death's cold dew.

Thus died he ! but his spirit lived and glowed
In his brave band, who now victorious rode,
And smote the Lusians with the avenging steel !
Thus died he ! and in dying nobly saved
His land beloved, that else had been enslaved,
And crushed beneath the Conqueror's grinding heel !

1871.

THE CHRISTIAN PHILOSOPHER'S A.B.C.

(ALPHABETICAL ACROSTIC.)

Alone and hopeless in a world of woe,
By friends deceived, and spurned by many a foe,
Can man exist, and think, and act, nor feel
Despondency o'er all his being steal ?
E'en faith in God and His all-gracious plan
Fails when we lack man's sympathy for man.
" Give us," we cry, " friends faithful and sincere—
Happy our present, and our future clear ;
In peace, oh God, our cups with plenty fill,
Join earth to heaven, all sin and sorrow kill ;
Kill want and woe, then we shall gladly own
Love rules the earth, and God doth reign alone—
Mercy His crown, and Righteousness His throne ! "

Nay, speak not so, it ill becomes a clod
Of lowly earth to dictate to his God !
Put down rebellion in thee, and no more
Question those gifts God poureth from his store.
Remember whence thou art, and whither bent ;
Say not 'tis evil which the Lord hath sent
To serve His gracious ends. He shall hold sway
Until each soul shall love him and obey.
Virtue brings peace. Seek her and thou shalt find
What arms 'gainst griefs the philosophic mind.
Xantippe might scold, yet Socrates pursued.
Year in, year out, his philosophic mood—
Zealous for God, and for the cause of good.

1879.

ODE.

THE SHEARING POET.

(REPLY TO "PEGGY BAWN," IN "GLASGOW WEEKLY
HERALD."—*See Notes.*)

What prescient gift is thine, dear maid,
That o'er twelve thousand miles of sea
Thou caught'st a fleeting glimpse of me,
As with my hook arrayed,
I plied the shining blade,
Cutting the grass, and thistles, and what not,
That grow upon my quarter-acre lot
In this fair, sunny land ?
How could'st thou see my aching back,
And eke my awkward hand ?
My bleeding fingers— Nay, good lack !
The blood thou saw'st was from my heart
That bleeds since I was forced from home and thee to part.

Why should not Poet mow
The grass that springs so green,
While tender memories glow
Of the dear old long ago,
And the gladness that hath been
In that old land so far away,
Whence came the grass I cut to-day ?
But surely it were folly
To give way to Melancholy.
Much rather let me gladly sing
Some "auld Scotch sang" so jolly,
While "teddin' out the hay,"
On this delightful day
Of sunny, southern Spring !

Why should'st thou laughing say—
"He bendeth ill the back,"
As though 'twere matter for a lightsome jest ?
As far removed as white from black,
Or night from day,
Is baseness from the Bard, and so
Ungracefully he stoopeth low
In rude unpractised awkwardness confessed ;
Unused is he to cringe and bow
To princes, potentates, or kings ;
Shall Pegasus forego his wings
And, like a common pack-horse, wait
Until his master loads him ? No ;
The Poet mounteth him, and lo !
He springs to Heaven's gate !

The Poet cannot bow the knee
 At Mammon's shrine, or Rank's false fanc—
 Not even to the Golden Calf;
 Then, "Peggy," take thy laugh
 Back to thyself again!
 The Poet's soul is free
 From all that ideal bliss impedes,
 Yet is he bound by earthly needs;
 And though he bendeth ill the back,
 Must earn his daily bread, alack!
 By hook or crook;
 He cannot do it by his book
 Of noble thoughts in stately rhymes,
 Which fit not these dull, prosy, gross, material times!

Yet, 'tis not by the crook
 That he would earn his bread;
 His soul could never brook
 In devious paths to tread;
 His bosom knows no *crook*-ed guile,
 He is not skilled to smile the villain's smile,
 Or cozen with a mild and unctuous look!
 Then leave him to his homely harvesting—
 How better could a Poet's leisure pass?
 Let him work, and let him sing;
 Life is short, and flesh is grass!
 The Bard's proud, independent mind
 Can still this solace find—
 That, *Schlecht und recht*,
 Und Niemand's Herr noch Knecht,
 He lives "on his own *hook*!"

1886.

WHEN LADIES POP THE QUESTION.

(SESTETTE AND CHORUS, FROM THE TAHITIAN OPERA,
 "POMARE.")

We happy maids of this blest isle
 Are free to use Love's artful wile,
 And captivate by look, or smile,
 Or hint or soft suggestion;
 And if our lovers e'er prove cold,
 We woo them, free and uncontrolled,
 And are not thought unduly bold,
 Although we pop the question.

" Ah, really, then, it would appear
That men are all in danger here—
You've got perpetual Leap Year."

A capital suggestion.

" But, if a fellow stole a kiss,
Yet meant to live in single bliss,
What would you do, my pretty miss ? "
Of course I'd pop the question.

" But, ladies, if you're good and wise,
You would not claim a triple prize ;
One husband surely would suffice."

No thanks for that suggestion.

Oh, no ; we are not babies quite ;
In ancient customs we delight,
And mean to stand for Woman's Right—
The right to pop the question.

CHORUS :

Oh, what a happy land is this,
Where ladies pop the question ;
'Tis little that can go amiss,
When ladies pop the question.
We maidens never blush nor sigh,
But rather make the men feel shy ;
But they can scarce consent deny,
When ladies pop the question.

1886.

A SURMISE.

When some sharp shock of fear or grief,
A spasm of sickness or of pain
O'ertakes us, Nature sends the boon
Of blest repentance and relief ;
She lays soft hand on heart and brain,
Our senses swim, we faint, we swoon ;—

We swoon, and in a blank complete
We find surcease of pain and care,
What pleasing comfort here we see !
May not an age-long swoon be sweet ?
If Death's ambassador be fair,
Shall not the King all-radiant be ?

1898.

BLACKBIRDS AT CALDERVALE.

Black-coated orchard robbers,
Come plunder here at will,
Of the best of my cherries and berries
Heartily have your fill;
For the lilts and lays you sing me
Repay for the toll you take,
And I count your crime a virtue,
All for your songs' sweet sake.

Full-throated, clear, and mellow,
Each warbles aloud to each,
In bursts of passionate music
Which my heart translates to speech
"Apple-rinky! Apple-rinky!"
One from the pine-top calls;
"Robina—Robina" in answer,
From the wattle blossoms falls.

Boldest and dearest of robbers,
Most cunning and tuneful of birds,
How in your groves and thickets
Came you to learn these words?
Did your old forefathers bring them
From the far, inclement North?
Are there not in your tribe traditions
Of a valley 'twixt Clyde and Forth?—

Where my prodigal youth was wasted
In a land of woods and streams;
Where the murmuring Calder lulled me
To fairest and grandest dreams;
Where sweet Monkland Glen enchained me,
And I felt my heart-strings thrill
By the ruined halls of Faskine,
Or the towers of fair Cairnhill.

Ye waft me there, as by magic,
Blackbirds of Caldervale,
Though here in the sunny Southland
Changed is your tuneful tale;
For the merles of youth and Scotland
Sang—"Up in the morning early,"
And mixed with their dithyrambics
A stave of "Bonnie Prince Charlie."

Pleasant as those of boyhood
Are your lays in these alien bowers;
Is it you who have changed their meaning,
Or my soul's transmuting powers?

What matter, so that they take me
 Away to the Northland, there
 To roam in a scented garden
 Along with a maiden fair.

Musical, gay banditti,
 Carry me captive oft,
 And claim as a righteous ransom
 Sweet cherries and berries soft ;
 And comfort me for my losses
 In my southern, lone retreat,
 With the odour of "apple-ringy,"
 And thoughts of "Robina " sweet !

1896.

THE GIFT OF THE ROSES.

(A LEGEND AND ITS APPLICATION.)

The carpenter's boy of Nazareth,
 Sad-eyed, bare-legged, sun-browned,
 In his father's garden at Nazareth
 A full-bloomed rose-tree found ;
 " A rose for thee, and for thee," he saith
 To his comrades all around.

The thoughtless girls and the merry boys
 They took the flowers with glee ;
 Though the tree was bare, they had each their share,
 And they scampered far and free,
 All save one maid, who shyly said—
 " But there is no rose for thee."

" I seek no flowers," said the gentle boy,
 As he flushed through his cheeks of brown ;
 " The roses I plucked bring others joy,
 Though the careless cast them down ;
 The thorns on the tree are enough for me,
 And of these I shall weave my crown."

It is only a tale—a legend dim,
 Come down from the long ago ;
 Yet, mayhap, in the boyish heart of Him
 Who grieved over sin and woe
 Were thoughts of the tragedy dark and grim
 Which the future years should show.

As man, the boy of Nazareth
Scattered Life's roses free ;
Truth's opening buds and Love's rich blooms
He gave from the Father's tree ;
But a crown of thorn and the world's fierce scorn
Were his upon Calvary.

Deserted was he by the ingrate crowd ;
One woman alone had faith
To stay by his side till his head he bowed
To a cruel and shameful death ;
Tears might not save, but they hallowed the grave
Of the man of Nazareth.

O, prophet-souled and sad-eyed youth
That front'st the world to-day,
Resolved to scatter the flowers of Truth
To brighten life's weary way,
Strong be thy will, for Sacrifice still
Is the law thou must obey.

Strive thou for freedom and equal right,
Seek what is good and true,
Bid perfect knowledge and love and light
The minds of men imbue ;
But keep for ever the end in sight
Which the boy of Nazareth knew.

The crown of thorn and the world's fierce scorn
Must still his guerdon be
Who scatters the blooms with rare perfumes
That make all mankind free—
For every Christ, with his gifts unpriced,
The world has its Calvary.

Lord of high Heaven, how long, how long
Shall the earnest man and brave,
Fall in the fight with the powers of Night,
With never Thy hand to save,
And only one faithful woman's tears
To water his lonely grave ?

Soon may the selfish brood of Hell
With Justice and Truth be shod ;
With joy, not wrath, may they seek the path
Which the martyrs' feet have trod,
Till Love rose-girdles the whole round earth ;—
Hasten the time, O God !

NEW ZEALAND, PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE.

(FROM "ZEALANDIA'S JUBILEE.")

I.—LOOKING BACKWARD.

" Fifty years of Europe " past—
 Years of trouble, toil, and pain—
 Comes the Jubilee at last,
 And the organ blends its blast
 With the bard's triumphal strain,
 As we count each glorious gain
 In those years of bold endeavour
 That have passed away forever—
 That come not back again !

Ah, those years of grand achievement !
 We may well forget the pain,
 Disappointment and bereavement,
 That pressed on heart and brain
 In those times of strife and trial,
 Self-reliance, self-denial,
 Racking mind and sweating brow,
 When we look around us now
 On city, town, and smiling village ;
 On wilds subdued by patient tillage ;
 On fields with peace and plenty crowned,
 Where war and rapine, fire and pillage
 Once scattered wild dismay around.

May no base, ingrate soul forget,
 Or disesteem, in coming years,
 The labours of the pioneers,
 Who here the Tree of Empire set,
 And watered it with blood and tears,
 And tended it through hopes and fears !
 We honour and esteem them yet—
 Those men of giant heart and noble aim,
 Cheered by no hope of fame,
 Who fought wild men, and savage woods,
 And Nature in her sternest moods,
 Until the desert solitudes
 Blossomed with increase, and this land became
 Fairest of all the isles that lie,
 Beneath the sunny southern sky !

So, while we count our gains,
In this our year of mirth,
We think upon the pains
Endured at Civilisation's birth !
And yet no note of sadness
Can mingle with the universal gladness ;
For we know the Past is past,
And comes back nevermore,
And our looks are forward cast
To labours new and vast—
Fresh trials and fresh triumphs that the Future holds in
store ;
God grant that we may quit us like the men who went
before !

II.—NOW.

Sing we the triumphs of Peace ;
Sing of the land's release
From the fearful scourge of War ;
And tell how, near and far,
Two peoples dwell as one,
With Justice, like a sun,
Shedding benignant light
O'er the reign of Equal Right !
Tell how cities appeared,
As if by magic reared,
At the touch of the wizard Gold—
How Nature's gifts, unrolled,
Spread Plenty o'er the land ;
How road and rail were planned ;
How here the British race
Flourished in pride of place,
Taming, by patient toil,
The rough but fruitful soil ;
How sheep, in millions, roam
Where the Moa made his home ,
How miles of waving grain
Grow on the battle plain,
And the land is a busy hive
Where Trade and Commerce thrive,
Where Art and Learning shine
With influence benign,
And gentle and humane
Religion spreads her reign.

Are those wondrous changes real,
Or is this a fair ideal—
A promise of things to be ?
Shall we not awake in affright

And see, like a dream of the night,
 This beautiful mirage flee ?
 No ; 'tis no vacant dream ;
 Things *are*, and they do not seem ;
 We bask in the golden ray
 Of the new and the better day
 That shall last for ever and aye !

III.—LOOKING FORWARD.

Past are the cycles of dull stagnation,
 Dead are the days so dark and lone ;
 The germ is here of a mighty nation,
 The seed of a spreading tree is sown !
 The stock of the Saxon, Celt, and Viking,
 Reared where the northern pine-trees toss,
 A soil and a home have found to their liking,
 Under the gleam of the Southern Cross.

Here, far distant from Arctic rigour,
 Far from the glare of the Tropic sun,
 A new race rises, in manly vigour,
 In lands from the Savage and Silence won.
 Here, by the Old World's woes unsmitten,
 Free from the gyves of Caste and Class,
 Rises a Greater and Brighter Britain,
 Proud and free, while the ages pass.

Guard her stainless, encircling ocean ;
 Nourish her kindly, sun and dew ;
 Woods and waters, in cadenced motion,
 Sing her songs of the brave and true !
 Cheer her, nerve her for strong endeavour,
 Spirits of Good, from realms above,
 Till Wrong be conquered and crushed for ever,
 And Right and Liberty reign in love !

Grant her, Heaven, a high ambition,
 Upright rulers and servants pure,
 Grace and power for her noble mission—
 Founding an Empire, firm and sure.
 ZEALANDIA, then, from her central station,
 Claspings a thousand leagues of sea,
 Shall spread her sway o'er an Island Nation,
 And usher a grander Jubilee !

THE UNWRITTEN POEM.

I have sighed for the name of Poet —
Have waited, and toiled, and striven ;
To gain a poor wreath of laurel
Have the powers of my soul been given ;
But vain was my strongest endeavour
To grasp at the prize of Fame ;
And the songs which I uttered were ever
But ghosts of my thought's pure flame !

I heard all the tuneful brothers,
Who sing upon Life's great tree,
And always the greatness of others
Threw a shadow over me ;
Till I cried—" I shall never know it --
The glamour-glow of a name,
The rapture and bliss of the poet
As he lists to the crowd's acclaim !"

But there came a day when sorrow
And sickness made dark our sky,
And I knew not if ever the morrow
Should dawn for my child and I—
Both sick unto death. And the mother,
I marked her, so pale and worn,
As she tended us, striving to smother
How sorely her heart was torn ;

Till the stern decree was given—
" One taken, another left !"
And our baby had gone to Heaven, *
And I was the one bereft,
Glad wife—yet mourning mother—
How strong was her bosom's strife,
'Twixt grief for her lost wee darling,
And joy for her husband's life.

How I entered into her feelings
Until they became my own,
And mixed with the vague revealings
Which the Angel of Death had thrown
O'er my soul as, hoping, fearing,
On that bed of pain I lay—
Through the dread Hereafter peering
From the mists of this earthly day.

Then, when gracious Heaven had blessed me
 With health and strength once more ;
 When the summer breezes kissed me,
 As I stood by our cottage door,
 I thought, in my chastened gladness,
 Of the trials left behind,
 And a poem, begot of sadness,
 Was shaped in my grateful mind ;—

A poem of tears and laughter,
 So mixed with joy and pain—
 The bliss of the here and hereafter—
 Of parting and meeting again—
 That I cried, in my exultation,
 " I have found at last the theme
 Which shall bring me the admiration
 And fame of which I dream ! "

But that poem has never been written
 Which I prized and treasured so—
 As from Horeb's rock, unsmitten,
 No pleasant waters flow.
 But if not with a silvery sweetness
 It gladdens the world's waste,
 It dwells in its full completeness—
 In silence, golden, chaste,

Inviolate—in my bosom,
 Unharm'd by the hand of Time ;
 As may bloom our vanished blossom
 In a bright, supernal clime !
 And better than all I have written,
 Or all I may yet indite,
 I esteem that nameless poem—
 The poem I did not write.

For oft, when my soul seems sinking
 'Neath a load of grief and care—
 When my wearied frame is shrinking
 From the cross which I have to bear—
 I drink of its waters peerless,
 Which banish my doubt and pain ;
 And glad, renewed, and fearless,
 I gird to my tasks again !

And I care not though Glory's lustre
 Should never hang round my name—
 Though no laurel leaves should cluster
 On my head, the prize of Fame—

I shall keep that poem ever
Like a pure, unbodied sprite,
Nor sully with earthly language
The poem I ne'er shall write.

Oh ! bard, who has drained a measure
Of the witching wine of Fame,
You have missed a diviner pleasure
Than the thoughtless crowd's acclaim,
If you keep not, in some lone chamber,
Too sacred and pure for sight,
A precious and cherished poem
You never have dared to write !
1882.

DREAMS.

Once, in the days of Long Ago,
In the pleasant land of Nirgendswow,
When I was young and Love in prime,
Life swung along like an easy rhyme ;
For the maid I loved was fair and fond,
And I had never a thought beyond
Her graceful form and her deep black eyes,
And never a storm crossed Love's blue skies ;
On all things lay a holy spell,
No fear or doubt in our hearts might dwell ;
Ah me ! but the world went well, went well.

Since then, in the mists of doubt and pain,
I have trod the wastes of Never-Again—
An arid land with a leaden sky,
Where Joy's sad ghosts go hurrying by,
And Memory makes of days and nights
A haunting record of lost delights ;
Ghosts are but ghosts. Have I only dreamed
That she has been false whom I faithful deemed ?
No ; that she has vanished I know too well ;
And for Hope's sweet chime there's a funeral knell ;
Oh, God ! but Remembrance is Hell, is Hell.

And yet at times, through the driving cloud,
A trumpet blast rings clear and loud,
And I dream I wake from my dream of pain
In the awful land of Never-Again,
While Syren Hope thus woos my ear—
" Love is not dead ; cast out thy fear."

And so I turn to glad dreams anew,
 And I think, in the land of Dreams-Come-True,
 Life shall be joyous and Love shall flow,
 As it did in the Land of Nirgendswow
 In the pleasant days of Long Ago.

1902.

BIRTH AND DEATH.

Sadly wailing and crying
 Each soul of man is born ;
 Shall we also, at our dying,
 Go out with a cry forlorn ?
 Nay ! weeping 'mid others' mirth, we shall laugh when
 others mourn.

Weep, O child, foreseeing
 The struggle and stress of life ;
 Sing, O man, when fleeing
 From all the clamour and strife ;
 Welcome Death as a friend, truer than brother or wife.

Why should we yearn for Heaven
 When weary of this sad Earth ?
 Go we, with souls unshriven,
 Where neither is grief nor mirth,
 Excess of gloom or glory, nor second death or birth.

Seek we no realm of darkness,
 Nor land surpassing bright,
 To stretch in staring starkness
 Or soar in wild delight ;
 But a place of easeful silence, that knows nor day nor night.

Sleeping and never waking
 To toil of hand or brain ;
 Never a new dawn breaking
 To usher trouble or pain ;
 Never a priest to tell us—"Ye must be born again !"

Boon of loving and living,
 Joy of action and thought,
 Earning, spending and giving—
 What are they ? Less than nought.
 What is the bliss of being to the bliss of being not ?

1897.

IN THE PARK AT SUNRISE.

I stood on the Park's green brow
In the misty morning dim ;
At my feet the city lay,
As the sun's first feeble ray
Pierced the horizon's rim.

The sky was clear above,
And flecked with fleecy clouds ;
But in fog the town below
Lay swathed, like fields in snow,
Or dead men in their shrouds.

From the darkness rose the din
Of Labour's busy strife ;
For men lived and moved therein,
As we do in this world of Sin
And Death, and call it Life !

My feet were in the mists,
And my head in the sunlight clear,
And I gazed on the scene beneath
As a Spirit may look on Death
From a higher, happier sphere.

And as I gazed it seemed
As the mists would rise amain
Till, Light and Life destroyed,
The dark and formless Void
Would envelope Earth again.

" Look upward ! " came the thought ;
I looked, and lo ! the sun,
Glowing with new-born strength,
Triumphantly at length
His glorious race begun.

Though city, and sea, and ships
Lay hid in the rolling mist,
By the morning breezes driven,
The church spires, raised to Heaven,
By the sun's first beams were kissed.

On Eden's bluff-like top
The sunlight rested fair ;
Of Rangitoto bleak
I marked the triple peak
Piercing the upper air ;

And I thought— " Perchance like this
 The hour of Death shall seem,
 When Earth shall lie below,
 With its sorrow and sin and woe,
 Fading away like a dream ;

" And doubts and fears will come,
 Like the mists that rise and roll,—
 As the dread of the Darksome Vale,
 And the Horseman grim and pale,
 Comes over the fainting soul.

" But though dark the Valley seems,
 Bright is the Heaven above ;
 ' Look up ! ' the Master saith,
 ' Oh, thou of little faith,
 To the Sun of Jehovah's Love !'

" Then the eye of Faith shall see
 In the light of a clearer day
 The glorious Hill of God,
 By bright Immortals trod,
 And all fear shall flee away !"

As thus my swift thought ran,
 The Sun had clomb the sky,
 And driven the mists away,
 And the beauteous landscape lay
 Unveiled before my eye.

' The dull town fairer seemed
 Because of the brief eclipse,
 The Waitemata's tide
 Glanced with a sheenier pride,
 More stately looked the ships ;

And my homeward way I took,
 Glad in the knowledge sure
 That the mists of Sin and Error
 And the clouds of Doubt and Terror
 Can but for a time endure ;

For, like fogs before the sun,
 They shall fade and pass away,
 And in radiant rays divine
 Creation's bounds shall shine
 In the light of Eternal Day !

REALISATION.

If truth it be, as sages say,
 That every wish and every dream
We cherish in our earthly day
 Have real life in Nature's scheme,
And live for us, though far away,
 Where things exist and do not seem;

Then, brother, sister, dread no more
 The worst malignant Fate can do ;
Elsewhere, upon some radiant shore,
 Wealth, fame, and pleasure wait for you ;
And O ! lost loves of mine, what store
 Of bliss for me, when dreams come true !

1898.

THOUGHT.

Mysterious product of the busy brain—
 Intangible, invisible, unheard—
What art thou, Thought ? Or do I ask in vain ?
 Wilt thou not answer to a spoken word ?

Thou fleest our touch, our hearing, and our sight ;
 No mortal may thy subtle essence bind ;
As well attempt to stay the lightning's flight
 As curb or chain the workings of the mind !

Thought, source of all our actions, pure or vile,
 Whence burning words and glowing fancies flow,
Yet, like the fabled fountains of the Nile,
 Lies hid, and none may its deep secret know.

But now I speak, or sit me down to write,
 And words are fashioned by my lips or pen ;
Do thoughts not there, embodied, meet the sight,
 That may be read and understood of men ?

But what are words ? Delusive things, displayed
 A moment to our vision, and anon
Like spirits to the carnal eye they fade,
 And as we seek to grasp them they are gone !

Our speech, which at the best disguiseth thought,
 Is quickly lost amid the gabbling crowd ;
 Our wisest utterance will be soon forgot—
 Our writings wrapt in dark Oblivion's cloud ;

But every thought becomes a living thing,
 Embodied in the eternal atmosphere,—
 A bird of Heaven, that flies on airy wing,
 And leaves no trace of its existence here.

Heaven-born, as is the mind that gave it birth,
 It cannot breathe this world's grosser air ;
 But flies to Heaven, its home, despising earth,
 And thought with thought doth hold communion
 there,

Words long may echo, but the echo dies
 At last—the sound reverberates no more ;
 But thought, the Spirit's offspring, lives, and flies
 In endless echoes round the Eternal Shore !

Good deeds accomplished, and great truths believed,
 May gain us entrance where the upright are ;
 But noble impulses, grand thoughts conceived,
 Shall make us shine with lustre greater far.

Not only words and deeds, against us brought,
 Shall fix our doom upon God's awful day,
 But the enduring record of our thought
 Shall rise in witness, deadlier far than they.

Oh, man, who shap'st with care thine outward course,
 And keep'st thy lips from each polluted thing,
 More jealous guard thy words' and actions' source ;
 No stream is pure with poison at the spring !

1873-75.

NIRVANA.

" At even it shall be light,"
 Thus spake the Christ to men.
 " Nay," said Lord Buddha, " when
 Draws nigh the cosmic Night,
 When the sun of Time is cooling, westing,
 Wearied souls would, like birds, be nesting ;
 The eventide is the time for resting ;
 Peace, not Knowledge, and Rest, not Light,
 Shall be yours in that solemn Night."

Too much of light has man
 In this world of stress and strain ;
 Dazed eye and reeling brain
 Are his through all Life's span.
 Restless and eager, in wasteful measure,
 He hunts a shadow and calls it pleasure,
 He heaps up dirt and he deems it treasure.
 O, to be free from this foolish strife—
 This mad unrest called Life !

Is Life, then, in living worth ?
 Yea ; with this truth impressed—
 That we only attain to rest
 Through countless birth on birth.
 Through strife of unit, family, nation,
 In cycle, century, generation,
 We shall reach at last Life's consummation,
 And in Nature's soft embrace remain,
 Nor ever be born again.

'Twas Goethe's earthy soul
 That called for " Light, more light,"
 When he felt the shades of night
 Over his being roll.
 Spirits pure, by no earth-fear haunted,
 Welcome the Night, serene, undaunted ;
 No tears are shed and no dirges chaunted
 When these, with heaven-erected head,
 The god-like twilight tread.

The Day hath many eyes ;
 The Night, with sweet control,
 Blots from the placid soul
 Fear, Wonder and Surmise.
 Full many splendours the Day concealeth ;
 Millions of glories the Night revealeth—
 At Nature's altar the spirit kneeleth.
 Then hardly to feel, and not to know,
 Is sure surcease of woe.

We shall not be glad or afraid
 In the Night whither all must go ;
 There shall neither be high nor low
 Neither maker nor made ;
 No man, no woman, no tribe, no nation,
 No heavenly crown, no hell's damnation,
 Only the Oneness of Creation ;
 God and devil, brute, rock and tree
 Shall all be One, as we.

Then shall we taste true bliss—
 Neither to think nor to speak,
 Neither to know nor to seek,
 Conscious of only this—
 That all which Time once marred is mended,
 That Nature and we in one are blended,
 That Hate is conquered and Strife is ended,
 That nevermore is there worst or best—
 Only most perfect rest.

1902.

SONNET.

RENUNCIATION.

"Seek ye and find," said Christ. With subtler thought
 Mild Buddha said—"Renounce, and all possess.
 The more you search and toil, you gain the less.
 Desire, Fame, Power, and Wealth are vain; seek nought."
 In youthful years, with Christian zeal full-fraught,
 Much did I seek, with anxious strain and stress.
 Much, too, I found; but must in truth confess
 The things I found were not the things I sought.

So I turned Buddhist; have renounced, possessed;
 Conquered the flesh, and cast Ambition down,
 Have nought, yet all I wish for. Is it well?
 Well to be old, dull, passionless—the zest
 Of life gone out! If this be Wisdom's crown—
 If quenched Desire be Heaven, Lord, send me Hell!

1897.

LOVE THE INVENTOR.

Clerk Maxwell, mathematician,
 Burning the midnight oil,
 Measured the waves of ether
 By patient wearying toil;
 Herz by experiment proved them;
 Marconi seized the spoil.

For twenty years slow growing,
 As every great thing grows,
 At last the wireless message,
 Swift as the lightning, goes—
 Space, Time and Matter vanquished,
 As all the world now knows.

The multitudes hear, and marvel
At the wonders that are done.
"At last," they cry, "we have found it—
A new thing under the sun!"
The Prophet, Poet and Lover
Smile, as these babblings run.

"Long, long ago," says the Poet,
"Soul spake with kindred soul;
A sympathy of spirit
Joined and informed the whole
True band, though ages severed,
And the width of pole to pole."

"Æons ere then," says the Prophet,
"It was known to the chosen few
How from the great Transmitter
The thought-waves spread and grew,
Bearing some glowing message
Which none but Receivers knew."

"And ages before," says the Lover,
"Heart talked with loving heart
In a strange, mysterious language
No linguist could impart,
Though prison walls might sever,
And rolling seas might part.

"Ay! The waves of ardent passion,
That know nor check nor bar,
Born of the Lover's yearning,
Have travelled fast and far,
From earth to ice-cold planet,
From burning star to star."

Thus sprang the etheric message
From fiery souls, compact
Of warm imagination,
Ere the Thinker's brain was racked,
Or the slow experimenter
Shaped Theory into Fact.

Maxwell, Herz and Marconi
Have honour, glory or cash
For the words that speed through the ether
In mystical dot and dash;
But the Lover, Poet and Prophet
Gave the Inspiration's flash.

Mighty and great is Science,
 Though her ways are cold and long ;
 To Fancy and Inspiration
 Transcendent powers belong ;
 But Love is the true Revealer,
 And is Strongest of the Strong !
 1899.

THE MOA.

In forest deeps, where the sunlight creeps
 And struggles dimly through
 The veil of leaves, which Nature weaves,
 And keeps for ever new ;
 Where the rata vine to the graceful pine
 Clings with a Judas kiss ;
 Where blooming flowers make fitting bowers
 For a fairer world than this ;

Where the ferny sod, by man untrod,
 Is tender and green and soft ;
 Where the Weka might raise her curious gaze
 To the Tui that sings aloft ;
 Where the cataract shakes the woods, and wakes
 The echoes of rock and glen—
 In the cool, dark shade of a punga glade,
 The Moa has made his den !

In the deepest grot of this secret spot
 Does the Moa choose to dwell ;
 And whitened bones, round circled stones,
 Of his slaughtered victims tell.
 Now harsh, shrill cries of rage arise
 High over the cataract's boom,
 For the mighty bird has a footstep heard,
 And he sounds the huntsman's doom.

Brave Maori ! Here thy club and spear
 Are weapons weak and vain ;
 The feathered foe has laid thee low,
 Thou ne'er shalt hunt again !
 The Moa's young shall pluck thy tongue
 Warm from its quivering root,
 And thy bones, picked bare, shall to men declare
 The victory of the Brute !

But not for aye was the Moa's sway ;
Men's powers of mind were stirred ;
The Maori lives ; but where survives
The mighty wingless bird ?
Extinct, effaced, unknown, untraced
By forest, hill or plain ;
But, where he fell, his bones still tell
The triumph of God-like Brain !

1890.

AUSTRALIA FEDERATA.

CHRISTMAS GREETING TO THE COMMONWEALTH.

Chime on, ye happy bells,
Beneath the steely stars and radiant moon,
This midnight, mellow as a northern noon—
Chime on, each cadence tells
Of something strangely sweet and grand,
A grey old story in a fair new land.

Shall an ancient myth enthrall us,
Shall a grey old tale delight
Men who have marched and fought
In the foremost files of thought ?
Can a message come to call us
To a purer, holier height ?

Yes ; for this tale is ever new,
And set to music of the spheres,
It falls through nineteen hundred years,
Grateful and fresh as morning dew
To those who, faithful each to each,
A higher destiny would reach.

And thus the old-time story,
Once told by Jordan's stream,
Sounds by the noble Murray
Not as an idle dream,
But full of hope and glory
And melody supreme.

That angel-song's vibrations
 Still through the ages swell ;
 New aims and aspirations
 In many a heart up-well ;
 The latest born of nations
 Bows to the potent spell.

The Star of Bethlehem no more
 With strong attraction, as of yore,
 Leads men to a material goal ;
 Five brilliant orbs have formed instead
 A mystic fiery Cross o'erhead
 Which onward draws the yearning soul.

Advance, Australia ! In that sign
 What splendid triumphs may be thine !
 Afar from all the old-world strife,
 Be thine to mould a higher life,
 More sweetly pure, more nobly bold,
 Than seer or prophet e'er foretold.

Point thou the way, and lead the van,
 To the true brotherhood of man ;
 Seek Honour, Virtue, Truth and Right,
 Until the strain we hear to-night
 The utmost bounds of space shall fill—
 " Peace upon earth ; to men good-will."

1900.

THE MAORI QUESTION—DEBIT AND CREDIT.

(FROM "ZEALANDIA'S JUBILEE.")

" Ah, but ye stole the Maoris' lands,"
 Says one. But had *they* honest hands ?
 They came and conquered ; we no less
 Possessed the right to dispossess
 (" Sauce for gander is sauce for goose ! ")—
 The right to claim for higher use
 The land which God and Nature give
 To those who prove most fit to live !

Nor did we, though we had the might,
Exterminate the Maoris quite,
And merge them in the British nation
By process of assimilation,
(We'd more respect for our digestion
Than settle thus the native question!)
As Maoris, with unsparing hand,
Served those who erstwhile held the land.
We left them tracts of fertile soil,
Where, though they neither spin nor toil,
The Maoris live, in lordly sway,
On rents the *conquering* white men pay.

The Maori suffered many wrongs, no doubt—
No man or nation ever lived without ;
But if we strike a balance fair,
We well may call the reckoning " square."

Debit ;—Dishonesty, disease,
Tobacco, rum, new forms of vice ;
We brought the noble Maori these ;
He swallowed all—he was not nice !
Old faiths and customs by degrees
We banished—things beyond all price ;
The warrior's joy, that once could please,
We took ; we also took a slice
Of land, and liberty, and ease—
A big sum of iniquities !

Credit ;—We gave an alphabet,
Soap, hymn-books, blankets not a few ;
Pots, guns, religion—all brand new ;
We taught the Maori how to run in debt,
To ride a horse, wear trousers, keep a shop —
He knew already how to spin a top,
Or probably we'd taught that too !
But, greatest gift of all, we gave
Glad freedom to the Maori slave ;
To higher thoughts and actions raised
A race unspeakably debased ;
Saved them from War's unholy lust,
And brought security and trust
'Neath British rule, wise, firm, and just.

The Cynic adds ;—" You staved off warlike crises,
And gave the Maoris leave to die of phthisis ! "

LOVE IN THREE ASPECTS.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINE.)

Awake, sad lyre, the old, old song,
 That ruled thee once with empire strong,
 All other themes above;—
 The Angels—they call it Heaven's joy;
 The Devils—they call it Hell's annoy;
 And Men—they call it Love!

1876.

LIGHTLY COME, LIGHTLY GO.

(FROM "MEMORIAE AMORIS.")

Ah! "Lightly come, and lightly go,"
 May well be true of things of earth;
 Our bliss and pain, our grief and mirth,
 Our wealth and state are passing show.

For state is vain, and wealth has wings,
 And weeping lasteth but a night,
 And joy, that comes with morning light,
 Dissolves like rainbow vanishings.

E'en Death, who comes with stealthy pace,
 Quick fades with some loved form from view,
 And the dark shadow which he threw
 Melts into light, and leaves no trace.

But one sweet entrant to the heart
 May come as soft as summer dew,
 Through every trial still be true,
 Nor time nor change can make him part.

Ay, lady, Love may lightly come,
 But Love can never lightly go;
 For 'tis not Love that fadeth so,
 And leaves the heart and pulses numb.

Love found light entrance to my heart—
 The door stood open to his call;
 Now earth may flee, and Heaven may fall,
 But Love and I shall never part.

Like a young bird in Summer time,
Love came to me in golden weather,
And Love and I have clung together
Through Autumn's waste and Winter's rime.

He came, a light and joyous elf,
And filled my being through and through,
Until my other self he grew—
Nay, till he grew my better self!

And all that lifts our thoughts above
Earth's sordid things – the bliss, the joy,
That makes the man again a boy—
All this and more I owe to Love.

When times of darkness and of doom
Closed round me like a winter day;
The timid sprite flew not away,
But clung the closer for the gloom.

And think you Love and I shall part
Like friends of yesterday? Ah, no!
Love lightly came, but shall not go,
Unless he rend my bleeding heart!

No time nor circumstance shall sever
Him from the nest he loves so well;
And there he evermore shall dwell,
For I will bid him leave me never!

1878.

THE GIFT OF THE DARKNESS.

"THERE REMAINETH, THEREFORE, A REST."

Shall my life go on, like a wandering spark,
Or be swallowed and lost in the ambient dark,
Or return to the unknown Giver?
What matter? When rid of its unquiet guest,
I know that my wearied frame shall rest,
No more with pain to quiver,
On a bed of mould and pillow of clay,
In a land where Oblivion rules away,
In a sleep that breaks not with breaking day—
The sleep of for ever and ever!

1897.

WHAT IS LOVE?

(FROM THE GERMAN OF HALM.)

Say, what is love? Come tell me,
 My heart with passion fraught—
 "Two hearts with one pulsation,
 'Two souls with but one thought."

Say, whence comes love to cheer us?
 "It comes, whence no one knows."
 Where goes it when it leaves us?—
 "It is not love that goes."

Say, when is love the purest?—
 "When self is all forgot."
 And when is love sincerest?—
 "When lips proclaim it not."

How gathers love her riches?—
 "By scattering in her path."
 And what is love's true language?—
 "Love loves; no speech she hath."

1893

TRISTAN'S SONG.

(FROM THE DANISH OF HENRIK HERZ.)

Strife reigned within my father's home;
 I left it, through these hills to roam,
 And found thick darkness everywhere around me,
 Until there burst upon my sight
 This beauteous vale, with flowers bedight,
 And by the side of this fair house I found me.

But all was still; no chorus clear
 Of woodland warblers smote my ear—
 No sounds of busy labour were upswelling;
 No sign of motion or of speech,
 As far as eye or ear could reach—
 All silent, as in God's most sacred dwelling

I ope'd the door, and lo! my eyes
Were startled with a sweet surprise;
As though some fairy's powerful spell had bound thee,
Rose-like, and lapped in slumber deep,
I saw thee lie, while in thy sleep,
Seemed spellbound every living thing around thee.

Upon thy cheeks the zephyr slept,
Upon thy arms the warm flame crept,
The palm-tree dream't, his stately head low-bending;
Of each thing's life thou wert a part,
In every bosom beat thy heart,
All in their sleep were on thy sleep attending.

Thy waking sounded — "Let there be!"
And Nature all awoke with thee,
As though the morning sun her sleep were breaking.
Oh, thornless rose! my feeble lyre
Felt tipped with light, and touched with fire;
Accept the song that wakened with thy waking!

1881.

IN THE GLOAMING.

MYSTERY—TERROR—ALLUREMENT—REST.

The day is ending; weary of shining,
The sun is in clouds and mist declining—
Lo! he is hid 'neath an ashen pall.
No flowers are seen on the darkened meadow;
The woods are sleeping in sombre shadow;
The birds to their mates no longer call.
To and fro in the mystic gloaming
Gnomes and goblins and ghosts are roaming;
Strange, weird whisperings rise and fall.
Night is here—the dark, mysterious,
Fear-inspiring, proud, imperious
Night—that awes with its murmurs eerie;
Night, cool stream in a desert dreary;
Balm to the sick and rest to the weary;
Night, the friend of us all.

Weary of working, getting and giving,
Tired of all that men call living —
Lo! my earth-day draws to an end.
Clouds are gathering, shades are falling,
Shapes are beckoning, voices calling;
Child-like, I fear what night may send.

Tintless and scentless to me are flowers ;
 Silent to me the vocal bowers ;
 My voice may no more in the chorus blend.
 Night is near—the dark and fearful
 Foe of the bright, the gay, the cheerful—
 Night that threatens, frightens, appals me ;
 Night that beckons, invites and calls me ;
 Night whose most restful spell enthralms me ;
 Night I hail as a friend.

1899.

WITH THE EYES SHUT.

(FROM "MEMORIAE AMORIS.")

Sweet Childhood ! From thy happy page
 How much of gladness we can bring ;
 What glory-gleams thy light may fling
 Upon the darkening eve of Age.

Oft, when our play-hour's sportive glee
 To a more sombre mood gave place,
 We'd sit with hands before our face
 And see, or fancy we could see,

Bright scenes from an enchanted land -
 A land of beauty and of love ;
 Gay-tinted flowers beneath ; above,
 Blue Summer skies by rainbows spanned.

Now Time has brought its load of care,
 And Sin has brought its weight of woe ;
 But Fancy still at times can show
 A glimpse of things surpassing fair.

When cares annoy and sorrows vex
 And Fortune wears her hardest frown,
 I cannot beat the demons down
 And plant my heel upon their necks ;

But I can draw me from the strife,
 Can sit apart and hear no more
 The revel's mirth, the conflict's roar—
 Ignoring all that men call life.

The gentle Muse comes to my aid ;
She lays her hands upon my eyes,
And straight I dream of Paradise
And joys that neither fail nor fade.

Or Memory waves her magic wand—
The touch dispels my gloomy night,
And scenes of Love and Pleasure bright
Are brought from Childhood's Fairyland.
1872.

LOVE'S GULF-STREAM.

I am the glowing Tropic,
Thou love, the frozen Pole,
And a cold, wide sea is the distance
Dividing soul from soul.

Across that dreary distance
My love like the Gulf-Stream flows ;
It would reach thy heart, and melt it,
Until like my own it glows.

Although I may never win thee
And sink on thy snowy breast,
I scatter warmth, like the Gulf-Stream,
And other hearts are blest.

And I find such bliss in yearning,
Such rapture in fond Desire,
That I lose not the love I scatter,
Nor a spark of my bosom's fire.

Thou art cold, thou art not jealous,
Nor car'st what may betide ;
Yet Hope, the flatterer, whispers
Thou shalt one day be my bride.

But Fate, in his croaking accents,
Says, when that tale is told,
That thou shall be warm and jealous,
And I shall be proud and cold.

O, Love, if the far-off Future
Doth hold such things in store,
I would that old Time might linger,
So I can love thee more.

Let me yearn, and burn, and scatter
My warmth to the thankless air ;
For sweeter than Love's possession
Is Desire's divine despair.

THE TANIWHA.

I will tell you, my sons and daughters,
Of the monster that dwells in the waters,
The Taniwha fearful and fierce,
Who is clad from head to tail
In a coat of scaly mail
No club or spear can pierce.

The Taniwha ! Ah, he is longer
Than a war canoe, and stronger
Than the strongest shark or whale ;
At his mouth of dreadful size,
And the gleam of his fiery eyes,
The bravest heart might quail.

Have I seen him ? Nay, my daughter ;
But I've seen the troubled water
When he lashed it white in rage.
The *tohungas*, wise and old,
Have seen him, and have told
Of his deeds from age to age.

Have you seen the strong man, swimming
In the river's waters brimming,
Sink with a cry of pain ?
Have you seen the staunch canoe
Go out o'er the waters blue
And ne'er return again ?

Have ye heard, in the eerie gloaming,
Sounds as of spirits roaming
Through the vaulted paths below ?
Have ye seen the waters boil
Through the crackling, quaking soil,
With a wailing sound of woe ?

Those sights and sounds bewild'ring
From the Taniwha come, my children ;
For the *Atua* gives him power
To roam from his secret den,
To prey on the sons of men,
And slaughter them and devour.

Then pray ye, my sons and daughters,
To the mighty god of waters
That ye be not untimely killed ;
And a choice food-offering take
To yon rock in the lonely lake,
That the Taniwha's wrath be stilled.

THE TRYSTING.

When the sun's last beam is gone,
And the twilight shadows fall ;
When night comes softly stealing on
To spread her dusky pall
Over valleys and hills, over forests and rills,
And the birds are silent all ;

By the old beech tree I wait
That stands by the rippling stream—
By the trysting-place I wearily wait,
While the lagging moments seem
To slowly move, till comes my love ;
But of heavenly things I dream,
And my thoughts on wings of rapture rove,
For my true love is their theme.

I wait till the light declines
O'er the verge of the western sky—
Till the pale moon shines through the gloomy pines,
I wearily wait and sigh—
Till Love's bright star, from her realms afar,
Looks on me with tender eye ;
But though soft is her glance, from the eye of my love
Far softer glances fly.

For my Maggie is young and fair,
Twin roses bloom on each cheek ;
And Love's pure light shines clear and bright
In her blue eyes tender and meek ;
And the ringlets of her hair
On her rounded shoulders fall,
In many a rippling tress of gold,
Like the dancing wavelets small,
When each over each, by the broad sea-beach,
They trip o'er the golden sand ;
Or the rippling stream, when its waters gleam,
As they leap o'er the pebbled strand.

In summer the streamlet merrily skips
And dances over the stones,
Singing sweetly the while ; but from Maggie's lips
Flow softer and clearer tones ;
And though sweet are the songs in spring
Of the birds in each budding grove,
The joyous song of the woodland throng
Can ne'er my feelings move,
Or dart a thrill my veins along
Like the voice of my own true love.

But a white dress flutters free,
 And a footstep light I hear,
 By the silvery beams of the moon I see
 A fairy-like form appear ;
 Through the silent glade the blushing maid
 With elastic step draws near :
 Now the moon and the stars from the sky may fade,
 For my love—my love is here !

1868.

ODE FOR THE CENTENARY OF THE DEATH OF ROBERT BURNS.

I.

'Tis not with muffled drum, or bated breath,
 Or solemn signs of woe,
 We call to memory the death
 That made a nation's tears of sorrow flow
 A hundred years ago !
 For common loss, let grief conventional
 Be shown, and sadness ceremonial.
 Not ours the common lot,
 To mourn a life extinguished and forgot,
 Waiting in mouldy vault the trump of doom !
 We meet around the Poet's tomb,
 In glowing exultation
 And glad congratulation,
 Without a thought of gloom—
 Well knowing that his quenchless soul,
 Spurning the grave's control,
 Re-lives in Fame's new birth,
 While round his name on earth
 Has grown a century of glorious bloom.

II.

We, viewing all the Poet's rounded life,
 With clearer vision, wider ken,
 And judgment chastened by the lapse of years,
 Behold no more his ineffectual strife
 With fortune, or his feuds with baser men,
 His passions, follies, hopes or fears.
 Steady and cool, Time's winnowing breath has blown,
 Till all the chaff is gone
 (" King's chaff " it was—better than most men's
 grain !)

Stripped of vain praise and censure vain,
The MAN before us stands,
Naked and unashamed ;
Nay, looking down, in pity and in pride,
On those who, clasping holy hands,
Reviled and vilified,
And, in their plenteous lack of justice, blamed !

III.

What Burns has done for Scotland
What Scot can e'er forget ?
The whole world owes to Scotland
And BURNS a heavy debt.
The Scottish lyre in dust and darkness hung ;
Unknown the power of Scotia's rugged tongue,
Till BURNS, with master's hand and brain,
Made from these weapons twain
A trump to startle Tyranny ;
A charter for the brave and free ;
A whip to scourge Hypocrisy ;
A flaming torch
To let the blinded nations see ;
A fire to scorch
False creeds, mean deeds, and all things base ;
A glow to light true Manhood's face ;
A standard showing Rank its place
And Worth its sway ;
A sword, wherewith the human race
Might carve its way
Through Error's ranks to goals of highest good—
Peace, Freedom, Justice, Love and Brotherhood.

IV.

Immortal BURNS !
Heart of flesh and soul of flame !
This day we celebrate
Thy birth into the deathless state.
The flesh is earthy, and returns
To earth, from whence it came ;
While, of all passion purged, the fiery spirit
Doth the dominion of the gods inherit.
More blest by far than they
Whose grosser being clings to earth and time—
Tasting corruption day by day—
Thou, in the Spirit's golden prime,
Ere glamour of the earth-life passed away,
Or youth's strong ardour knew decay,
Wert called unto that happier clime
Where souls of god-like mould
Suffer not, nor grow old,
But live in one long dream—in ecstasy sublime

V.

Old land! that holds his honoured dust,
 Well hast thou kept the sacred trust
 Committed to thy care—
 To guard his fame whose glowing dreams
 Made classic all his native streams—
 Nith, Doon and "winding Ayr."
 For long-past, cruel, cold neglect,
 Fierce penance has atoned;
 He sits a King, proud, laurel-decked,
 In Scottish hearts enthroned.

In near land, or far land,
 Each Scot in rapture turns
 T' acclaim still the name still
 Of glorious ROBERT BURNS.

VI.

New land, where Scots in thousands dwell,
 Zealandia! fail not thou to tell
 How much to him we owe—
 Those laws of broad humanity,
 Those purer customs, life more free,
 That from his teachings flow.
 The spirit of bold, manly pride,
 In deathless lyrics breathed,
 To us, and all the world beside,
 He nobly has bequeathed.

Not tearful, nor fearful,
 Mankind each fetter spurns—
 All lightened and brightened
 Through triumphs won by BURNS.

VII.

He died a hundred years ago!
 No! No!
 He lives, he breathes, he rules us still
 With strong, imperious will;
 More truly lives than in that far-off time
 Of youthful strength, of manhood's prime,
 Of fiery love, of fiery hate,
 Depressing toil, pursuing Fate,
 Harsh judgment, foul malignancy,
 And still more harmful flattery.

When his vexed spirit fell at last on peace
In doleful, dark Dumfries,
Then, only then, began
His new life's nobler span.
For him Death's foot struck open Glory's door,
And not the grave's dark portal ;
In minds and hearts of men—a force immortal—
He lives for evermore !

1896.

CLOUDS.

In the lingering light of even,
When winds disturb the sky,
And o'er the impending heaven
The threatening vapours fly ;

When lowering clouds are shifting,
Portending coming storms,
It seems as the winds were lifting
Dark veils from fairy forms.

Arrayed for the joyous bridal,
Arises a maiden gay,
But the varying breeze, never idle,
Soon sweeps her form away.

Then a milk-white steed is prancing,
While he tosses his mane on high,
And a star in his brow is glancing,
Like the gleam of his fiery eye.

Oh ! would but the wind obey us,
It would stop in its wayward flight,
And no longer dissolve in chaos
Those visions so fair and bright.

And now there proudly rises
A castle with massive walls,
Whose wide extent comprises
Arched gateways and pillared halls.

But while Fancy a tale is weaving
Of brave knights and ladies fair,
The fabric, no traces leav'nig,
Has faded away in air.

.

Thus the wind, with our Fancy aiding,
 Brings visions in changing crowds—
 Quickly coming and quickly fading
 In the ever-shifting clouds.

1868.

THE WATCH FOR CHRIST.

I.—THE FIRST COMING.

Once more our minds go back
 O'er History's faded track
 To that bright scene in Palestine, two thousand years ago,
 When simple shepherd swains
 On Judah's fertile plains
 Saw angel visitants descend, heard heavenly music flow.

We think with what delight
 They viewed the wondrous sight—
 With what strange awe they heard the song by angel chorists
 sung :—
 " To you, this glorious morn,
 The promised Son is born,
 Who brings good news to all mankind, of every race and
 tongue!"

In fancy we can see
 Those eastern sages three,
 Who sought the Saviour of the earth, foretold from earliest
 day;
 How, guided by His star,
 They came from lands afar,
 And found Him where, at Bethlehem, in lowly stall He lay.

We see that gentle Child,
 Escaped from slaughter wild,
 Pass through a life of sacrifice to die a death of shame :
 We hear Him cry, " 'Tis done !"
 We view the victory won,
 And see Him rise triumphantly to God, from whom He came !

Men say 'tis all a myth—
 A fairy tale wherewith
 'To soothe the pangs of Misery, to charm the ear of Youth
 But hearts with love aglow
 Make answer loudly, " No ;
 It is no vain delusion, but God's eternal truth.

" This earth, so old and gray,
Grows better, day by day ;
The poor are fed, the sick are healed, the suffering slave is
freed ;
Fraternal love's increase
Heralds a lasting peace ;
We know the promise is fulfilled, and Christ has come
indeed !"

II.—THE SECOND COMING.

But, like an oft-told tale,
By repetition stale,
So palls the truth upon those ears that itch for something
new.
O, ye in Doubt's dark night—
O, seekers of the light,
Behold in near futurity a Christmas dawn for you !

The promise is for all
Whom grief and gloom enthrall.
List to the joyful tidings:—" The Lord comes yet again !
Not now in lowly guise,
But King of earth and skies,
He comes to rout His enemies—He comes in power to reign !"

Not only Judah's race
Seek a Redeemer's face ;
All earth in deep expectancy awaits deliverance now.
Not Israel alone
Shall kneel before His throne ;
All men shall own His majesty, and at His footstool bow !

Who keep the Christmas true ?
Not they whose narrow view
Is bounded by the lowly life of Jesus on this earth.
Who watch for Christ aright,
With heart and soul and might ?
Not they whose only Christmas joy is feast and empty mirth !

They keep the Christmas best,
With humble patience blest,
Who daily work, and pray, and hope that coming dawn to
see ;
They are the watchers wise,
Who scan the murky skies,
And seek the starry herald of " the Christ that is to be !"

They keep the sacred tryst
 Who strive to be like Christ—
 Who pave the path o'er which so soon His glorious feet shall
 tread ;
 Who level down the hills
 Of social wrongs and ills—
 Who raise those valleys, deep depressed, where Vice and
 Want are bred !

Come, Lord, our watching eyes
 Are lifted to the skies ;
 Bring Peace, Goodwill, and Happiness down with Thee from
 above ;
 Come, while the Heavens shall ring,
 And earthly bards shall sing
 The Christmas dawn of blessedness, the Golden Age of Love.

1884.

THE MAKING OF GOD.

*"God made man," the Preacher saith,
 "From a handful of dust, by a whiff of breath."
 "No," say the sages, "Man made God
 From nothing at all, by creative nod ;
 Organ for organ and limb for limb,—
 In the image of Man created He him."*

.

In the Beginning was Man. Erect, supreme He stood ;
 He looked on the realm of Nature, and He saw that all was
 good.

The planets wheeled in their orbits, the suns shone fair in
 space ;
 Each did its ordered duty and kept its appointed place.

Every plant observed its law ; the bestial, after their kind,
 Were slaves of instinct ; and Man ruled all by His master-
 mind.

The winds and waves obeyed Him ; He called the stars by
 name ;
 He was Creation's Lord ; none might dispute His claim.

The brutes in meek submission to His hard yoke gave their
 necks,
 And He crushed the woman who bore Him with the title of
 "weaker sex."

But He found yet one thing lacking. Of what avail were
Laws
And Forces, if there were not an Adequate First Cause ?

The pyramid had no apex ; an apex must be found ;
" Let us make god," said Man, " and the edifice shall be
crowned."

He carved from a stubborn tree a god of the hardest wood—
Type of unbending will and enduring fortitude.

He graved Him a golden ox and to it in worship bent—
Emblem of patient goodness and stupid, calm content.

But man erelong repented of the gods His hands had made.
" Greater are We than ox or tree," Mankind in council said ;

" Let Us make god in Our image ; so shall Perfection reign,
When strength and goodness are linked to a Man's most
subtle brain."

Thus was the true god fashioned, all-strong, all-good, all-
wise ;
And Man, when He saw His creature, found it pleasing in
His eyes --

Himself in mind and in passion, in feature, organ and limb—
Thus Man made god ; in the image of Man created He him.

.
A Nation is known by its gods. What manner of god have
we ?
Is he Tree, or Ox, or Man ? Shall we call him one or three ?

At least he is Janus-faced, like a heathen god of old—
Now cased in the warrior's steel, and now in the trader's
gold.

When Peace and Plenty reign and the fields with increase
laugh,
We worship the god of Commerce, we bow to the Golden
Calf.

The man who achieves success is lauded as good and great,
Though he grind the face of the workers, or cheat in measure
and weight ;

And the poor can find no place in the Church of the Man
called Christ,
With its priests and saints in broadcloth and its sittings and
pews high-priced.

But when the lean years come and spoils must be sought
 afar,
 We turn from the Prince of Peace—"our god is a Man of
 War."

Then from ten thousand pulpits our priests and our parsons
 all
 On the god of battles and carnage and bloody vengeance
 call,

Naming him god of our country—"our country, right or
 wrong"—
 God of the big battalions, strong on the side of the strong.

(Woe for our lost ideals! Once he was god of the Right,
 Nerving the few to dare and to do deeds of heroic might ;

To the weak a tower of safety, a rampart and a shield ;
 Terror, destruction and death to their enemies in the field.)

They call upon god to aid us in crushing a patriot band
 Who fight for those things most sacred, their homes and
 their native land.

The incense they offer is smoke of the homesteads burned,
 defiled ;
 The sacrifices they bring him are slaughtered woman and
 child.

O'er Freedom, Justice and Virtue our armies ride rough-
 shod ;
 They expatriate, maim and murder—and we render thanks
 to god—

The god of the spitting Maxim, pom-pom and shrieking
 shell ;
 The god who inspires the captains with their orders, " Give
 them Hell ;"

The god of Oppression and Rapine, of War's most loathsome
 trade ;—
 This is the idol we worship—the god that our hands have
 made !

.

*Man made god in His image plain—
 Cruel, revengeful, jealous, vain,
 A Man of War and a Man austere,
 A strong, bad Giant—a god to fear ;
 Raw-Head and Bloody-Bones, fierce and grim ; —
 In the image of Man created He him.*

THE OLD IDENTITY.

(SONG AND CHORUS, FROM AN UNFINISHED NEW ZEALAND
OPERETTA.)

I will tell you, my friends, who I am,
If but to relieve the monotony ;
I came to New Zealand, this fertile and free land,
From a sweet little place they call Botany ;
I am William McSquat, Esquire,
Once of Sydney, and now of the Squatteries ;
So wealthy am I that the ladies all try
To captivate me with their flatteries.

Look at me now as I stand —
A very remarkable entity ;
I've settled so long on the land,
I've got quite a heap on my hand ;—
O, I am an Old Identity.

CHORUS :

Look at him there, as he stands,
A very peculiar entity ;
He's dabbled so much in lands,
The soil sticks fast to his hands ;—
O, he is an Old Identity.

In the jolly old Colony days,
I guess things were lively and funny here ;
We hadn't no taxes, while blankets and axes
And baccy and rum were the money here.
Oh, those were the times to get rich ;
I scooped all the land that was any worth ;
When new chums come in, I make lashings of tin
By charging a pound for a pennyworth.

(Refrain and Chorus, as before.)

But none of the calico crew
Has ever yet managed to marry me ;
They're all very fine, O, but wanting the rhino
There's none to the halter shall carry me.
A Maori with lashings of land
Might do for this 'cute old colonial ;
Once Love was the king : now Money's the thing
In everything matter-o'-money-al.

(Refrain and Chorus, as before.)

A DREAM OF UNIVERSAL BROTHER- HOOD.

"It's comin' yet, for a' that."—BURNS.

I.

Once more, as in the long ago,
 "The time draws near the birth of Christ ;"
 Here, amid Summer's genial glow,
 At Home, 'mid Winter's ice and snow,
 Men throng to keep the sacred tryst,
 In many a happy meeting ;
 And while earth rings with Christmas cheer,
 I (bard obscure with laurels sere)
 Waft once again to far and near
 My wonted Christmas greeting,

II.

Shall they alone my notice claim,
 With supple knee and ready word,
 Who glibly name the Holy Name,
 And seek to fan Religion's flame
 By calling Jesus God and Lord,
 With much of vain repeating ?
 No ; though I would not these estrange,
 But with them words of love exchange,
 My brotherhood seeks wider range
 In this my Christmas greeting !

THE GREETING.

To ye, my kinsfolk o'er the sea,
 True Britons wheresoe'er ye be,
 Whether in tropic lands ye roam,
 Or sojourn in your Northern Home —
 To all who own Victoria's sway,
 To all who English rule obey,
 My thoughts first fly, this happy day !

A Merry Christmas to ye all,
 No matter by what name ye call
 Yourselves. The heavenly pledge was given
 "Not to one Church alone, but seven."

All sects, the greatest and the least—
Pope, Bishop, Presbyter, and Priest—
May join me at my Christmas Feast!

Next go, my joyful greeting, forth
To all the varied tribes of Earth—
Linked in Sin's common Brotherhood
In sight of Him, All Wise, All Good,
One fold, one family are we—
The black and white, the bond and free—
Let all unite in Christmas glee!

To the grave Moslem, as he kneels
And the pure thrill of worship feels;
To Buddha's votaries humane,
Who bow in many an Eastern fane;
To those who serve, in trembling fear,
Gods cruel, tyrannous, austere—
I wish you all blithe Christmas cheer!

To ye who with your lips deny
The Good in Nature, but comply
With heart and deed—who truly dwell
In the great Church Invisible;
To ye whom honest doubts enthrall
While noble yearnings upward call—
A Merry Christmas to ye all!

INTERLUDE.

What matter if your high ideal
Be Buddha, Mahomet, or Christ,
Your union none the less is real
In hope, in aim, in love, in *Grist*.

Worship ye Matter, Fire, or Spirit,
Follow Confucius or Paine,—
Each system has its separate merit,
And holds of truth a precious grain.

Jew, Parsee, Mystic, and Agnostic
Must short of perfect knowledge fall;
God is Himself the only Gnostic,
And He is Father of us all.

All own one instinct, Heaven-implanted—
A warm love for the Good and True;
All seek, as in a dream enchanted,
A nobler life, a wider view.

The universal heart is throbbing
 With hopes, which naught can e'er destroy,
 That all our sighing and our sobbing
 Shall end in perfect peace and joy.

And why, when Christmas bells are pealing,
 When Heaven is near, and life a span,
 Should Bigotry, with heart unfeeling,
 A barrier raise 'twixt man and man?

III.

No lines my love shall circumscribe
 Drawn at Geneva, or at Rome ;
 No bounds of colour, race or tribe :
 No prelate proud, or priest, or scribe ;
 No creed concise, or laboured tome,
 Shall stay my message fleeting,
 To him that does a Christ-like deed,
 No matter what his caste or creed,—
 To such I wish a warm " God-speed !"
 And happy Christmas greeting !

1885.

LIFE'S CYCLE.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.)

Like water is the soul of man ;
 Its mystic course in Heaven began,
 And it returns to whence it came—
 Descending, ascending,
 In cycle unending,
 Changing ever, yet still the same.

1897.

THE TRUE CONQUEROR.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.)

" Divide and conquer !" 'Tis a clever plan.
 " Unite and lead !" There speaks the better man.

1895.

WITH THE DEAD.

*“Ich lebe, und bin noch stärker
Als alle Todten sind !”*

—H. HEINE.

Take back the words, O, Poet ! which too hastily have
 sped ;
Take back the words, and say not thou art stronger than the
 Dead !

Say, how canst thou be stronger than all the dead men are—
They who all the living millions of the earth outnumber far ?

Say, how can mortal man, with fluttering pulse and fleeting
 breath,
Vie with those whose souls have drunk at the eternal springs
 of death ?

Is not each of the departed ones made equal with the gods,
And a match for countless myriads of breathing, pulsing
 clods ?

In that undiscovered region, in that strange, mysterious land,
Where the shades of dead men gather, dwells there not a
 glorious band

Of princes, poets, warriors—the noblest and the best
Among those who once were mortals—now in robes immortal
 dressed ?

All the sages, seers, and thinkers who made rich the world
 of yore
With their visions, and their fancies, and their depth of
 wondrous lore—

All are there, and all pursuing, but with higher, nobler mood
Those ways of Truth and Wisdom which they erst on earth
 pursued.

Does power consist in knowledge ? Then the Dead are
 great in power ;
All the wisdom of this world they could tell in one brief hour,

And made strong by their great knowledge, they can laugh
 in god-like mirth
At the bubbles and the shadows which the wise pursue on
 earth ;—

How to note a planet's transit they have bent their powers
of soul ;
How to pierce through Afric's jungles, or explore the frozen
Pole,

To wing the blue empyrean, or tame the savage main,
They have spent their time, their talent, and their treasure—
all in vain !

The weakest 'mong the Dead may view with scorn these
quests below,
For they know in high perfection all that men desire to
know.

They behold the suns and systems rolling on, while in their
ears
Rings the strong, harmonious cadence of the ever-chiming
spheres !

They behold the giant comets, as with wild, erratic pace
They swing their flaming torches through the utmost bounds
of space !

Nay, they see beyond the systems and the laws that guide
their flight
To the source of all their order, all their motion, heat and
light.

All the hidden springs of Nature—all the laws of Life and
Force—
All the laws of Thought and Being—are laid open to their
source !

The key of Death has opened wide to them their prison door,
And Light and Liberty in floods now on their spirits pour.

The world, which was a chaos once, seems now a fairy
scene,
And moral grace and beauty dwell where moral death had
been,

When they looked with fleshly vision, and beheld God's
wondrous plan
Deformed and dwarfed to suit the mind of weak and grovel-
ing man !

Now the seeming fair delusion, and the truth that seemed
lie,
Alike are plain and open to their well-instructed eye.

They know no more of racking doubt, of torture, or of pain,
O'er those problems of our being which elude the boldest
brain.

They know how God has made us, and why He made us so ;
How Sin has power to load us here with misery and woe ;

How none can charge unrighteousness on Him who rules
above,
Who vindicates His justice by His mercy and His love ;

How the purpose of the Eternal, working in and over all,
Secures the victory of Good, and Evil's final fall,

Makes Sadness end in Singing, makes Goodness flow from
Sin,
And to Sinners opes a Heaven where Sin cannot enter in !

Does power consist in Liberty ? The Dead are glad and
free
From all the tyranny that binds such helpless worms as we ;

Fraternity, Equality, and Liberty all shed
Their blessings transcendental on the happy, glorious Dead !

There the poor with Kings and Counsellors can claim an
equal place ;
The Ethiop proudly ranks with those of Earth's most
favoured race ;

And the idiot, whom vain worldlings once had mocked and
laughed to scorn,
Now vies in mental stature with the greatest thinker born.

They are free from all the fetters that degrade us here on
earth—
The galling chains of Poverty, the gilded gyves of Birth—

From Fashion's shining shackles, from the mesh of Doubt
and Fear—
From all the social bondages 'neath which we languish here !

Ah ! my heart has often failed me when along Life's dusty
road
The weak fell down supinely, while the strong remorseless
trod

On to victory and laurels and renown, nor gave a thought
To the hapless victims weltering 'neath their car of Juggernaut !

I have looked on man's oppression till my heart has nearly
burst ;
I have felt his Greed, and Selfishness, and Tyranny accurst—

'Neath Obloquy unmerited, and Poverty unearned,
I have bowed and groaned and suffered, till my brain with
Madness burned—

Till I thought that God had hid Himself and left this world
below—

Till I prayed for sweet damnation as a respite from my woe !

But in deepest gloom there came to me, like light celestial
shed,
The knowledge of the blessings that await us with the dead—

Where the souls who sow in sorrow shall a joyful harvest
reap,
And weary ones shall taste how God gives His beloved sleep.

So I wait and watch with patience till I see a friendly hand
Stretched out to lead me over to that bright and blessed land,

When without a sigh or struggle I shall bid farewell to
breath
And date my life's beginning from the moment of my death !

" Stronger than the dead men !" Poet, thine own spirit now
has fled,
And thine eyes behold the glory and the grandeur of the
Dead !

Thou hast seen how earthly wisdom and how earthly strength
can fail,
While Death gives strength and wisdom which shall ever-
more prevail ;

And methinks I catch the echo of thy truer, nobler song—
" The Dead alone are wise and free—the Dead alone are
strong,

Stronger than the dead men ! Never ! For, by springs
immortal fed,
Still grow from strength to greater strength the grand and
glorious Dead ! "

WHAT'S IN A NAME ?

There's nought in a name—we've oft heard it said,
And I own to that view I've a leaning,
For names that described one's appearance or trade
Have now no such import or meaning.

A Smith *was* a Smith in the happy old days ;
Mr. Taylor, of course, was a tailor ;
Mr. Henn was admired for his beautiful lays ;
Mr. Seaman had served as a sailor.

Mr. Bigg then was big, Mr. Little was small :
Mr. Weaver spun yarn, and not fiction ;
But now our names signify nothing at all,
Or land us in strange contradiction.

For old Lamb is as brave as young Lyon is meek ;
Mr. Heavy is light as a zephyr ;
Miss Virtue is "fast" and is famed for her "cheek,"
And Miss Bull is a frisky young heifer.

John Brown and Bob Black are uncommonly pale ;
Kate White is as brown as a berry ;
Mr. Green is as 'cute as a frog's vanished tail ;
Miss Blue is as red as a cherry.

Mr. Short's very tall, and Miss Stout is quite thin ;
Mr. Goode is the grossest of sinners ;
Mr. Vile is as pure as the guileless Ah Sin ;
Mrs. Cooke cannot cook her own dinners.

Mr. Batchelor's married—his family, eight ;
Mr. Hale is a wretched dyspeptic ;
Mr. Thynne lays on fat at a terrible rate ;
Mr. Strong is a weak epileptic.

Mr. Husband has sworn he will marry no wife ;
Mr. Truman is *such* a romancer ;
Mr. Fidler can't play you a note for his life ;
Not a step knows the staid Mr. Dancer.

Miss Gentle is rude, and Miss Rough is so sleek ;
Old Bliss suffers tortures terrific ;
A regular terror is wild Mr. Meek,
While dear Mr. Wildman's pacific.

Jack Butcher brews beer, and Tom Brewer sells beef ;
 Mr. Spott does not look like a leopard ;
 Mr. Sheppard turned out a notorious thief ;
 Mr. Steele is an honest old shepherd.

Mr. Parson dispenses the gooseberry tart ;
 Mr. Player has taken to preaching ;
 Mr. Leech has no hand in the medical art ;
 Mr. Birch no connection with teaching.

Bill Freeman spends most of his leisure in gaol ;
 Mr. Sellar's a builder of attics ;
 Mr. Salt is so " fresh " you could sprinkle his tail ;
 Old Supple is stiff with rheumatics.

Mr. Groom is a clerk ; Mr. Clark is a groom ;
 Miss Silk deals in nothing but paper ;
 Tom Mercer works hard with a scavenger's broom ;
 Mr. Broome is a sleek linen-draper.

Mr. Farmer can scarce tell a cow from an ass ;
 Mr. Townley is skilful in farming ;
 Miss Sweet has a temper as brittle as glass ;
 Miss Cross has a manner that's charming.

Hugh Miller wrote books, and Tom Penman grinds corn ;
 Mr. Law is a Methodist preacher ;
 Mrs. Death is attendant when babies are born,
 And a barmaid is little Miss Teacher.

Condition and country are mingled by fate—
 Jean French is of Scotch nationality ;
 While Duke, Lord and Earl are of lowest estate,
 Mr. Common's a person of quality.

Fred Ireland's a Londoner ; Lundon's from Cork ;
 Of Bulls, Ireland sure never lacks one ;
 David Welsh is a Scotchman ; while, hailing from York,
 Jack Saunders blooms forth as a Saxon.

Young Landless has acres too many to count ;
 Old Rich is the poorest of loafers ;
 Mr. Want has got gold to a fabled amount ;
 Mr. Cash has got none in his coffers.

I have written this song with a laudable aim ;
 Let me state it, by way of conclusion,
 That if people should ask of you, " What's in a name ? "
 You can answer : " A deal of confusion ! "

AUTUMN AT CAIRNHILL.

(FROM "MEMORIAE AMORIS.")

Wan Autumn, with her troubled sky
And naked fields, is ushered in,
And dolphin-like, the woods begin
To change their colours ere they die.

Now misty morns and frosty eves
And bright though shortening sunshine hours
Have burned the grass and nipped the flowers,
And bleached and dyed the forest leaves,

Along the border of the wood,
As slow the leaves begin to fade,
Unequalled hues of light and shade
On every varied tree are viewed.

The sombre elm more sombre grows,
But now with fading tints is mixed ;
The beech's red here burns, and next
The lime-tree's sickly yellow glows ;

Below, the hawthorn's berries red
Shine 'gainst the elm-tree's gloomy wall ;
Above, the poplar, straight and tall,
Lifts over all its naked head ;

The sycamore's broad leaves are fringed
Or stained with wan and withering hue ;
And up the winding avenue
Dark tints of brown the trees have tinged ;

Yet different hues on each are seen—
Some sere, some withering fast away
In various stages of decay,
While some preserve their freshest green.

The trees like Beauty's cheek appear,
Where burns consumption's hectic glow,
When fairer still the features grow
As dissolution comes more near.

Fresh beauties every morn are seen—
A lovelier tint seems given to each ;
A darker red has robed the beech,
The oak assumes a sicklier green ;

And ever gathering beauties new,
 As some fresh colour each receives,
 At length the golden-glowing leaves
 Put on their last and loveliest hue ;

Then sudden comes the tempest's force ;
 The sere leaves fall before its wrath,
 And whirl along the gravelled path,
 Or choke the turbid torrent's course.

Some, in a gloomy hollow blown,
 Lie rotting in unsightly mass,
 Where poison-weeds and withered grass
 Are round in rank profusion strewn.

The trees, that late were bright and fair,
 Now naked howl 'mid tempests bleak ;
 The feathered songsters vainly seek
 For shelter 'mid the branches bare.

1870.

LOVE, THE CONQUEROR.

I loved you, and I vowed to love
 "For ever and for ever,"
 Though friends might frown and ties be rent
 And swelling seas might sever ;
 And you, too, promised you would still
 Love on, with love unswerving,
 In spite of time, or chance, or change,
 Or of my ill-deserving.

O ! False as fair ! A few short months
 Disclosed you weak and faithless—
 Your vows forgot, your lips forsworn ;
 And I escaped not scathless ;
 I flung my pledges to the winds,
 I answered scorn with scorning ;
 We parted in a night of Hate
 Who met in Love's sweet morning.

Some moments brief of whirlwind rage
 Sufficed to speak the sentence
 Of banishment from Love's domain ;
 More slowly came repentance !
 Now Hate's eclipse is overpast,
 And finds us twain wide parted
 By lapse of years and rolling seas,
 But neither broken-hearted.

My angry thoughts are all effaced
By memories pure and tender,
And so I keep my troth, nor dream
Of failure or surrender.
We ne'er must meet, nor e'er renew
Our vows of fond affection ;
But ever loving, ever true,
You live in recollection.

Your scorn and others' calumny
Now cause no perturbation ;
For I have learned that Love can give
For all rich compensation—
Can triumph over Time and Space,
And quell Hate's raging river ;
I loved you once, and Love is lord
" For ever and for ever."
1896.

SONNETS TO A SONNETTEER.

(INSCRIBED TO THE LATE WILLIAM GAY, OF BENDIGO,
AUSTRALIA.)

I.—A SWAN-SONG.

The Austral dwellers hear a swan-song float
From a sweet singer, who on no calm stream
Glides down to death, crooning his doleful theme,
But bravely breasts rude waves, while from his throat
Rings battle music, in a strenuous note,
With passion charged and melody supreme.
Thus fights he on, cheered by a doubtful gleam,
That shines upon him from a height remote.

Like him, health-exiled from a Borean shore,
I hear with joy his proud defiance flung
To Pain and Death ; behold him conqueror,
In light, above these ways " with darkness hung,"
And mark his pitying smile, when men deplore—
" Woe ! and alas ! that he must die so young !"

II.—" VITA BREVIS."

To whom does life seem futile, vain and short ?
The sordid, selfish, cowardly and mean
Of soul, who know not they before have been,
Or that they shall be after. From what port

They hail, they wot not ; of what waves the sport,
 They reckon not. Whether under skies serene
 Or stormy, Life to them is one sad scene
 Of care, of fearful rumour and report.

" More time—more time," they cry, with weak insistence
 " We fain would learn what work we have to do,
 Our place, our power of action and resistance ;
 What paths to shun, what objects to pursue ! "
 But, while they scan the riddle of Existence,
 The Sphinx, impatient, claims the forfeit due.

III.—WITH THE IMMORTALS.

Life is not futile, short and vain to those
 Who love and labour, hear the trumpet-call
 Of Duty, and go forth to fight with all
 The brood of Hate and Ignorance—worst foes
 Of man on earth. Although their days should close
 Ere prime be reached, ungrudgingly they fall,
 With sense of rounded life, that ne'er was thrall
 To Vice, or Sloth, or real or fancied woes.

No life of high activities is brief.
 True hero-souls, strong-willed, alert, elate,
 Live years in days ; they laugh at Time, the thief ;
 They rule Desire and Circumstance and Fate ;
 And Death but calls them, as a glad relief,
 To nobler labours in a higher state.

1895.

SONG.

(FROM THE SPANISH.)

I loved but yesterday ;
 To-day I sorrow ;
 I die to-morrow ;
 But despite my sorrow,
 To-day and to-morrow
 I'll only think of yesterday.

1876.

PROLOGUE TO "BRITANNIA AND HER DAUGHTERS."

(SPOKEN BY THE AUTHOR AT A JUBILEE PERFORMANCE OF
THE CANTATA, IN ST. JAMES'S HALL, AUCKLAND.)

'Mid the Jubilee rejoicings, 'mid the clanging of the bells,
'Mid the shout of grateful rapture that o'er land and ocean
 swells,
'Mid banners flaunting gaily, and 'mid cannon's thund'rous
 roar,
Zealandia speaks from where she sits upon her sea-girt
 shore.

Yes; her people claim a portion in the gladness and the
 mirth
That are shared by brother Britons in all regions of the
 earth;
In pride, and hope, and happiness we lift our voices here,
To swell the song of Jubilee, this memorable year.

We raise no empty pæans for a victory in fight;
We celebrate a reign of peace, of virtue and of right—
A reign of noble victories in industries and arts—
A reign of love and gentleness o'er loyal British hearts.

Britannia! Proud Britannia! From thine ancient island
 home
Look round and see thy children, faithful wheresoe'er they
 roam.
Mighty mother of mighty nations! Mark with joy-thrills in
 thy breast,
How spreads thy sway, earth-girdling, from the east unto
 the west—

From the northern snows and icebergs to this sunny land so
 fair—
See thy children growing, thriving, spreading Freedom
 everywhere;
And rejoice, oh mighty Mother, that thy power shall still
 increase
Till all mankind be won to Arts, and Industry and Peace!

Britannia ! Thou art like unto a grand old banyan tree,
 Whose wide-extending branches, spreading far o'er land and
 sea,
 Send shoots that grasp the kindly soil, and sturdy saplings
 grow,
 That make the old tree stronger when stormy tempests blow !

So from the grand old British tree we sprang—a healthy
 shoot—
 And here we grow, and dare the foe to pluck us by the root ;
 But, though strong and self-reliant, we still are warm and
 true,
 And faithful to the trunk from which our sustenance we
 drew !

We are one with thee, Britannia, in thy dangers and thy
 fears ;
 We are sharers in thy glory, in thy gladness and thy tears.
 If war-clouds o'er thee darken, and foemen gather round,
 We feel the fiery Viking blood in all our pulses bound !

We are thine, and thou art ours too—each sustaining, help-
 ing each ;
 We are one in mind and purpose, we are one in heart and
 speech ;
 Hand in hand, we march still onward, at Duty's trumpet-
 call—
 Britannia and her daughters shall together stand or fall !

Fall ! Take back the coward accents ! Britons never knew
 defeat.
 Shall we now resign the conflict, bid our bugles sound
 " Retreat ? "
 Shall we drop the reins of empire, let others rule the main,
 And let earth relapse to ignorance and selfishness again ?

Never ! By the sires who bred us and who gave us honoured
 names—
 By heroes in the battle-front—by martyrs in the flames—
 By a thousand sacred memories of deeds which they have
 done,
 We ne'er shall yield the vantage ground so nobly for us won !

Old Land across the waters ! Dear Motherland, with thee
 The fairest of thy daughters would join in festal glee ;
 And 'midst our loud rejoicings let us pledge ourselves anew
 That each to each will evermore be loyal, firm, and true !

From Luxury and Wickedness, from Selfishness and Sloth,
From foes without and foes within, may God protect us
both !

May never weak Degen'racy be in our borders shown,
In Field or Mart, in Church or Court, in Senate or on
Throne !

VICTORIA ! VICTORIA ! The noblest, queenliest queen—
Mistress of Empire mightier far than earth before has seen—
To thee, this year of Jubilee, all thoughts and wishes tend—
For thine and for thy nation's weal our warmest prayers
ascend !

Our land—our own Zealandia—was but a desert wild
When first thou sat'st upon the throne, a lovely Royal child ;
While fifty years of cares of State have surely weighed thee
down,
Zealandia has been growing fair, a bright gem for thy crown.

She has raised up sons and daughters, good, generous and
brave,
And bold to guard those liberties and rights the old land
gave ;
She has taught the warlike Maori to own thy gracious sway,
And thy dusky subjects join us in our gladsome songs to-day.

VICTORIA ! Bright paragon of what all Queens should be—
Great Sea-Queen—hear our greeting from the South Pacific
Sea.

Long may thy reign of gentleness, of virtue, and of right
Bind Britons in a brotherhood of Liberty and Light !

Thus we waft the homeward message, and breathe the
heavenward prayer,
As here we meet, this joyous night, in Auckland bright and
fair,
To hear our youths and maidens sing, melodiously and free,
Of "*Britannia and Her Daughters*," in this year of Jubilee !

1887.

SUCCESS IN ART.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.)

Would you please both the children of light and the children
of evil ?
Picture voluptuous joys—and show that they lead to the
Devil ?

1895.

THE TRIUMPH OF FAITH.

Frail Man, whose trembling soul within
Remorseful views a misspent Past,
Or dreads the Future, vague and vast,
With threats of punishment for sin,

Lift up your eyes from mire and sod
To skies of deep and boundless blue,
And trust in Him who yearns for you,
Your loving Father and your God.

Behold a Being far above
The teaching of your creeds severe—
A God not vengeful or austere,
But ruling all by grace and love.

Dark Unrest vexed my youthful years,
My quest for Truth and Peace was vain ;
Man's wisdom pleased my fickle brain,
But solved no doubts, dispelled no fears.

When lost in darkness and despair
I grounded on an old belief ;
My utter weakness brought relief—
I formed a wish, I breathed a prayer.

A wish—a prayer—are they not kin ?
The best prayer springs from direst need ;
It does not rise from caste or creed,
But sense of helplessness or sin.

I prayed for light, and straight I knew
Though lifting clouds Hope's radiant bow ;
For strength, and I was strong—as though
The utterance were the answer too !

I woke, to hear a voice within
Cry—" Dreamer, rise to life and aim ;
No longer fan a dying flame,
Nor mourn till grief become a sin.

" Arise ! The sun doth brightly shine,
And Earth bids all her care depart,
Though Time and Change have wrung her heart
With sorrows more acute than thine.

"Cast from thy lips the Dead Sea fruit
Of Memory. Lo! a'l is young!
While Nature's morning hymn is sung,
Thy weak complaint may well be mute."

I woke to know that selfish, vain,
And wasted are regretful years;
That fruitless are the salty tears
Poured out on Memory's blasted plain;

That none who lives and loves may know
The luxury of endless grief;
For either Hope must bring relief,
Or Death or Madness end his woe!

I woke to know the power of Faith
(Hope's elder sister); woke to lean
With trust upon the hand unseen
That leads to life, and not to death.

What makes the path, which once I trod
In darkness, now with brilliance glow?
Whence the new life that stirs me so,
If not from Him whom men call God?

Is there a God? The Psalmist says
There is, and calls the man a fool
Who says there is not. Take the rule,
And with it prove thy secret ways.

Take God away, and what is man?
A grovelling creature from his birth—
A worm, a clod, a thing of earth—
His wisdom vain, his life a span.

Take God away, we have no soul,
No higher life, no after-state—
Nothing that shall exist, elate,
When Nature's funeral knell shall toll.

The greater never of the less
Can be begot; so, without God,
Man is a breathing, pulsing clod—
A brute, with trick of speech and dress,

To whom earth yields her grain and fruit,
Whom brutes obey, as Nature's lord;
Whose wondrous mind is richly stored;
Who plans and thinks,—but still a brute.

Let sceptics prate of Nature's laws—
How forms make progress and evolve ;
Their questionings can never solve
Life's problems, or define its cause.

And if this grosser being brings
Their reason to a sudden halt,
Much more their wisdom is at fault
When touching upon higher things.

A blade of grass defies their art—
They cannot Nature's secrets learn ;
And can their purblind eyes discern
Man's better, his immortal part ?

Though countless ages onward roll,
With change and progress ever ripe,
No lifeless germs engender life,
And Matter ne'er begets a soul.

But, blundering still on Error's road,
And hugging aye the wretched thought—
"I have no soul," the fool is brought
To cry aloud—"There is no God."

No God ! Worse than a fool is he
Who says there is no God ; his mind
Is gross and thick ; his eyes are blind
To his own immortality.

I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou didst learn
My soul to use her inward eyes,
First to behold herself, then rise
Thy higher Being to discern.

No more I roam in search of Thee,
Lost in dim Speculation's mist ;—
I think, and therefore I exist ;
I am, and therefore Thou must be.

But though my reason thus was fixed
And saw Thee with undoubting eyes,
Thick mists and fogs of earth would rise,
Till mythic shapes with truth were mixed.

Ay, often has my heart been faint,
And oft has Doubt assailed my mind,
And faithless thoughts would outlet find
In weak and querulous complaint.

But Thou, O God, didst patient deal
With me in my infirmity ;
Thy Father-hand encompassed me,
Thy Father-heart for me did feel.

As mercy-tokens from above
My very griefs have been to me—
A clouded glass, through which to see
The splendours of Almighty Love.

When standing on Sin's dizzy edge,
Thou oft hast shown me where I stood,
Hast made all things combine for good,
And given my soul the soothing pledge

That Thou art, and Thou art a God
Filled with a Father's love to all—
A God who hears the wretched call,
And takes from him his heavy load.

Thou led'st me by a wondrous way,
Thou brought'st me by a path unknown,
Till Doubt and dark Distrust were gone,
And I in Faith's sweet power could pray,

And call Thee " Father." Thus 'twas given
To me to know that saying mild—
" Each must be as a little child,
Ere he can taste the bliss of Heaven."

Thus did I learn the truth divine
That Reason is a dubious spark,
Which leaves us groping in the dark,
But Faith like noonday's sun doth shine,

Dispelling all the shades of night,
Till our attempered eyes can see,
Past suns and systems, unto Thee,
Who dwell'st in " unapproachéd light."

1874.

INCONSTANCY.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.)

You say that woman inconstant is,
As she flits from the one to the other.
She but seeks, as she can, for a constant man ;
Then blame her not, my brother !

1897.

YOUTHFUL LOVE.

(FROM "MEMORIAE AMORIS.")

O, Love, since e'er thy reign began,
 Thou'st been, unto the eager boy,
 An Eden-glimpse, a dream of joy,
 But folly to the sobered man.

The love of manhood—who can tell
 The agony with which 'tis fraught,—
 As if a glimpse of Heaven we caught,
 While standing on the brink of Hell.

But, oh, the love of early youth,
 So tender, ardent, pure and strong,
 That ne'er suspects or plots a wrong,
 But is the very soul of truth.

No jealous tortures wound the breast,
 No hateful rival gives us pain ;
 We love, and are beloved again—
 We seek no more, and we are blest.

1873.

THE PHANTOM CANOE.

(FROM AN UNFINISHED NEW ZEALAND OPERETTA.)

Oh, say, have you seen it, the Phantom Canoe,
 Swift o'er the lake gliding, with dim, ghostly crew ?
 When danger looms o'er us,
 Or doom lies before us,
 Then glideth in warning the Phantom Canoe.

When the land of the Maori is threatened with woe,
 When flood, fire or famine would lay our sons low,
 When war hovers near with its pestilent breath,
 Or a chief of the people is doomed unto death,
 In the twilight you'll see, o'er the waters so blue,
 That omen of evil, the Phantom Canoe.

Chorus.—Oh, say, have you seen it, &c.

Last evening we saw it, when gloaming was grey ;
It stayed but a moment, then glided away.
By our forefathers' spirits the paddles were plied,
But the regular strokes made no sound on the tide.
Great danger is looming—the omen is true—
There is woe in the wake of the Phantom Canoe.

Chorus.—Oh, say, have you seen it, &c.

1890.

THE POETS.

There walks a race of men upon the earth
With mystery as with a garment clad,
At worldly grief they laugh in scornful mirth—
'Mong worldly joys they wear a visage sad.

Whose form is this that walks our crowded streets,
As if in solitude, and far from man ;
And yet in solitude a brother greets,
And talks with woods, and rocks, and heaven's high
span ?

And who is he, who in yon narrow room,
Sits rapt until the midnight hours go by,
As though some passion did his soul consume,
And fire with life his "finely-frenzied eye?"

These are the poets. When men pass them by,
Some shrug the shoulders, others curious stare ;
These see the gleam of madness in their eye—
Those ask why Genius made her lodging there ?

The world goes forth to see some wondrous thing—
Some heaven-born being treading earth below,
With soul unsullied as an angel's wing ;
But well I ween the poets are not so.

They are not always noble, pure, and good—
Rapt in high visions, warmed by Fancy's fire ;
Their alternations of seraphic mood
Give place to earth-born wish and base desire.

They are are not with a worldly wisdom wise—
Even fools may mock at their simplicity ;
But they look in with heaven-instructed eyes,
And see what fleshly vision cannot see.

From them they come, but of them they are not—
These burning thoughts, those rapture-breathing lines ;
These visions are from lands Elysian brought—
In those rapt words the fire of heaven shines.

Like Sphinxes in the sandy wastes of earth
They stand—their oracles are cast abroad ;
In grossest clay though they have had their birth,
The voice they speak with is the voice of God.

For when He formed them, God beheld and saw
They stood unique His other works among ;
Vain, childish, arrogant, uncurbed by law,
Their judgment wavering, and their passions strong.

He said, " It shall not be ; these shall not go
To walk the paths of Folly unrestrained ;
The fire of Genius in their souls shall glow,
And gild those lives which Folly else had stained."

God spake, and at the word of Him whose word
Made all things, the despised and grovelling worm
Stood with a nobler passion heaven-stirred,
And radiant inly as an angel form.

And so it is that poets walk the earth,
Scoffed at by Folly, trod upon by Pride ;
And so it is that they in secret mirth
Scorn what these love, and love what those deride.

And so it is that, while the poet lives,
The Trump of Fame lies silent and unblown,
While death to him a weight of glory gives
More lasting than his monumental stone.

For when he quits the temple of this clay,
And leaves in rich inheritance to all
His life's great work, men cast their doubts away—
Wondering they look, and worshipping they fall.

Oh ! doubting worldlings ! seek no more a sign
In proof of that which symbols cannot prove ;
Behold through fleshly veil the light divine,
And give the poet sympathy and love !

JANE.

I.

I bid the Past withdraw her veil from twenty fledged years,
And many a bright, long-vanished scene before my gaze
appears—

As fresh as though Forgetfulness could never spread her pall
These scenes arise, and one sweet form shines radiantly in
all !

A tender infant girl is brought—but whence, who can
declare ?

A kind physician puts her 'neath a kindly mother's care ;
The fruit of love more strong than wise, perchance—"a
child of shame"—

Cast on the great world's breast without a parent, home, or
name !

A goodly child, she blooms and grows, as years roll on apace,
With wealth of glossy, coal-black hair and open, laughing
face ;

The foster-mother's love for her with passing years has
grown—

She cares for her and loves her more than e'er she loved her
own !

The innocent and happy one—the young and beautiful
Jane—

Has never felt a pang of grief, of wild unrest, or pain ;
She knows she lives, and she is blest, nor further seeks to
know ;

Oh, happy were her after-life could she be always so !

II.

A tall and stately maiden next she stands before my gaze,
And now she knows the mystery that wraps her early days ;
The child of love, in her bright eyes the darts of Cupid
glance,

Her dreamy brow betokens her the darling of Romance !

Far from her peaceful village home, within the town she
dwells,

Praised, courted, fêted, envied, loved—the queen among the
belles ;

A glance from her dark eyes can make Love's victory
complete,

And see ! a score of lovers sigh and languish at her feet !

But still, though gay her voice and mien, there burns within
 her breast
 A torturing flame, that smoulders on, and will not let her
 rest ;
 And scalding tears flow down her cheeks, as silent and alone
 She broods upon that sin, or shame, or folly not her own !

How can a foster-mother's care a source of comfort prove
 To her whose yearning bosom seeks an unknown mother's
 love ?
 Can lovers' adulations bid her inward pain depart
 Who seeks a loving daughter's place in a loving father's
 heart ?

III.

I strive to pierce the future years, and find what is in store
 For her whose fond and guileless heart so happy was of
 yore ;
 In fancy I can see her cloud of sorrow flee away,
 While on her shines the sun of love and happiness always.

I see her, as the years roll on, more calm and sobered grow ;
 Maturer thoughts have stemmed the tide of her young
 bosom's woe ;
 No more she vainly thinks of those who blindly sold their
 claim
 To a daughter's love, and to themselves brought obloquy
 and shame !

Though they be rich in wordly wealth, she knows 'tis better
 far
 To win her way without their aid, and heed not what they
 are ;
 No more she wastes in fruitless sighs the warm love of her
 heart,
 But gives the parent's due to those who did a parent's part.

To life's great tasks she girds herself, nor longer vainly frets ;
 To duty gives those energies she spent in deep regrets ;
 A noble woman lives she, as a mother and a wife —
 True riches in her character—true triumph in her life !

1874.

LOVE.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.)

Joy unexpressed,
 Bliss without rest,
 Life's crown on Youth's brow —
 Such, Love, art thou !

1895.

A MODEST LITTLE MAIDEN.

(FROM "POMARE.")

I'm a modest little maiden of a soft and tender age,
I have come from a country afar ;
Though of men I have a dread, I took it in my head
To travel in a man-of-war—
Though an unprotected waif, I find it very safe
To travel in a man-of-war.

My father was so moral, he would separate his books,
That the " hers " shouldn't mix with the " hims,"
And our lap-dog and our cat were as closely watched as
that,
And had always proper clothing on their limbs ;
And the tables and the chairs never shocked you unawares—
They, too, had decent clothing on their limbs.

But my mother's sensibilities were not so very fine,
And that's why a wanderer I roam ;
She bade me wash the dirt from a garment called a ——
And rather than submit, I left my home.
Yes ; she bade me put some stitches in my little brother's ——
Which shocked me and drove me from my home.

So I took to writing novels, as an occupation pure,
With spicy bits of travel for the Press ;
Men call me a " blue-stocking," but I think it very shocking
To speak about that article of dress.
Whether blue or green my stocking, it is positively shocking
To be joking with that portion of my dress.

I am pained to see those natives so inadequately clad,
But of course you cannot blame me if I look ;
For the manners and the style of the people of this isle
Must all be duly noted in my book.
Yes ; their chests so broad and tawny, and their limbs so
stout and brawny,
I must faithfully describe them in my book.

There's none will take advantage of this girl so warm and
free,
As she wanders from her country afar ;
My maiden modesty is a guardian to me,
As I travel in a man-of-war—
My modesty protects me, and though nobody suspects me,
I am tender to a man-of-war.

LOVE GEMS FROM GERMANY.

(IN ENGLISH SETTING.)

Love is no mere cold duty ;
 'Tis gifts and goods in store.
 Love is a flower of beauty,
 That fades and blooms no more.

—GRUPPE.

On the Jacob's ladder of Love there crowd
 The angels of song, singing clear and loud ;
 On cleaving wings they upward dart,
 To find their heaven in a loving heart.

—BOTTGER.

Come to my bosom, come to my heart,
 Thou who my joy and gladness art !
 I say what I said at our first sweet kiss—
 That bliss is Love and Love is bliss.

—CHAMISSO.

The heart where Love doth reign
 Hath larger, freer scope,
 It owns a vast domain,
 Girt by the bow of Hope—
 A world that is its own.
 More bright and fair than this.
 A pure, untrodden zone,
 Whose buds all burst with bliss !

—STELKER.

How cold is Love without Desire ;
 How coarse Desire divorced from Love ;
 But when both glow with equal fire,
 'Tis joy all other joys above.

—DAUMER.

A loveless life is like a river
 Whose waters, lost in sandy ground,
 Have ne'er the boundless ocean found,
 To which all waters tend for ever !

—BODENSTEDT.

Love is the very core of life,
 Love is the star of Poesy ;
 The bard who all of Love would sing
 Must sound the depths of Eternity.

—RUCKERT.

1893.

THE PLATYPUS.

(REMARKS ON MR. CALDWELL'S DISCOVERY THAT THE
 ORNITHORHYNCUS IS OVIPAROUS.)

The platypus, the platypus,
 The deeply-interesting cuss,
 Has given to men of brain and pen
 A lot of matter to discuss ;
 Ornithorhyncus, duck-billed brute,
 Is stranger than a bandicoot !

Oh, platypus, dear platypus,
 Oviparous, mammyferous cuss ;
 Connecting link, as some folks think,
 Between the serpent tribe and us !
 Half-way up Evolution's hill,
 Like debt-collector with his *bill* !

Oh, platypus, blest platypus,
 Furred like an Arctic-dwelling Russ,
 Or Thomas-cat, with feet so flat,
 How are you monotrematous ?
 How have you meroblastic eggs,
 You reptile, stuck on four good legs ?

Say, platypus, dear platypus,
 How near are you allied to us ?
 Our next-of-kin, the monkeys, grin
 And talk of kicking up a fuss
 At finding you have "jumped their claim"
 And robbed them of their well-earned fame !

You platypus, dear platypus !
 I give you up, you naughty cuss !
 'Tis quite too bad, old great grand-dad,
 To rise and make such fools of us !
 You and Echidna, with your eggs,
 Will set old Darwin on his legs !

1884.

THE STREAM AND THE LILY.

A DREAM OF LOVE.

I dreamt a dream so fair
 I dreamt of a lily white,
 That floated away (like my dream)
 On the breast of a quiet stream,
 In the balmy evening air,
 Under the clear moonlight!
 Sweet Lily!
 The stream upheld the lily—
 The lily adorned the stream!

Love's light was the moon above;
 The air was Hope's sweet breath;
 The nightingales in the bowers
 Were wooing the blushing flowers;
 The lily was my true love,
 And I was the stream beneath!
 Sweet lily!
 The stream upheld the lily—
 The lily adorned the stream!

In the river's crystal deep
 Doth a mirrored lily shine;
 So lieth my love on my bosom,
 Like a lovely summer blossom,
 While far in my heart I keep
 Her image in holiest shrine!
 Sweet lily!
 The stream upheld the lily—
 The lily adorned the stream!

1875.

LOVE.

(FROM THE FRENCH OF BOUFFLERS.)

"Oh, Love's a fause, deceitfu' loon,"
 Fu' aften said my mither—
 "Though fair his face, an' plump an' roon'
 He's waur than ony ether!"
 I made believe to ken richt weel,
 And fear't na that sae wee a chiel,
 Could put me in a swither!

Yestreen I saw young Jamie Broon
 An' bonnie Jean thegither!
 He spak tae her sae soft an' lown—
 They smiled on ane anither.
 He spak' o' some sweet, pawkie chiel,
 The very same—I kent richt weel—
 Wha frichtit sae my mither!

Tae bring the mystery tae an' en',
 Nae langer will I swither;
 I'll seek for love wi' Willie Glen,
 An' never heed my mither.
 An' e'en should love turn oot a deil,
 We needna fear sae wee a chiel—
 The twa o' us thegither!

1876.

LOST LOVE.

How bright, how brief, my own sweetheart,
 Was Love's resplendent day;
 How hard the Fate that bade us part
 To meet no more for aye!
 Can Love survive the stern decree
 That bids two kindred souls
 By raging tide be sundered wide
 Like cold, opposing poles?

Dear love, lost love—
 Sundered by leagnes of sea,
 No more, ah, no more,
 Wilt thou come back to me!

But love like ours can never die,
 Whate'er may come between;
 It mocks the pow'r of Destiny
 To alter what hath been.
 The poles shall yet feel tropic glow
 So, with us parted twain,
 A purer clime, a happier time,
 Shall link our lives again!

Dear love, true love,
 Why should I mourn for thee!
 Some time—somewhere—
 Thou wilt come back to me!

1887.

OLD NEW ZEALAND.

(1642-1769.)

(FROM "ZEALANDIA'S JUBILEE.")

Fair lay the land and lonely, by white man's foot untrod—
 It seemed another Eden, fresh from the hand of God,
 When ABEL TASMAN, sailing through seas unpierced before,
 Beheld with joy and wonder this sunny Southern shore—

Beheld the woods and mountains, all clad in radiant dress ;
 Beheld the myriad songsters, arrayed in loveliness ;
 Beheld the swarming people, on beach or headland high,
 Who walked in grace and manhood, with prideful step and
 eye !

All this saw ABEL TASMAN ; men heard his wondrous tale,
 Incredulous, unheeding ; neglect let fall her veil ;
 Nor till another hundred years had passed in solemn train,
 Did eye of white man rest upon this virgin land again.

But TASMAN—young and ardent, and fired with warmest love
 For his dear native Zealand, and one he prized above
 All other maids—had left here, amid the Southern foam,
 Enduring tokens of his love of sweetheart and of home.

Behold where Cape Maria Van Dieman, in the North,
 Proclaims of TASMAN's lady-love the virtues and the worth ;
 And while we name these islands "NEW ZEALAND," as
 to-day,
 The fame of ABEL TASMAN shall never fade away.

Twelve weary decades later, the Maoris gazed again ;
 There came a sailor greater than TASMAN o'er the main ;
 'Twas Cook, the brave explorer, the fearless and the free,
 Who found the lost New Zealand amid the Southern Sea.

He spied the country's borders—he spared not toil or time ;
 He marked its soil productive, its bright and healthy clime ;
 He saw its noble harbours, its lofty mountain chains,
 Grand woods, pellucid waters, and broad and fertile plains ;

He marked the fluttering millions of birds of various hues ;
 He saw the swarming people, in mighty war canoes ;
 He marked how strange their language, their customs and
 their dress,
 While every tattooed visage would 'horrent wrath express !

How wild and fierce those Maoris no words may well
 describe.
 Rapine and rage were rampant ; tribe fought 'gainst hostile
 tribe ;
 Each village was a fortress ; the sounds of war ne'er ceased ;
 Each battle was the prelude to a bloody *human* feast !

E'en Woman, formed for sweetness, for love, and tender art,
 Here showed the tiger instinct, the hard and ruthless heart ;
 Her's was the task in battle the wounded braves to slay
 And cook the reeking corpses for the feast that closed the
 fray.

How sad and strange this horrid change from the sweet Age
 of Gold !
 And though the " why " and " wherefore " may not by man
 be told,
 We know that human nature is perverse, weak and vile,
 And soon can turn to evil the good enjoyed erewhile.

As Jacob's offspring lusted for Egypt's spicy food,
 Perhaps the Maoris thirsted once more for human blood ;
 Their appetite, perverted from Nature's healthy course,
 Though long suppressed, might wake again with all resist-
 less force !

Hence kindred preyed on kindred ; the sire devoured the
 child ;
 Man (made in God's own image) had sunk, debased, defiled,
 Not lower than the angel, but lower than the beast,
 Which preys not on its kind, but turns in loathing from the
 feast.

Such the New Zealand Maori when Britons first arrived ;
 But 'mid his degradation some God-like traits survived.
 Brave, trustful, truthful, generous, he could at times be
 still ;—
 Strange compound he of diverse traits, extremes of good and
 ill.

ENGLAND UNDER ELIZABETH.

(This passage from Voltaire's "Henriade," describing Henri de Bourbon's impressions of England under Elizabeth, I translated at a time when they had a peculiar appropriateness, as the attitude of Britain, under a great Queen, was again that of arbiter in the affairs of Europe.)

He gazed on England, land of mighty name,
 And all his soul owned admiration's flame
 At that great Empire, where the abuse of laws,
 Both wise and good, had often been the cause
 To subjects and to Kings of evil great
 And danger to the welfare of the State.
 Now, o'er this theatre of blood, where died
 A hundred heroes in their strength and pride—
 Now on this throne, whose slippery steps have seen
 The fall of hundred monarchs, sits a Queen
 Who rules their destinies with fearless hands—
 Whose glorious reign spreads wonder through all lands.
 This is the Queen whose wisdom and whose skill
 Makes Europe's balance tremble at her will ;
 Makes willing slaves of those who might be free,
 Yet cannot serve, nor live in liberty.
 Her gracious reign her subjects gladly own—
 Forgetting all the ills which they have known :
 Their fruitful flocks now cover every plain ;
 Their fields are heavy with the waving grain ;
 Her ships bear everywhere her standard ; she
 Is feared on land and mistress of the sea !
 Her merchant fleet, with Neptune as a slave,
 Brings wealth from furthest regions o'er the wave.
 London, once barbarous, has now become
 The world's emporium, and Mars' proud home.
 At great St. Stephen's, in one bond complete,
 The King, the Nobles, and the Commons meet ;
 Three powers of diverse interest, who unite
 By lawful means to watch the public right—
 Three powers who can combine and yet oppose ;
 Each threatening each, but threatening more their foes.
 How blest the land with subjects wisely taught
 Their duty, and who do it as they ought—
 Obeying willingly the Sovereign power,
 Alike in peace and danger's trying hour !
 And doubly blest the land whose monarchs know
 The duty which they to their subjects owe,
 Who kind, and wise, and just, as kings should be,
 Respect the meanest subject's liberty !
 " Alas ! " cried Bourbon, " When shall luckless France
 Learn in the march of wisdom to advance ?

When shall she bid her strifes and troubles cease,
And have, like England, Glory joined with Peace?
Behold admiringly, ye kings from far,
How here a woman stems the tide of War,
Bids Hate and Discord vanish from her shore,
While Peace and Plenty dwell in bounteous store,
With subjects brave and blest, who love her and adore!"

1877.

"JOHN O'GRADY" UP-TO-DATE.

'Tis no time to take a wife,
Handsome John O'Grady,
When New Woman "fads" are rife,
Loving John O'Grady.
What are woman's charms to you,
When she may attach your "screw?"
"Whist, man! I'm *attached* myself,"
Said fearless John O'Grady.

After you are tightly tied,
Reckless John O'Grady,
Parliament may claim your bride,
Luckless John O'Grady,
Male and female members there,
In the lobbies often "pair"
"Pears must be forbidden fruit,"
Said jealous John O'Grady.

There's another danger too,
Thoughtless John O'Grady.
There are other men than you,
Hapless John O'Grady
What of *polyandrous* laws,
And divorce for trivial cause?
"Polly Andrews ain't my style,"
Said virtuous John O'Grady.

Yet another point, my boy,
Wretched John O'Grady;
Bid good-bye to single joy,
Humdrum John O'Grady.
At the girls you dare not wink;
With the boys you must not drink.
"Love intoxicates enough,"
Said happy John O'Grady.

1896.

AIRDRIE.

I.

Airdrie Airdrie !
 Fairest of fairylands it seems,
 That old town far away,
 Seen in the light of my golden dreams,
 Whether by night or day.
 Its verdant braes, its burns and glades,
 Its stalwart youths and comely maids,
 Each street, each lane, each wynd and path
 (Such wondrous power Remembrance hath)
 All pass in turn before my sight
 And shine in glorious, gracious light.
 Exile and Distance have no power
 To steal from me that raptured hour
 When once again I sally forth,
 Adown the South Burn, or the North,
 Or where, in Calder's bosky vale,
 The blackbird pours his melting tale.
 Nor Time nor Space can e'er destroy
 Those fleeting blinks of brightest joy,
 When, fancy free, I roam, a boy,
 In Airdrie—Airdrie !
 Grand it was, when woods were green, round Airdrie,
 When nought of care or gloom was seen in Airdrie ;
 When Summer days were bright
 And my heart was gay and light—
 When I lived and loved and laughed in bonnie Airdrie !

II.

Airdrie—Airdrie !
 Through long, dim cloisters of the Past
 With History's Muse I stray,
 To times when o'er the Monk-Lands vast
 The ancient Church held sway ;
 When rural calm reigned everywhere,
 And frequent bells would call to prayer,
 While holy men, of single heart,
 Spread Learning, Industry and Art,
 Then Airdrie to a village sprung—
 " Hill of the King," in Gaelic tongue—
 And grew into a country town,
 With streets that straggled up and down,
 Where scores of weavers plied their trade—

Gaunt, pallid men, who undismayed
Stood up for Liberty and Right
'Gainst Kingly power and tyrant's might.
As bygone scenes come crowding thick,
I hear the speedy shuttles' click,
And treadles, heddles, thumping quick,
In Airdrie—Airdrie.
Cheery were the wabster lads in Airdrie,
Singing as they wove their webs, in Airdrie.
How they sang, and joked, and talked
Rankest treason, as they walked
To Glasgow, with their finished webs, from Airdrie!

III.

Airdrie—Airdrie!
The halcyon days have gone for aye
When one could idly dream;
The old town owns the conquering sway
Of Iron, Coal and Steam.
The fruit of centuries, behold
All Nature's hidden wealth unrolled!
From gloomy mines, where thousands toil,
Comes wealth more lavish than the soil
E'er gave as husbandry's reward;
Dark mounds of earth deface the sward;
'Mid whirr of wheels and hammer's clank,
The grimy workers, rank on rank,
Sweat at the furnace or the forge;
Great bridges span each beauteous gorge;
Loud engines shriek; and over all
Thick smoke lies like a funeral pall.
A modern town, with "races," "fairs,"
Where cunning sharpers spread their snares;
Tears blend with laughter, oaths with prayers,
In Airdrie Airdrie!
Now busy traffic roars and rings in Airdrie;
There are Cotton Coal and Iron Kings in Airdrie;
Mill lasses, collier lads,
In brisk and bustling squads;
Schools, churches, marts and factories, in Airdrie!

IV.

Airdrie—Airdrie!
Ye who come to this sunnier clime,
Tell me of Airdrie, pray!
" 'Tis a desolate land of gloom and grime,
Of cloud and of cold," they say.

" Beauty and grace are far to seek,
 In that upland moorland, wild and bleak.
 A town unlovely ; a country bare,
 Blighted and blackened everywhere ;
 A land of heather and broom and whin,
 Of bogs, of moss-tarns black as sin,
 Of noisy railway and dank canal,
 Of din that dies not at even-fall ;
 For all night long, 'mid furnace glare
 And engine's clank, men labour there ;
 A land that has no sweet Sabbath rest ;
 Where the rich are proud and the poor oppressed ;
 Where the men are dour and the women plain,
 By toil made heavy of heart and brain !" —
 But it's, O, to be there, and young again,
 In Airdrie—Airdrie !

O, to be in Monkland Glen, by Airdrie ;
 At Cairnhill, or Palacecraig, by Airdrie !
 Through the forge's fiery spume,
 And the coal-pit's grime and gloom,
 I only see dear, bonnie, loving Airdrie !

1902.

SONNET.

UNDER THE JUNIPER TREE.

(1st Kings, Chapter 19, Verses 4 to 8.)

Have I not, like Elijah " in the huff,"
 Sat moping underneath the juniper
 And petulantly said : " I will not stir
 To act or thought again ; *it is enough !*
 I deemed that I was made of better stuff,
 But I am even as my fathers were :
 So let me dwine and die ! " . . . Thou fool,
 to err
 Thus vainly, when thou hadst thy first rebuff !

 Lo ! Angel-fed with bread miraculous,
 The prophet joined in more heroic strife
 For Justice, Truth and God. And even thus
 Have I been strengthened when dark thoughts
 were rife ;
 Dear Nature was my host magnanimous,
 And Human Sympathy my bread of life !

1897.

LOVE'S GOLDEN AGE.

(FROM "MEMORIAE AMORIS.")

How strange it seemed that we, so young,
Ere selfish Reason had its dawn,
Should to each other thus be drawn,
To tell our love in Love's own tongue—

The language of the eloquent eyes,
That ne'er too little or too much
Discloses, and the electric touch
That bids the tenderest feelings rise.

Why marvel we that love should flow
From out the gentle heart of youth,
Untaught and free? In very sooth,
'Twere stranger if it were not so.

If Love be ruler of our life—
Our highest bliss, our noblest aim;
If, 'neath its pure and holy flame,
We lighten care and banish strife;

If 'tis by far the greater part
Of beings bright and blest above,
Then surely we may look for love
Enshrined within the youthful heart.

For there, there is no thought of guile,
There Joy and Innocence hold sway;
There is the season always May—
Supernal suns unclouded smile.

Fragrant and fresh from God's own hand
(And He is Love), from out the heart
Of youth Love's fountains, bubbling, start,
And flowing forth, with soft command

Love rules our life, and we are blest
Beneath its mild and gentle reign;
And if our youth could aye remain,
Our hearts would never feel unrest—

Would never know that curst alloy
Of feelings that to hatred move;
But Love in us, and we in Love,
Our lives would pass in peace and joy,

“O, WENN ES DOCH IMMER SO
BLIEBE !”

(FROM THE GERMAN OF BODENSTEDT.)

The gold-glancing wavelets speed merrily on,
As I stand by the swift-flowing river ;
In joy smile the meadows, my heart and the sun—
Oh, if they would smile so for ever !

My lady-love's hand with a thrill touches mine,
In the glass doth the ruddy wine quiver ;
I drink in her glance as I drink down the wine—
Oh, could I but drink so for ever !

The sun sinks in beauty ; quick follows the night ;
But my heart, like Love's star, setteth never ;
The deeper the gloom, the more lustrous its light—
Oh, might it but shine so for ever !

To the deep black sea of thy rolling eyes
Flows my love, like a rushing river ;
Come, darling, and stray 'neath the starry skies—
Oh, if we could stray so for ever !

1887.

SONNET.

IN MAORILAND.

From Southern glooms, that chilled my blood erewhile,
I seek the milder Northern clime's caresses,
The longer day, the warmer sun that blesses
In the true Maoriland, old Maui's isle.
Steep hills, deep vales, extend here mile on mile,
Streams tinkle sweet in ternity, far recesses,
Where sombre bush, like Maori maiden's tresses,
Hangs shimmering, glossy, in the Sun-god's smile.

And yet I note, with lurking discontent,
The dark bush dwindles, golden gorse spreads free ;
So is the vigour of the Maori spent,
So thrives the fair-haired race from sea to sea,
May conquering and conquered blood be blent
And breed new beauty and virility !

1896.

HALCYON DAYS IN MAORILAND.

(FROM "ZEALANDIA'S JUBILEE.")

Ah! The gods were gracious and strong
In the hoary days of old.

And soon, from the South, where cold,
Wild surges vex the rocky shore,
To Reinga's headland bold,
Where, in the sunny North,
The trooping ghosts go forth,
To dwell in cloud and darkness evermore,
The Maoris o'er the land held sway,
And those who ruled it erst had passed away.

Oh, happy Golden Age,
Which only once to every nation comes—
Not with the clash of swords and sound of drums,
Stirring to warlike rage;
But 'mid idyllic calm and blest content,
In rural toils and joys their life is spent.
So dwelt the Maoris in this happy land—
A thousand thousand, true in heart and hand;
Fearing the gods, and fearing nought beside,
In peace and joy they lived and loved and died.

1890.

TWO SONNETS.

I.—TUTANEKAI.

Type of true lover—whose romantic tale
In many a *whare* still is told or sung,
Reminding us that when the world was young
The prime of chivalry was reached—all hail!
We pay thee homage—even we strangers pale,
Of milder features and of smoother tongue—
Deeming thee worthy of the race whence sprung
Those pure-souled knights who sought the Holy Grail!

White skin or brown, no truer, tenderer soul
Is famed in song, Tutanekai, than thine.
No hero thou of warlike deeds; and yet
Thy knightly modesty, chaste self-control,
Fealty and constancy, shall ever shine—
Examples that the world shall ne'er forget.

II.—HIS WOOING AND WEDDING.

His soft, impassioned flute the echoes woke ;
 The maid, responsive, spite of Night's alarms,
 All coyly eager for his loving arms,
 Breasting the lake with strong, courageous stroke,
 Swam to his feet ; and when she softly spoke,
 He, backward turning (not to view her charms
 And so be moved to Love's illicit harms),
 Threw o'er her graceful form his ample cloak.

They pledged their troth beneath the starry dome ,
 Then led Tutanekai his dear one home,
 Trustful and happy, bound in Love's sweet thrall.
 And when, next morn, his envious brethren cried—
 " Four feet beneath his mat ! " he rose with pride
 And owned his beauteous spouse before them all

1896.

"CHANGING THE FOLLY."

(FROM THE FRENCH OF REGNARD.)

All men—the foolish and the wise
 Alike—have bowed 'neath Folly's yoke ;
 No time nor place beneath the skies
 Can shield them from the certain stroke.
 What though their temper alter wholly—
 Though tastes and fashions new arise,
 Think not that they are turning wise ;
 Ah no ! they only change the folly !

Young Damon vowed to take no wife,
 But live in woman-hating mood ;
 At thirty years he passed his life
 Lone as a hermit in a wood ;
 At sixty, now, he's turning jolly—
 Like lover fond, to Hymen flies ;
 Think you that Damon now is wise ?
 Oh no ! he has but changed the folly ;

A lover, when the cruel fair
 Had from him, heartless, turned away,
 Scorning a secret pain to bear,
 Resigned himself to Bacchus' sway,
 And now, to drown his melancholy,
 The glittering wine-cup swift he plies ;
 Think you that he is turning wise ?
 Ah no ! he has but changed the folly !

A fast young beau—a dashing “swell” —
Who worshipped Venus soon and late,
Both interest and principal
Has squandered of his vast estate.
With an old dame, both rich and holy,
In marriage now his luck he tries;
Think you that he is turning wise?
Ah no! he has but changed the folly!

Each, as his fancy leads the way,
Goes through the carnival of life;
Now 'tis with ladies, now at play—
In ball-room's buzz, or tavern's strife.
The comedy may please you wholly
When sour you from the opera rise.
But think not you are turning wise;
Ah no! you have but changed the folly!

1874.

GOOD ADVICE.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINE.)

My brother, blaspheme not the Devil,
For short is thine earthly career;
And the brimstone lake, reeking with evil,
Is no empty phantom of fear!

My brother, pay all that thou owest,
For long is thine earthly career,
And a much bigger loan, as thou knowest,
Thou'lt have to be raising next year!

1888.

THE TURKS.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF LESSING.)

The Turks, they say, have lovely daughters,
As virtuous as they're fair to see;
One man is free to marry many—
A Turk's life is the life for me!

How would my soul to love surrender!
How would my days in loving flee!
But—Wine to Turks is drink forbidden—
A Turk's life ne'er would do for me.

1876.

“TANGI” ON THE DEATH OF A CHIEF.

(FROM THE MAORI.)

Behold the lightning's vivid glare,
 As flashing, spearlike, through the air
 It seems to cut asunder
 Tuwhara's rugged mountain high,
 While rolling through the troubled sky
 Loud roars the echoing thunder !
 The tides of ocean, as they ebb and flow,
 Weep tears of bitter woe ;
 The Sun grows pale, and hastes away,
 As flies a woman from the field of fight ;
 The mountains of the South dissolve in grief,
 For now the spirit of the mighty chief
 To Kona takes its flight !

Strong wert thou on the battlefield ;
 Well did thine arm the war-club wield
 On many a bloody day ;
 But, from the hand that did so well,
 The spear and war-club useless fell,
 And fled thy soul away ;
 Above Raukawa's distant mountain height
 It soared from mortal sight.
 Now open wide the First Heaven's gates, —
 The Second Heaven's, the home of higher bliss ;
 And when thou travellest through the Spirit-land,
 If some one of the bright, celestial band
 Should ask — “ What meaneth this ? ”

Say thou — “ The winds of earth below
 Are torn from it, and cease to blow,
 Since I, their chief, am dead ! ”
 How shall we all thy worth describe ?
 Thou wert the roof-tree of our tribe,
 And all our battles led.
 The stars look down, the earth reels to and fro,
 For the great chief lies low !
 Ah ! soon shall Hokianga's dews
 Consume thy body, which cold death embraced ;
 Now weeps the mighty river's rolling tide,
 And ebbs away, until the fount is dried
 And all the land is waste !

SCRAPS OF WISDOM.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF BODENSTEDT.)

THE RELIGIONIST REBUKED.

Thus said I, when the Ranter to me came—
“Peace with one's self is peace with God above,
But he that curses in religion's name
Blasphemes Omnipotence, whose name is Love!”

ADAPTATION.

The man who is prudent ne'er searches afar
For a near cut home,
Nor, to light his cigar, does he reach for a star
From the heavenly dome!

THE GOOD OF AFFLICTION.

'Tis rankest heresy to think
That sorrow makes our joy serener;
As well might we believe that rust
Would make the tempered sword-blade keener,
That soot would cleanse a robe of white,
Or mud would make the water cleaner!

EXPERIENCE AND CONDUCT.

Experience does not always rest
With the eldest of the brothers,
Nor are his morals always best,
Who preaches most to others.

HATE'S RETRIBUTION.

The happy man is always good—
Such praise his actions win him :
But he who dwells in evil mood
Carries his hell within him.

Thou who, with pious rage endued,
Forgett'st all toleration,
Thou art not happy, art not good,
Thy hate is thy damnation!

DANGERS OF TRUTH AND FALSEHOOD.

" He who *loves* the truth must hold
 His saddled steed with bridle steady ;
 He who *thinks* the truth, more bold,
 Must in the saddle sit already ;
 He who *speaks* the truth must have
 Wings to bear him swift and steady ! "
 So says the proverb, and I add—
 Who *lies* must have his cudgel ready "

" MOSTLY FOOLS. "

A fool remarked one day
 That man was made to mourn ;
 'Tis now the creed, they say,
 Of every fool that's born.

So Pleasure droops and dies,
 For Folly's voice is stronger ;
 Dull are the people's eyes,
 But their ears are growing longer !

WINE AND WISDOM.

Drink not ungratefully,
 And never thoughtless drink ;
 Never be exalted high,
 And never lowly sink.
 Does the sparkling nectar shine ?
 Overflowing, winks it ?
 Remember—" He deserves not wine
 Who like water drinks it ! "

Would'st thou do, or would'st undo ?
 Wine will give thee force.
 Of Wisdom, and of Folly, too,
 The goblet is the source.
 If *this* thou hast from juice divine,
 And *that* when falsely blinks it,
 Remember—" He deserves not wine
 Who like water drinks it ! "

CAIRNHILL.

A FRAGMENT OF AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

When I think on Cairnhill,
 Hoo my heart begins to fill
 Wi' sweet and tender memories o' happy days lang gane,
 For I leeved by Cauther's side,
 Ere I wandered far and wide,
 In search of health and happiness in lands ayont the main.

I was born at Swallowha',
 And on "Colin" aft wad ca'
 To steal a turnip frae his yaird (Hoo sweet were turnips
 then)!
 I still hear his awfu' "Blast ya!
 Into Bridewall I will cast ya!"
 O! why will laddies rouse the wrath o' douce, religious men?

When I wore my daidley still,
 I wad trudge to Cairnhill,
 To attend the leddy's schule, whaur I learnt my A B C;
 At the early age o' six
 There I first felt Cupid's tricks,
 And pledged my young affections to the charmin' Cis Broon-
 lee.

Then the trees, sae big and grand,
 Seemed to me like fairyland;
 The "big hoose" was a palace, "Robin" was its ogre grim!
 (Do the rhododendrons bloom
 Still, beside the rock-hewn "tomb,"
 Whaur I likit aft to linger, though in fear o' it and him?).

O! thae days. O! thae days
 O' delightfu' ties and plays—
 The thocht o' them maks music in this weary heart o' mine!
 Hoo we ran about the braes,
 Bruised oor feet and tore oor claes,
 Or put oorsels in danger crossin' owre the "wee incline."

We wad seek the Strawberry Hill,
 And o' fruit wad eat oor fill,
 Or wander to the Wilderness, oot owre by Geordie Tham's,
 For brambles, hips, and haws,
 But fegs, we got the tawse—
 And when "Can-Man" burnt the taes o' them, oor lickins
 werena shams!

Mount Bonny, Paddockha',
 Sykeside, and Merry's Raw,
 We scoured through them at hounds and hares, wi' skelpin'
 barefit speed;
 We never stayed oor staps
 For hedges, wa's, or slaps,
 Frae Brewsterford and Sheepford Locks to Faskine and
 Hillheid.

Then, later in my life,
 When I'd dune wi' learnin's strife—
 My education feenished by "Auld Saumon's" famous skill—
 I dwalt within the cot
 That was built upon the spot
 Whaur stood my bairnhood's schule-hoose in the wud at
 Cairnhill.

Wi' thochts o' faither, mither,
 O' sister and o' brither
 That nestlin' cot is circled and made sacred evermair—
 Thochts o' social mirth and gladness,
 And o' Death's o'erpow'rin' sadness—
 When I think hoo few are left o' us, my heart again is sair.

But, awa', black thochts o' ill!
 Let me mind o' Cairnhill
 In the brichtness and the lichtness and the glory o' its prime,
 When in my hopefu' teens
 I trod its lovely scenes
 And nursed my youthfu' fancies and wrote my airy rhyme.

Brither Jamie by my side,
 In thae rambles far and wide;
 We spun oor rhymes or legends and indulged in dreams o'
 fame;
 Ilka hole became a "cave,"
 Ilka mound a "giant's grave,"
 Ilka bush and ilka burnie had its story and its name!

Aft, alane, when ithers sleepit,
 Through the sombre wuds I've creepit,
 While weird and wondrous fantasies swept through my busy
 brain;
 If a waukrife craw should stir,
 Or a startled rabbit whirr,
 The ghosts I used to conjure up wad spring to life again.

But the grandest time to tell
 Was when Love's saft glamour fell
 And spread a glory passin' fair on ilka bonnie scene,
 When the tunefu' birds grew still
 A' to hear the sweeter trill
 O' love-vows passed between me and my Maggie, Bell, or
 Jean.

Mony a thousan' miles o' sea
 Are between thae scenes and me,
 But distance, time, nor carkin' care can blot them frae my
 min' ;
 I see the dear auld places
 And the lovin', kindly faces,
 I feel again the warmth and licht and gladness o' langsyne.

If thae scenes I looked on noo,
 Something sad micht mar my view ;
 But, seen in Fancy's gowden licht, wi' perfect grace they
 shine ;
 Sae I gladly bless His will
 Wha has made o' Cairnhill
 A heart-refreshin' memory, a picture o' langsyne !

1897.

SONG.

HATE AND LOVE.

I hated all humanity,
 I hated womankind,
 But most I hated one fair girl
 Who made me look behind.
 To watch her smile -
 Delusive wile !—
 Oh, surely Love is vanity !
 Hate has a hundred busy eyes ;
 But Love, alas ! is blind !

I now love all humanity,
 I love fair womankind ;
 But most I love the charming girl
 Who made me look behind.
 Her witching smile,
 With winning wile,
 Has taught me Hate is vanity !
 For Love can look with single eye,
 And only Hate is blind !

1875.

THE VOYAGE.

AN ALLEGORY.

A boat lay moored unto a shore—
 A blissful shore of deep delight,
 Where Summer reigned for evermore,
 And everything was fair and bright,
 There dwelt a mild and beauteous boy,
 With laughing eyes and features glad,
 Who never wished for other joy,
 But lived content with what he had.

One morn he wandered by the shore,
 The dancing bark soon caught his eye;
 He leapt on board, he seized the oar,
 And rowed away with joyous cry,
 O'er pathless oceans he has gone
 Unguided in that tiny boat,
 For brighter pleasures lured him on,
 And present joys were all forgot.

Oft dangers dire beset his path—
 The boat reeled to the tempest's shock,
 On it the whirlwind spent its wrath,
 Before it lay the sunken rock.
 The youth ne'er murmured at his lot—
 Despair was dead—complaint was dumb;
 Past joys and present ills forgot,
 He only thought of joys to come.

And many a pleasant shore he saw,
 Where oft he lingered for a time,
 But still a magnet seemed to draw
 Him onward to a purer clime.
 With expectations unfulfilled,
 The gentle boy did not despond,
 But went where'er his fancy willed
 In search of bliss that lay beyond.

Alas! how faded all his joy,
 How died those tints that glowed so warm!
 Soon did the sweetest pleasures cloy—
 Excitement lost the power to charm.
 And on the youth's deep-bronzéd brow
 A shade of sadness oft would play,
 And yearnings filled his bosom now
 For that bright home so far away.

An aged man, all weary-worn,
He came when many years had fled
Back to that spot where life's sweet morn
Her choicest favours on him shed.
His long and fruitless wanderings past,
He sought again that happy shore,
Trusting that he would find at last
Those joys that blessed his heart of yore.

How precious to his sobered mind
The pleasures of his childhood seemed ;
Those worthless aims fell far behind
Of which his youthful fancy dreamed,
But when he reached the wished-for strand,
He found its charms had passed away ;
Wild and unfruitful was the land,
And angry tempests ruled the day.

Thus man, in Childhood's Fairy Isle,
Thinks lightly of his sweetest joys ;
The world around him spreads the wile
Of costlier baubles, fairer toys.
Experience gives enchantment wings,
And rends the masks that falsely smiled ;
His mind reverts to childish things,
But, ah ! he is no more a child !

1868-75.

SONNET.

THE NEW GOSPEL.

The Spirit of the Age spake thus to me :
" Lo ! a new heaven and earth I now proclaim !
The old world's glory is the new world's shame ;
The things that have been shall no longer be.
Fled are the days of faith and mystery,
Dispelled by Science, with her lamp's clear flame ;
Sinner and saint henceforward are the same ;
Unclean and clean are one ; the bond are free.

All things I know, yet know not of man's spirit,
Or moral judge, or God-delivered law ;
In Nature see no merit or demerit,
Though all most perfect, without fleck or flaw.
Arise, O Man ! this glorious state inherit,
Glad, but not dazed with wonder or with awe ! "

1896.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S JUBILEE.

Victoria! Victoria!
 Queen and Empress, good and great,—
 Ruler o'er the mightiest State
 Mortal eye hath e'er beheld
 Since the days of hoary eld;
 Mistress of those grand old Isles
 Where the Sun of Freedom smiles;
 Noblest of a noble race!
 Heaven, to show thee special grace,
 Granted thee long years of peace,
 Wisdom, power and wealth's increase!
 This glad Jubilee repairs
 Fifty years of Empire's cares—

Victoria! Victoria!
 Queen of Old England, and Scotland, and Erin,
 Proudly and nobly the triple crown wearing—
 Bright be thy Jubilee,
 Heaven's smile rest on thee—
 Victoria! Victoria!
 Queen of the Home Land,
 Queen of our own Land—
 Victoria!

Victoria! Victoria!
 Queen of all the mighty West,—
 From Niagara's foaming crest
 To the blue Pacific tide—
 Where, 'mid woods and prairies wide,
 Grows a giant nation young,
 British still in heart and tongue!
 Empress of the Orient clime,
 Where the Ganges rolls sublime,
 Where ten thousand temples gleam,
 Where the swarthy millions teem,
 Dwelling 'neath thy sway benign—
 Subjects true and tried of thine,
 Victoria! Victoria!
 Empress of Ind — of a land famed in story!
 Queen of the West — bursting fresh into glory!
 Bright be thy Jubilee,
 Heaven's smile rest on thee—
 Victoria! Victoria!
 Queen of the New Land,
 Queen of the True Land—
 Victoria!

Victoria! Victoria!
Queen of Afric's pearly strand—
Lighting many a darkened land;
Queen of sunny Southern Isles,
Where perpetual summer smiles;
Of that New Land of the Sea—
"Greater Britain," fair and free,
Yielding, in exhaustless stores,
Grain, and gums, and golden ores;
Of that Island-Continent,
Where the sons thy land hath sent
Gained for thee a richer fleece
Than the Argo bore to Greece!
Victoria! Victoria!
Queen of the lands in the broad Austral Ocean
Offerings they send thee of love and devotion!
Bright be thy Jubilee,
Heaven's smile rest on thee—
Victoria! Victoria!
Queen of each free land—
Australia, New Zealand!
Victoria!

Victoria! Victoria!
East and West and South and North
Send thee now their greetings forth!
Celt and Saxon, with one voice,
In thy Jubilee rejoice;
Britons from far distant lands
Pour their hearts and stretch their hands;
Negro, Maori, Hindoo meek,—
Black, and red, and tawny—speak
In one language, flowing free
From each bosom forth to thee—
Words of love and peace serene:
Heaven bless thee, gracious Queen—
Victoria! Victoria!
Queen of our hearts! our faith ne'er shall falter—
Ne'er shall our love or our loyalty alter!
Constant and true to thee,
Sing we thy Jubilee—
Victoria! Victoria!
Queen of the leal hearts,
Staunch, true as steel hearts—
Victoria!

THE LANGUAGE OF LOVE.

(A LADY TO HER LOVER.)

Nay ; tell me not thou lovest me,
 With such weak, stammering tongue ;
 How can I think thy love can be
 Of heavenly impulse sprung,
 When every word reluctantly
 Seems from thy bosom wrung ?
 I would not so
 My love should flow,
 Half-willingly, to thee ;
 But from the heart,
 Devoid of art,
 Should well up, warm and free !

Nay ; speak no more in flattering phrase
 And finely-rounded speech ;
 Love is itself a higher praise
 Than grandest words can reach.
 Love hath a language of her own,
 Which she alone can teach.
 We well may speak
 Our feelings weak,
 When grosser passions start ;
 But fervent love
 Is far above
 The puny aids of art !

Then be thy love's confession such
 As sparkles from the eyes—
 Soul-language thine, that speaketh much
 In looks and subtle sighs,
 And makes the heart-strings at a touch
 Thrill with a sweet surprise.
 Thus love should flow,
 And, dearest, so
 Let thine flow out to me ;
 Love hath no art,
 But heart to heart
 Goes forth confidingly.

ODE FOR THE CORONATION OF
EDWARD VII.

I.

Crown him, People of England, while flags flutter free in the
breeze,
King of the British at Home and the British Beyond the
Seas,
Lord of Canada, Afric and Ind,
And Isles of the Tropic and Austral Main,
Shout, rejoice, till the sounding strain,
Caught up by every wandering wind,
Circles the whole glad, echoing world,
From lands where the pine grows dark and stern,
To realms of wattle and palm and fern—
Wherever the British flag unfurled
Is pledge of Liberty, Peace and Right,
Shielded by matchless Might.

II.

Mother of Nations! Crown him, in thy proud, inviolate Isle,
Where Freedom of old had birth,
And whence over all the earth
Thy Daughter Nations bore the priceless boon thou gavest,
Returning thee, with Spartan smile,
When stubborn foes assailed with guile,
An offering of the life-blood of their bravest.
Crown him—the Seventh Edward crown—
In that historic pile
Which the First Edward reared by Themis' bank—
That building consecrate
To God and to our British great;
Crown him, amid those Shades of past renown,
Kings, Warriors, Statesmen, Poets, rank on rank.

III.

Anoint him, Prelates of England! Place in his kingly hands
Orb and Sceptre and Rod,
And the Word of the Most High God,
As tokens that no earthly kingdom stands
Secure, unless its firm foundations
Are laid in Equity and Truth,
In Justice, that alone exalteth nations,
In Law, attempered aye by gentle Ruth.
Crown him with Saintly Edward's crown;

Wed him with England's wedding ring—
 Pledging his troth, as People's King,
 To cherish what is good and stamp all evil down.
 On the Stone of Destiny seat him ;
 Charge him, adjure him, entreat him ;
 As our destined Monarch greet him—
 Edward, the People's King !

IV.

Crown him, Nobles of England, the noblest one of all ;
 Son of a hundred monarchs —ne'er shall his kingdom fall.
 Crown him the Lord and Master
 Of an Empire richer and vaster
 Than Buonaparte grasped at or Alexander owned.
 Heir of Old England's glory,
 Enshrined in deathless story,
 Who shall shatter or shake him, in British hearts enthroned ?
 Crown him, for he is worthy of honour, homage and grace—
 He who for four long decades served in a servant's place,
 Nor e'er advanced one foot presumptuous to the Throne,
 Till he in Heaven's good time could claim it as his own.
 Humbly he said : " Ich dien
 My People, my Land, my Queen."
 Now is he fitted at last for " God and Right " to stand,
 Who by Obedience learned the secret of Command.

V.

Crown her, too, O People ! Princes and Prelates, crown
 His noble Consort and Queen,
 Whose sweet and gracious mien
 Won every British heart, when she came, like the Vikings, down
 The roaring Northern sea-ways, conquering as she came—
 Not by the sword and flame,
 Or the spell of a mighty name,
 Or the high renown of her Royal race :
 But by goodness, gentleness, love and grace.
 Crown her, the Sea-Kings' daughter, there,
 In the Great Elizabeth's chair—
 Elizabeth, whose captains ruled the main,
 And tamed the pride of haughty Spain :
 Crown our Alexandra fair,
 Mother of Monarchs yet to be,
 Who aye shall have and hold the Empery of the Sea.

VI.

Now the solemn rites are o'er,
 Oath and benison are said ;
 Men from every clime and shore
 Have their acts of homage made :

White men and tawny and black and brown
Have bowed the knee or touched the crown ;
Thunder of battery, thunder of fleet,
Clash of the bells and roar of the street
Ratify all and the pact complete.
And now arises on the air
The People's hymn, the People's prayer—
" God save our Gracious King."
And as the Abbey's arches ring,
An echo rolls the world around—
A loyal shout, a thrilling sound—
" Long live our noble King."

VII.

Edward, our English Edward ! A Nation is on its knees
Lo ! The Britons at Home and the Britons Overseas
Crown thee, greet thee, entreat thee, in earnest words like
these—
Hail to thee, Edward, Lord and King !
Vows of fealty and love we bring,
Calling thee noble and peerless,
Righteous, august and strong—
But only so far and so long
As thou bearest in mind that we
Are a people proud and fearless,
Denying even to thee
The right to govern wrong !
We now, in faith serene,
Upon thy brows have placed
The crown so late ennobled, graced,
By a great and glorious Queen—
Assured that nought shall e'er be done
By thee unworthy of Victoria's Son.
Edward ! in Duty strong, with Kingly pride,
Be ever swift to brush aside
The fawning Statesman who in evil hour
Would prate of " absolute, unquestioned power,"
The pandering Poet, who would build thy throne
On force of arms, by force alone,
From an unwilling people wrung !
God save thee, Edward, from the tongue
Of Flattery and the coward, curving knee :
God keep thee gracious, true and just,
And worthy of an Empire's trust—
The Paragon and Type of a People bold and free.

BARNEY FLYNN AT THE BURNS CLUB.

A DISCUSSION ON NATIONAL
CHARACTERISTICS.

In the cowl'd winter noights, when enjoyments are few,
 And loife looks so cheerless and dreary,
 A chap like meself scarcely knows what to do,
 But to sit by the fireside and weary ;
 Or go out to some " pub " wid a parlour so nate,
 And a lovely young barmaid so charmin' and swate,
 Till with whisky and love I'd be bothered compleate
 To kape up a dacent sobriety ;
 But me frind, Paddy Burke, says that woman and wine
 Will spoil my karakter, which brightly might shine,
 If I'd only go wid him some aivenin', and join
 The Burns Club and Scottish Society.

" Be jabbers ! " sez I, " there is something in that,
 But I don't mane to join the taytotal."
 " More power to your bowld rizolution ! " sez Pat,
 " It's meself won't forbid yez a bottle ;
 In fact, if ye come, ye'll get *full* every night—
 Not wid whisky I mane, but wid knowledge and light,
 And you'll perch like a Janius on Larnin's proud height,
 Or shoine as a pattern of piety ;
 For all the young mimbers of larnin' are full—
 Not one of them silly or stupid or dull,
 And the big bumps of knowledge stick out on their skull,
 At the Burns Club and Scottish Society ! "

So off to the very next matin' he wint
 And propos'd Barney Flynn as a mimber ;
 And I next wint in person meself to presint
 On a cowl'd, windy night in Septimber.
 I stepped in the room, and my heart wint pit-pat,
 As down by the side of a lady I sat,
 Who had lovely dark eyes, and a Gainsboro' hat,
 And who blushed wid the swatest propriety ;
 Thin I looked down the room wid a wild sort of stare,
 For there sat the moighty Committee ; and there
 Was Mister Macdonald, who sat in the chair
 At the Burns Club and Scottish Society !

In a *minute* or two, shure the *minutes* was passed,
 And meself was resaved by the *matin'* ;
 'Then up to his feet got the chairman at last,
 And sez he—" We'll be afther debatin' !
 And I hope every mumber will spake out his mind,
 For betwixt two extremes we the truth ought to find,
 And the subject to-night is most clearly designed
 To draw out your best contrareity.
 Whether Scotland, or England, or Ireland is best ?
 Whether Pat, John, or Sandy the laurels shall wrest ?
 That's the question, me bhoys, to be put to the test
 By the Burns Club and Scottish Society !"

SCOTLAND.

Then Donald MacPherson stepped out to the front—
 His walk it was awkward, his spache it was blunt ;
 And sez he :

" Maister Chairman an' freens, ye maun ken
 A Scotchman is famed as a king among men !
 There's nae place on earth that auld Scotland surpasses
 For big, buirdly men and for braw, sonsy lasses ;
 The snell win's o' Scotland bring tears tae yer e'e,
 But she cures a' yer ills wi' her strong barley bree ;
 At fechtin', a Scotchman will ne'er cry " Enough !"
 And in business it's kent that he's aye up tae snuff.
 Yet he's modest, and patient, and cautious, and sly,
 And his wit brichtly sparkles, though sometimes gey dry ;
 He is sober, and kindly, and fond o' his hame,
 And a guid cog o' parritch refreshes his wame !
 Owre the hale o' the warl' jist cast ye an e'e,
 And Sandy ye'll find at the tap o' the tree !
 We have Members o' Parliament here o' oor ain,
 For Peacock and Swanson are Scotch tae the bane ;
 Judge Gillies (a Scotchman) is first in the law ;
 The Anglican Bishop's a Scotchman an' a' ;
 And what's better than that, ye'll allow me tae tell,
 (In strict confidence though) I'm a Scotchman masell !

" Then I'll still praise my countrymen, canty and douce ;
 And I'll still praise the country o' Wallace and Bruce ;
 The land that breeds poets and patriots by turns—
 The brave Colin Campbell, the true Rabbie Burns,
 An' the bauld Watty Scott, an' a hunner an' mair
 O' poets tae sing o' her lasses sae fair.
 It's the land that surpasses a' lands put thegither ;
 Then here's tae its lakes, and its hills and its heather,
 Its whusky and cakes—here's auld Scotland for ever !"

ENGLAND.

Next Billy Barrell took the flure -
His blood was Anglo-Saxon pure ;
Wid pride his breast was swellin' full,
As thus he eulogised John Bull :—

Old England is the power (sez he),
Whose mighty navies sweep the sea,
Whose free air makes the captives free.

O'er every clime her sway extends ;
Each continent its tribute sends ;
She's feared by foes, beloved by friends.

For honest, sterling, upright worth,
The men to whom her soil gives birth
Surpass all other men on earth.

The world's envy, Britain's pride,
There London sits upon the tide,
Her gates of commerce roaring wide.

The land of roses, woods and glades,
Of ruddy, blue-eyed Saxon maids,
Of wealth, of power that never fades.

Without her, Scotland, cold and bleak,
Would aye have been despised and weak ;
Well might they England's friendship seek.

Her merchant vessels plough the wave ;
Her sons so generous and brave
Know well the way to Glory's grave !

She boasts of many an honoured name :—
Shakespeare, the glorious child of Fame,
And Milton, fired with Fancy's flame

By sea, her Nelson glory won ;
In War's alarms, her Wellington ;
In statesmanship, her Palmerston.

And greater than it yet hath been
Britannia's rule shall grow, I ween,
Till all men cry—" God save the Queen."

IRELAND.

Thin up to his feet jumped me frind, Paddy Burke,
And I saw by his eye he was wild as a Turk.
" Mr. Chairman," he said, wid an accent of scorn,
" I am proud to confiss I'm an Oirishman born !
For owld Oireland's the home of Gallantry and Wit,
Where Beauty and Love in swate partnership sit ;
Wid the prettiest of colleens, the greenest of sod,
And bhoys that would foight for the pure love of God ;
Religion and larnin' on her brightly smiled,
When the Scotch and the English were cannibals wild ;
And whatever they have—statesman, warrior, poet,
They may brag as they loike, but to Oireland they owe it !
What's the Scotch ? They were kicked out of Oireland,
bedad !

And stole from me country the name that it had :
Their Wallace and Bruce, spite of all their to-do,
Couldn't twirl a shillelah wid Brian Boru !
And poor Rabby Burns that they boast of—och shure—
Couldn't grind out a pome like our own Tommy Moore !
For solemn hypocrisy, maneness and pride,
Shure, Scotty is famous the whole world wide ;
And if snuffling and shuffling, deception and lies,
Is your model of right, give the Scotchman the prize !

And thin, what's thim English, I'm wanting to know,
That they howld up their heads wid their bluster and blow ?
Don't they know that they never were able to bate
Owld Oireland, and lay her subdued at their fate,
Till by bribery and fraud they extinguished her name,
And sowld her poor childer to misery and shame !
The big, bloated Saxons may boast of their bravery,
But its bowld Oirish sodgers that win every fight :
And they never need brag of abolishing slavery
While Oireland is ruled wid Oppression and Might.

To be honest and candid, John Bull is a baste,
That for beef and for beer has a gluttonous taste ;
He worships his belly, or gold is his god,
And he rules like a tyrant wid merciless rod !

Then you spake about scenery, climate and sky ;
But Oireland's the place that entrances the eye :
Lake, mountain, and valley, and river has she,
And she lies like an emerald gim in the sea.

Her people so chivalrous, witty and brave,
 Some day will arise and her honour will save;
 Wid a Parliament sitting in fair College Green,
 We'll forget the dark days as they never had been.
 Parnell, Dillon, and Redmond will shine as great heroes,
 When your Gladstone and Forster are hated as Neros;
 And when John Bull and Sandy have perished together,
 We'll join in the chorus 'Owld Oireland for ever!'"

"Owld Oireland for ever! Whoop! Hullabaloo!"
 I cried, as me hat to the ceiling I threw;
 "I seconds that motion; and thim that dissint
 Let them step to the door and I'll give them a hint.

If a word 'gainst me poor bleeding country ye've got,
 I invoie yez to tramp on the tail ov me coat,
 I invoie yez to thry on this very same spot
 To show yer supayrior variety!"
 There was nobody stirred, so I just says: "All right;
 Ye consint by yer silence yez don't mane to fight,
 And confiss that owld Oireland's the victor to-night,
 At the Burns Club and Scottish Society!"

As I sat down in triumph, the lovely young gell
 Who sat by me side sez—"Ye did very well!"
 Thin she blushed, and her eyes to the flure quickly fell,
 Wid the natest and swatest propriety.
 Thin we walked away home by the moon's gentle light,
 And wid pleasure I hung on her glances so bright,
 And a nice little courtship was started that night,
 At the Burns Club and Scottish Society!

Now, if any young man has a mind to improve,
 Without help of Professor or College;
 If he wants to expayrience the pleasures of love,
 Nicely mixed wid the pleasures of knowledge—
 If he wants a karakter for larnin' and wit,
 If he wants lovely girls wid his charms to be smit,
 If he wants to escape from the snares of the pit,
 And be famed for his dacent sobriety,
 Let him quit all the pranks he indulged in of yore,
 And come where divarshun and profit's in store—
 Where the Jaynius of Larnin' sits over the door
 At the Burns Club and Scottish Society!

LOVE AND TIME.

We met just a twelvemonth ago,
 On the day of the Auckland Regatta ;
 She deigned to accept me as beau,
 And I worshipped my *inamorata*.
 How swiftly the hours sped along,
 Absorbed in our sweet conversation ;
 " *L'amour fait passer le temps*,"
 I thought, was a wise observation !

We cared not to look at a race,
 Nor recked who was loser or winner ;
 I lived on the smiles on her face,
 And she—on a five shilling dinner !
 To strawberries, ices, and cream,
 I treated her ere we got home ;
 " Time is money," I find, while I dream,
 " *L'amour fait passer le temps*."

A year has gone past since we met,
 And my memory still will keep straying
 To scenes I can never forget,
 While I ponder the witty French saying.
 Now, " *L'amour fait passer le temps* "
 Sounds stale, uninteresting, and poor,
 And the words are transposed, right or wrong,
 " *Le temps fait passer l'amour*."

" *Le temps fait passer l'amour* "—
 How quickly her love for me faded,
 When an ugly but wealthy old boor
 In earnest her stronghold invaded.
 I was cruelly snubbed and rejected,
 Because I was humble and poor,
 And she left me to ponder, dejected—
 " *Le temps fait passer l'amour*."

My days now are dreary and slow,
 Since Love's motive power has departed ;
 And she, with her wealthy old beau,
 Seems happy, though all hollow-hearted.
 Does she love him ? I cannot well trace ;
 But this thought gives me strength to endure ;
 If she does, in a very short space,
 " *Le temps fait passer l'amour*."

HEINE.

(AFTER READING HIS "BUCH DER LIEDER.")

I know not whence it cometh,
 Dear Master of thine art,
 That as thy sweet song ringeth
 An answering voice ever singeth
 From the chambers of my heart.

As one on a distant shore,
 When he hears the skylark's song,
 Knows he has heard it before,
 Repeated o'er and o'er,
 And has cherished and loved it long.

Although he may never have tried
 To fashion it into words;
 (For who, 'mong the sons of men,
 Though he wrote with a magic pen,
 Could translate the songs of the birds?)

And, as he listens and hears
 That well-remembered trill,
 Warm joy-tears fill his eyes,
 As homeward his memory flies
 To meadow and stream and hill;

So, when I read thy lyrics,
 Although in an alien tongue,
 My heart is ever replying,
 And a voice within me is crying—
 "So thou thyself hast sung!"

I feel a soft wind blowing
 From the haunts of olden days;
 Old scenes rise up before me—
 Old feelings again come o'er me,
 As I read thy matchless lays.

Again the magic glamour
 Of Love seems drawing near;
 I live in those rapture-trances,
 When my wild and uncouth fancies
 Made me tremble with guilty fear;

When I felt strange thoughts sweep o'er me,
As a zephyr may sweep the chords
Of some lone Æolian lyre,
And a music lives on the wire
That never was wed to words.

But I sang not those thoughts and fancies ;—
Oh, happy were I if I had !
For my soul had drunk of glory,
And my name had lived in story,
And my life had been less sad !

If my heart had been able to scatter
Its burden of grief in song,
I had known no smothered burnings,
No vain and profitless yearnings—
Weak hopes and yearnings strong !

But that which to me was forbidden
The gods have granted to thee,
And that which, with beat and with flutter,
My bosom has struggled to utter,
Thou singest, bird-like, free !

Oh, happy art thou, sweet singer,
Though thy song should tell of care ;
No misery galls like a fetter,
And a sorrowful song is better
Than a motionless, dumb despair.

And to feel Love's pain is better
Than never to know its bliss ;
For the heart has not learned to beat
That has not tasted how sweet
And how bitter a thing Love is !

'Tis a sympathetic feeling
That draws my soul to thine,
For the love that is Heav'n's own gladness—
The despair that is almost madness—
Are feelings that have been mine.

I have felt the dear delusion,
When a bird sang in my breast,
And held sweet converse of love
With the birds in the trees above,
And fluttered and knew no rest.

I have idolised my darling,
And worshipped the ground she trod ;
I have changed my warm devotion
For Jealousy's strong commotion,
And wished I were 'neath the sod !

I have nursed the pleasing fiction
Of the faith of Woman vain ;
But my dreams were rudely banished,
And the mocking vision vanished,
As a rainbow fades in rain !

I have known the reckless humour
That Heaven's own anger braves ;
That scoffs at all things holy—
That calls religion folly,
Its votaries fools or knaves.

I have tasted the savage pleasure
Of a reinless fancy-flight—
Of ghastly churchyard revels,
With skeletons, ghosts, and devils
On some weird, enchanted night !

I have seen that marvellous vision
Of the Saviour Jesus Christ,
How o'er land and sea he strode,
Gigantic, like a god,
With the red sun in his breast.

I have seen that sun-heart glowing,
So loving, so graciously,
While Faith and Love and Peace
Flowed forth in sweet increase
All over land and sea !

I have known those changeful fancies ;
But they only found a tongue
When my lonely soul, communing
With Nature, listed the crooning
Of the stream, and the wild bird's song.

When I heard the mingling music
Of the streamlet and the birds,
Like voices of air did they seem
To float through my fancy's dream,
Interpreting into words

The thoughts that stirred in my bosom ;
 But they brought me a dull Despair,
 For I knew I never could sing
 Those thoughts that lived on the wing
 Like those sweet voices of air !

As a bird in its prison-cage,
 Hung out by a woodland cot,
 May feel the fresh breeze blowing,
 May feel the warm sun glowing,
 Yet feels that his they are not ;

So felt I, when roaming the woodlands,
 'Mong bird and streamlet's song—
 The enchantment of poesy bound me,
 There was singing and ringing around me ;
 But heaviness chained my tongue.

But, as that bird in its prison
 May see its mate fly free—
 Its way unencumbered winging,
 And its song untrammelled singing,
 So gaze I, sweet singer, on thee.

And, as the uncaged warbler
 To the prisoned bird draws nigh—
 With fond endearments woos him,
 Till the captive feels in his bosom
 Hope rise, and sadness die ;

So thou, sweet warbler, comest
 And sing'st through the bars to me,
 And I feel Hope's sun has arisen,
 To illumine my gloomy prison
 And in spirit to set me free.

And I bless thy song, thou singer
 So sweet in a rugged tongue,
 Though Fancy with Mem'ry seems playing,
 And that inward voice keeps saying—
 " So thou thyself hast sung ! "

But thy song is no weak repetition
 Of my vain effort and cry ;
 A " Bergstimm " it is, replying
 To my bosom's yearning and sighing,
 But stronger and greater than I !

Thy strain is no earth-born echo,
 Dear Master of thine art ;
 It sounds from a mystic height,
 With its message of love and light,
 To gladden the weary heart !

1876.

THE CRISIS: PEACE OR WAR.

"Russia seems determined not to relinquish any of the advantages which she has gained by the war. . . . It is evident that the Turks are watching the Russians, and would be glad of an opportunity of again engaging with their hereditary foe."—*Telegrams from the East.*

One scene of the strife is ended ; the curtain a moment falls ;
 Peace sits, with a ruffled wing, on ruined and roofless walls.
 The Turks have lost in battle the land they in battle won ;
 They lived by the sword ; by the sword shall they perish,
 sire and son !

The Russ, from his frozen home, has bared the avenging
 steel—

He has bled in a righteous cause, he has fought with a holy
 zeal ;

But the lust of Power and Conquest has turned his giddy
 brain,

And grasping Greed holds sway where Christian Love should
 reign.

Has the Northern Cross then triumphed ? Has the Cres-
 cent for ever set ?

No ; the torch of War but smoulders ; it may flame up
 fiercely yet.

The balance hangs trembling and quivering ; when shall the
 trembling cease,

And a feather in either scale determine for War or Peace ?

Will the Russ still keep his grasp ? Will he turn from his
 selfish work ?

Shall Britain's strong arm be bared in the cause of the
 wretched Turk ?

Will the Turk sit broken and bleeding—a fettered Russian
 slave ?

Or desperate, strike for freedom, or sink in a freeman's
 grave ?

Shall the Demon of War stride on, with his red and reeking
 hand,

Setting horrid hell-hounds loose on each fair and smiling
 land,

Nor stay his destroying march till he reaches our own loved
 coast,

And the blood of an offering slain is sprinkled on each door-post ?

* * * * *

Who knows ? But while men debate and gabble of Peace and War,

Their eyes and their ears are closed to a question greater far
For kings play at the game of War, lest we, when the noises cease,

Should look to our social wrongs and the woes that prey on Peace ;

As the ancient Roman nobles stirred strife between their slaves,

Lest they all should make common cause, and for freedom draw their glaives.

If Peace, like War, has conquests, she has likewise wrong and pain,

Oppression, and want, and woe, and hosts of uncounted slain.

What of the crisis of Peace ? Wealth stretches his iron hand ;
He sits in the pride of power on river, and lake, and land.

By cunning, by force, by fraud, by dark deeds long ago,
The few hold the wealth and the land, and they will not let them go !

Some say that with noble soul, and with pure, unselfish aim,
They have reaped a harvest of wealth ; but they keep it all the same.

They vowed, when they entered the strife, 'twas for love of humankind ;

But principle halts and is lame when interest strikes men blind !

The wretched poor, meanwhile, growing poorer day by day,
Sit greedily watching Wealth, like wild beasts brought to bay
How long shall they sit ? How long shall they eat their scanty fare ?

How long till the dreadful deed that is born of a deep despair ?

How long till they rise in the name and the strength of a common God,

Sundering the tyrant's chain and breaking his golden rod ?

Woe, then, to you, ye rich ones ye mighty ones and great !

Woe to you, kings and princes, who ride in splendid state !

Ye are clothed in rich apparel, and live on sumptuous fare ;

The sorer shall be your judgment—the heavier your despair—

When howling, and weeping, and wailing are heard for your mocking laugh

When God sweeps the threshing-floor, and leaves not a grain of chaff !

We were wont to worship wealth, as the people of God of old

Bowed down to worship the calf which Aaron made of gold.
 (Ay; they bowed and worshipped; but mark, when their
 blindness passed away,
 They shattered to atoms the idol they worshipped yester-
 day!)

Our blindness is passing away, our eyes are beginning to see,
 What will the dread result of our full awakening be?

Shall we still in our misery pine and cringe for a crust of
 bread,

While Wealth, with a sneer, stalks by to see if his hounds
 are fed?

Shall we claim the rights of men, or live as serfs and slaves,
 Content with the scant equality we shall win when in our
 graves?

Or shall Wealth open wide his hand, relaxing his greedy
 grasp,

And brotherly love bind all in a warm and glowing clasp?

Shall all be equal on earth? Well if it might be so,
 Without the volcano's wrath and the lava's fiery flow!

* * * * *

"Peace, my son," says the Priest. Shall men's devices
 stand?

Shall not this weighty question be settled by God's own
 hand?

'The meek shall inherit the earth!' Let us trust these
 words, and seek

For Knowledge, which gives us power; for Patience, which
 makes us meek.

We know that God's heart is loving; we know that His
 arm is strong;

Let us crush the complaining cry – How long, O Lord, how
 long?

As God lives, it shall not be long until all our wrongs shall
 cease,

And men shall for ever dwell in a true and lasting Peace!"

* * * * *

Nay; let the Priest dissuade me. Nay; let the prudent
 chide!

I will utter the Truth as I know it, nor care what may be-
 tide.

Does God not speak by the People? Has Fate any other
 voice

'Than that which rolls in the thunder of a Nation's highest
 choice?

Shall we give Good for Evil, and hope that the Good shall
 reign?

Nay! we must fight the Devil, else is all preaching vain,
 Shall robbers inherit the earth, and the meek in act and
 speech

Be fooled with hopes of a Paradise—just beyond their reach ?

Behold ! The Kingdom of Heaven is round you, is very near,
And the Prince of Peace—true Knowledge—speaks, would men only hear !

1878.

LOVE LYRICS.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINE.)

"IN MEIN GAR ZU DUNKLES LEBEN."

In my life, all dark and dreary,
Once there streamed a picture bright ;
That fair vision now has vanished—
All around me reigns the night.

When the children are in darkness,
Soon their courage would be gone,
Did they not, their fear to banish,
Sing aloud in cheerful tone.

I, a child so weak and foolish,
In my present darkness sing ;
Be my song nor sweet nor pleasing,
Still it makes my care take wing.

"DAS MEER ERGLÄNZTE WEIT HERAUS."

The sea it sparkled so far away
In the light of the day nigh gone ;
We sat by the lonely fisher hut,
Sat silent and alone.

The waves arose--the dark mists drove,
The restless gulls flew screaming ;
And from thine eyes, o'ercharged with love,
The gentle tears were streaming.

I saw them fall on thy lily-white hand
As if they knew no stay ;
I knelt, and from thy lily-white hand
I kissed the tears away.

But ever since that fatal hour
My health and body languish :
I am poisoned by that false maid's tears,
And my soul will die of anguish.

"UND WÜSSTEN'S DIE BLUMEN, DIE KLEINEN."

If the flowers had the power of knowing
 The wound that bleeds at my heart,
 Their tears with mine would be flowing,
 To bid my pain depart.

If the nightingales knew my sadness
 And sickness all day long,
 They would sing with joy and gladness
 A heart-refreshing song.

To the golden stars were it given
 To know my anguish of soul,
 They would come from their posts in heaven
 To comfort me and console.

All these cannot know my sorrow,
 One only knows my smart,
 And no comfort from her can I borrow,
 For 'tis she who has torn my heart !

"ICH TRAT IN JENE HALLEN."

I went to the halls where my darling
 Had plighted to me her faith,
 And there, where her tears had fallen,
 Crawled serpents, with poison-breath !

ICH WOLLT', MEINE SCHMERZEN ERGÖSSEN."

I poured forth all my anguish
 In one word, and only one ;
 To the gladsome winds I gave it,
 And they bore it gladly on.

They shall bear it to thee, my darling,
 That word from my anguished heart ;
 Thou shalt hear it at every moment,
 Thou shalt hear it where'er thou art.

And even at night, when thou sleepest,
 Scarce closed thine eyes shall be
 Until, to the dream that is deepest,
 That word shall follow thee !

“WARUM SIND DENN DIE ROSEN SO BLASS?”

Oh, why are the roses so pale, my love ;

Oh, speak and tell me why ?

Why peep the violets up from the sod

With timid and troubled eye ?

Why sings the lark in the sky above

A song full of sadness and gloom ?

And why does there come from the balsam-grove

An odour as of the tomb ?

Why shines the sun so peevish and cold

On meadow and wood beneath ?

And why is the earth all desolate

Like a mighty field of death ?

And why is my heart so sick and so sore ?

Oh, speak, my love—my own !

Oh, tell me, my bosom's best beloved,

Why hast thou left me alone ?

“IM WALDE WANDL' ICH UND WEINE.”

I walk in the woodlands weeping ;

The Thrush sits blithe and glad,

And she sings, on the branches leaping—

“ Oh, why art thou so sad ? ”

The swallows, thy little sisters,

Can tell thee the reason why ;

Their nests are over the windows

Of her for whom I sigh !

“DIE JAHRE KOMMEN UND GEHEN.”

The years are coming and going,

And generations depart ;

But still unchanging, unfading,

Is the love within my heart.

Oh ! could I but once behold thee,

I would sink upon my knee,

And, dying, softly murmur—

“ Lady, I love but thee ! ”

"KAUM SAHEN WIR UNS."

I marked it, when scarce we had looked on each other,
 In thy voice, in thine eyes, there was pleasure and bliss;
 Were it not we were watched by thy jealous-eyed mother,
 We at once had embraced in a mutual kiss.

And early to-morrow I must from this Eden
 And all its delights a poor wanderer flee;
 Then watch at thy window, my beautiful maiden,
 And I'll wave a farewell, as I pass, to thee.

Over the hills the sun's chariot is driven,
 The bleating of lambs comes afar o'er the plain;
 My darling, my lamb, my sun, and my heaven,
 I would see thee, how gladly, but once again.

I look to the room where my love was sleeping—
 "Farewell, my darling; I go from thee!"
 In vain! she is not from her window peeping;
 She lies still and sleeps—and dreams of me?

"ES LEUCHTET MEINE LIEBE."

My love, with its vanished glory
 And melancholy light,
 Sometimes seems like a sorrowful story
 That is told in the summer night.

"In enchanted gardens, silent
 And alone, two lovers stray;
 The nightingales sing clearly—
 The shimmering moonbeams play.

"The Lady stands in her beauty,
 The Knight is on his knees;
 Sudden comes the Desert Ogre—
 The affrighted maiden flees;

"The Knight falls wounded and bleeding,
 The Ogre pursues the maid;—"

The story will only be ended
 When I in the grave am laid!

“NACHT LAG AUF MEINEN AUGEN.”

Night lay upon my eyelids—
Upon my lips lay lead,
With heart and brain all lifeless
I lay among the dead.

How long I cannot tell thee
I slept and never stirred;
But I woke, for a gentle beating
Upon my grave I heard.

“ Arise, arise, dear Henry—
The endless day doth break.
Begun are the joys of Heaven,
The dead are all awake ! ”

I cannot rise, my darling—
I am sightless evermore ;
The light hath gone from my eye-lids
Through weeping oft and sore !

“ I will kiss the night, dear Henry
I will kiss it from thine eyes ;
Thou shalt see the glorious angels,
And the splendour of the skies ! ”

I cannot rise, my darling,
For a wound bleeds at my heart,
Where a scornful word thou spakest
Once stung me like a dart.

“ Upon thy heart, dear Henry,
My hand I will lightly lay ;
The wound will bleed no longer
And the pain will die away ! ”

I cannot rise, my darling,
From my head the blood flows free,
Where I shot me, in my anguish,
When I was robbed of thee.

“ My silken hair, dear Henry,
Upon it I will spread ;
I will make the blood cease flowing
And heal thy wounded head ! ”

She begged so soft, so sweetly,
 I could not say her nay :
 I tried from the grave to raise me
 And go with my love away.

At this, in head and bosom
 My wounds fresh open broke ;
 The blood flowed fast and faster—
 I cried—and lo ! I woke !

“ DER ABEND KOMMT GEZOGEN.”

Fast close the shades of even,
 The clouds brood o'er the sea,
 The white waves leap to heaven
 And murmur mysteriously.

As I sit by the shore, a mermaid
 Draws near me, with matchless grace ;
 Oh ! fair are her white breasts, gleaming
 Through her robe of finest lace !

In a firm embrace she folds me ;
 I am hurt, but cannot flee.
 “ Too close—too close, thou hold'st me,
 Thou Fairy of the Sea ! ”

“ Let not my clasp alarm thee,
 Though I press thee with all my might ;
 I would that thou would'st warm me
 On this cold and cheerless night ! ”

Through the clouds, with a sicklier glimmer,
 The moon's pale face I see ;
 “ Thine eye grows moister and dimmer,
 Thou Fairy of the Sea.”

“ Nay ; it grows not dimmer and moister ;
 My eye is moist and dim,
 For it caught a drop of water
 As I sprang from the ocean's rim !

The sea is roaring and singing ;
 The gulls scream plaintively ;
 “ Thy heart beats wildly, strangely,
 Thou Fairy of the Sea ! ”

“ My heart beats strangely, wildly,
 And it surges like the sea,
 Because of its love unspoken,
 Dear son of man, for thee ! ”

“ICH STAND IN DUNKELN TRAÜMEN.”

I looked, in a dream of midnight,
On her portrait, all amazed,
For lo! her darling image
Lived, as I fondly gazed !

A smile of wondrous sweetness
Around her red lips danced,
While tears of mild compassion
Within her clear eyes glanced.

And down my cheeks the tear-drops
In torrents tore their way.
Oh ! Can it be, my darling,
Thou'rt lost to me for aye ?

“WIE KANNST DU RUHIG SCHLAFEN ?”

How canst thou calmly slumber,
And knowest I am alive ?
Again the old rage comes o'er me,
And I spurn the fettering gyve.

Know'st thou the weird old story,
How the dead youth came to the room,
At midnight, and carried his sweetheart
Away with him to the tomb ?

Believe me, thou wondrous sweet one—
Thou maiden so fair to see,
I live, and I still am stronger
Than all the dead men be !

The maiden sleeps in her chamber :
Through her casement the moonbeams glance ;
Without is the sound of music,
That is timed to a merry dance.

“I will see whence comes this music
That breaks my rest as it rings ”
There stands a bony skeleton
Who fiddles, and thus he sings :—

“Once you promised to dance with me, maiden,
But you promised deceitfully ;
And to-night there's a ball in the graveyard—
Come thither, and dance with me !”

A strong spell seizes the maiden—
 She is lured away from the door :
 She follows the ghastly skeleton
 Who goes singing and fiddling before !

He fiddles, he hops, and he dances,
 While his bones keep rattling time,
 And his empty skull keeps nodding
 Uncouth in the pale moonshine !

“SAPHIRE SIND DIE AUGEN DEIN.”

Thine eyes like brightest *sapphires* shine,
 Thou sweet and tender dove ;
 Thrice-blesséd is the happy man,
 On whom they look with love !

Thy heart a sparkling *diamond* is—
 A precious treasure trove ;
 Thrice-blesséd is the happy man
 For whom it glows with love !

Thy lips are *rubies* wondrous fair –
 All other gems above ;
 Thrice-blesséd is the happy man
 To whom they speak of love !

Oh ! If I knew that happy man,
 My fortunes might be mended ;
 If I met him alone in the merry greenwood
His luck would soon be ended !

“SIE HABEN HEUT ABEND GESELLSCHAFT.”

To-night they are having a party,
 And the house is gleaming bright ;
 A shadow moves at the window,
 Between me and the light.

Thou seest me not ; I am standing
 Without, in the darkness, apart ;
 Still less can thine eye look into
 The depths of my gloomy heart.

But my gloomy heart it loves thee—
 It loves thee and it breaks ;
 It is breaking and beating and bleeding,
 And thine eye no notice takes !

"BERGSTIMM."

A rider rode slow through the mountain vale,
And he sighed in his woe and gloom—
"Shall I e'er again lie in my darling's arms,
Or lie in the silent tomb?"
Said the Echo in tones of doom—
"In the silent tomb!"

Still farther on the rider rode,
And a deep groan rent his breast:—
"If I go to my grave so soon," he said,
"Ah, well! in the grave is rest!"
Cried the Voice from the mountain's breast—
"In the grave is rest!"

A tear rolled down the rider's cheek,
And a heavier sigh he gave:—
"If only the grave can give me rest,
Then to me is welcome the grave!"
The Echo for answer gave—
"Welcome the grave!"

"ICH WANDELTE UNTER DEN BAÜMEN."

I walked in the shady forest
Alone with my heavy smart;
And again old dreams came o'er me,
And slipped into my heart.

That little word—how have ye learned it,
Ye birds that sing so glad?
Be still; if my heart should hear it
Again, it would weep and be sad!

"There came a maiden singing,
And has us the secret told,
And so we birds have learned it—
That sweet little word of gold!"

Oh, sing that word no longer,
Ye little crafty birds,
Or else you will steal *my* secret,
Which I never have told in words!

"DAS IST DER ALTE MÄRCHENWALD."

'Tis a grey old wood of magic fame !
 Sweet scents the lime trees' blossom !
 The moon shines wondrous fair, and pours
 Enchantment into my bosom !

I went still on, and as I went
 Heard music o'er me ringing :
 That is the nightingale,—of love
 And the pains of love she is singing.

She sings of love and the pains of love,
 Which have smiles and tears begotten ;
 So glad is her weeping, so sad is her mirth,
 She awakes in me dreams forgotten.

I went still on, and as I went,
 In an open place before me
 A castle stood, whose gables high
 And massive were towering o'er me.

The windows were closed, and over all
 There was silence and desolation ;
 It seemed as if Death himself did dwell
 In this desert habitation.

Before the gate lay a marble Sphinx—
 A hybrid 'twixt brute and human—
 Like a lion's were its body and claws ;
 It had head and breast like a woman.

A lovely woman ! The large white eyes
 With wild desire seemed glowing ;
 While the speechless lips that so roundly arched
 Of safety and peace were showing.

The nightingale sang, and sang so sweet,
 That I could not withstand her ;
 I kissed that lovely woman's face,
 But, wonder upon wonder !

The marble form began to live,
 She moaned with eager yearning ;
 With panting haste and greedy thirst
 She drank my kisses burning.

She drank my breath away, and then
In a warm embrace she bound me ;
In her wild desire she heeded not
That the lions-claws did wound me.

Enrapturing torture and torturing joy !
The bliss like the pain beyond measure.
While the merciless claws gave me horrible wounds,
The kisses brought heavenly pleasure !

The nightingale sang—" Oh, lovely Sphinx—
Oh, Love ! come tell me how this is—
That thou mixest thus with the pains of death
Thy sweetest delights and blisses ?

" Oh, beautiful Sphinx, come read to me
This riddle, which nought explaineth !
I have thought on it many a thousand years,
But the mystery still remaineth ! "

" TRAUMBILDER."

Why boils my blood in boisterous flow ?
What makes my heart so wildly glow ?
In foaming floods my pulses dart,
And fierce fire rages at my heart !

My foaming blood will not be still,
Because I dreamed a dream of ill :
There came to me the Son of Night,
And bore me off in panting flight.

He brought me to a house all bright
With taper, torch, and flambeau's light,
While mirth and music swelled o'er all—
I walked into the festal hall.

A merry marriage feast was that ;
The guests around the table sat.
But when the wedded pair I spied—
Oh woe ! my darling was the bride.

Yes ; 'twas my love, so fair to see ;
The bridegroom was unknown to me ;
I hid behind the bride's high throne,
As speechless and as still as stone.

The music swelled, but still I stood—
The glad sounds vexed my sullen mood ;
The bride seemed most supremely blest,
Her lily hand the bridegroom pressed.

The bridegroom filled a beaker up,
 And, sipping, passed the sparkling cup
 To the fair bride, who smiled for thank—
 Ah, me! my warm red blood they drank!

An apple red and ripe the bride
 Gave to the bridegroom at her side;
 His knife quick cut the fruit in twain—
 Ah, me! my heart felt piercing pain!

So loving smiled they, face to face,
 He pressed her in a warm embrace,
 And kissed her ruddy cheeks so free—
 Cold Death, with icy breath, kissed me!

My tongue lay in my mouth like lead;
 I tried to speak, no word I said.
 Now music swells, the guests advance,
 The bride and bridegroom lead the dance.

I seemed as dead; I made no sound,
 While swept the dancers round and round.
 The bridegroom whispers in her ear;
 She blushes—not in wrath or fear!

"MÄDCHEN MIT DEM ROTHEN MÜNDCHEN."

Maiden with the lips so ruddy,
 With the clear and loving eyes,
 Evermore of thee, my darling,
 Thoughts within my heart arise.

Long are now the winter evenings;
 Might I not beside thee be,
 Sitting in thy little chamber,
 Speaking loving words to thee?

To my lips so fondly, warmly,
 I would press thy little white hand,
 And in tears of love and gladness
 I would bathe thy little white hand.

"DIE BLAUE VEILCHEN DER ÄUGELEIN."

The violets of her eyes so blue,
 Her cheeks with their roses of ruddy hue,
 Her hands like lilies pure to view:
 These still are blooming, no charm has fled,
 And only her heart is withered and dead!

"DAS HERZ IST MIR BEDRÜCKT."

My heart is sad, and with fruitless longing
I think upon the olden days,
When the world was ever so much better,
And in peace the people lived always.

Now all things mix in wild confusion,
Complaining and woe are widely spread ;
The Lord is dead in heaven above us,
And under us the devil is dead !

And all appears so dark and dreary—
So rotten and cold, and grief so rife,
That were not a little love remaining,
My heart would cease to wish for life !

"ES STEHEN UNBEWEGLICH."

Through centuries, immovable,
The stars stand up on high,
And each looks on the other
With love-enkindled eye.

They speak a wondrous language—
So beautiful, so rich ;
But none of the learned linguists
Can understand their speech.

But I myself have learned it,
And I forgot it ne'er ;
The book where I read my lesson
Was the face of my lady fair !

"AND'RE BETEN ZUR MADONNE."

Some pray to the Virgin Mary,
Others pray to Paul and Peter,
But I pray to one far sweeter—
Ne'er from thee, my Sun, I vary !

Give me kisses ! Give me blisses !
Grant me kindness, gracious one !
Fairest Sun among the maidens—
Fairest maiden under the sun !

"MIR TRÄUMTE; TRAUIG SCHAUTE DER
MOND."

I dreamt ; and sadly shone the moon —
The stars were sadly gleaming ;
To yon far-off town where my darling dwells
I was carried away in my dreaming.

I was carried away to my darling's house—
I kissed the steps with pleasure,
Which had oft been swept by her dress's hem,
And felt her foot's soft pressure.

The night was long—the night was cold—
And cold was I, benighted ;
Her pale, pale face from the window gleamed,
By the glimmering moonshine lighted !

"MAN GLAUBT DASS ICH MICH GRÄME."

They say that my heart is souring
'Neath luckless love's sad yoke ;
And at last I begin to believe it
As well as other folk.

Thou larged-eyed little maiden,
I have always said to thee
That I love thee with love unspeakable—
That love is consuming me.

Yes ; alone in my lonely chamber
I said it, when none could hear ;
But, alas ! I have never ventured
To speak when thou wert near.

'Twas my evil angel held me,
And would not speech allow ;
And, alas ! through my evil angel
I am so wretched now !

"IM WUNDERSCHÖNEN MONAT MAI."

In May's sweet month, so wondrous fair,
As all the buds were springing,
Then Love sprang up within my heart—
A glamour o'er me flinging.

In May's sweet month, so wondrous fair,
As all the birds were singing,
I told her how the yearnings
Of Love my heart were wringing.

"ICH GLAUB NICHT AN DEN HIMMEL."

I don't believe in the Heaven
Which the preacher paints so bright ;
I believe but in thine eyes, love—
To me they are Heaven's light !

I believe not in God above us,
Whom the preacher lauds so high ;
I believe but in thy heart, love—
No other God have I !

I don't believe in the devils,
In hell, or hellish smart ;
I believe but in thine eyes, love,
And in thine evil heart !

"DU SCHÖNES FISCHERMÄDCHEN."

Thou lovely fisher maiden,
Come draw thy boat to land ;
Come hither, and sit beside me,
I would speak with thee, hand in hand.

Lay thy head upon my bosom,
And fear thee not for me ;
Do'st thou not fearless venture
Each day on the stormy sea ?

My heart is like the sea, love,
It has storms, and ebb and flow,
And many a beautiful pearl
Lies hid in the depths below !

"WER ZUM ERSTEN MALE LIEBT."

He who for the first time loves
And loves in vain—a God is he !
He who loves, and loves in vain
A second time—a fool is he !

Loving twice and loving vainly,
Such a silly fool am I :
Sun, moon, stars, at me are laughing,
And I laugh with them—and die !

"VERRIETH MEIN BLASSES ANGESICHT."

Did not my pallid face betray
 The love my heart oppressing ?
 Or would'st thou my proud lips should speak,
 My yearning wish confessing ?

Oh, love, my lips are far too proud—
 They are fit for kissing and jesting ;
 But while they speak a thoughtless word,
 I die with secret wasting.

"SAG, WO IST DEIN SCHÖNES LIEBCHEN?"

"Where now is thy lovely darling
 Whom once thou sang'st so sweet,
 When love's strong flame was glowing
 In thy heart with magic heat ?

My heart is dark and dreary,
 The flame no longer flashes,
 And the little book thou readest
 Is the urn with my love's cold ashes !

1876-86.

SONNET.

HATE, THE USURPER.

What time I swore to love my love for aye,
 I little deemed how weak my heart might prove ;
 Lightly I took the sacred vows of Love,
 Nor thought that my allegiance e'er could stray.
 Alas ! I learned (on such a woeful day
 As ne'er before I knew) that Hate could move
 My being to its centre, and remove
 Love from the throne where he had rightful sway.

False—false—I found the maid whom I adored ;
 Vain, heartless, weak, beyond all power to tell.
 I spurned her, called her by each name abhorr'd
 That wild, despairing lovers know too well,
 And in my breast, where Love had reigned as lord,
 Mad Hate held riot, like the Lord of Hell !

THE VOICE OF NATURE.

'To me alone there came a thought of grief.'—*Wordsworth.*

On a fresh and fair Spring morning—
 Roving forth alone—
Thus the Poet sadly pondered,
As through fairest scenes he wandered,
Where the opening buds, adorning
 All the woodlands, shone—
Saying, in the fresh Spring morning—
 "Grief is mine alone."

'Tis the voice that through all Nature
 Still keeps murmuring on ;
Yet, although through all Creation
Universal lamentation
Sounds for thousand woes, each creature
 Thinks but of his own—
Crying—" All is glad in Nature—
 Grief is mine alone ! "

When encompassed round by Sorrow .
 When Despair hath grown
In our hearts, the Past seems pleasant .
Darker seems the gloomy Present ;
Grief from ills to come we borrow,
 And from pleasures gone ;
And we cry, bowed down by sorrow,
 " Grief is mine alone ! "

List yon robin sadly singing—
 Grief to it is known :
Now it pours its plaintive measures
For a nest robbed of its treasures.
Joyous notes around are ringing—
 From glad warblers thrown—
Only it is sadly singing,
 " Grief is mine alone ! "

Oh, thou mortal, sadly wailing.
 Cease thy selfish tone :
When o'erpowering ills surround thee,
Lift thine eyes and see around thee
Many beneath sorrows failing
 Greater than thine own ;
Cry no more, in tones of wailing—
 " Grief is mine alone ! "

Many are around thee pining
 Beneath woes unknown :
 Never fainting or despairing—
 Patiently their burden bearing—
 For the dark cloud's silver lining
 Ever hoping on,
 Still they wait, nor cry, repining—
 " Grief is mine alone ! "

1870.

AT MOUNT MAGDALA.

THE NEW PENITENT AND THE MOTHER SUPERIOR.

*Welcome, sister . . . And now, pray tell
 The name of the man by whom you fell.*

It was no man, but a strong attraction
 That lured me on to a " gay " girl's life ;
 Fuller it seemed of fire and action
 Than the humdrum sphere of mother and wife.
 I could not bear to be yoked and mated ;
 Protection I scorned ; control I hated ;
 I did not fall, but I rose—was fated
 For freedom, pleasure, and noble strife !

*Poor, darkened soul ; and yet your speech
 Shows that you would not learn, but teach.*

O ! I had plenty of education—
 Religious, moral, and all the rest ;
 A Christian home, respectable station ;
 Heredity, fair ; environment, best.
 Not through ignorance, want or terror
 I followed what you call sin and error ;
 The strong temptation—the fascination—
 That drew me, was Nature's own behest,

*Repent you not of the evil done
 To all pure women beneath the sun ?*

Nay, good lady, reverse your sentence ;
 Of grief, regret, and remorse I'm free !
 Talk to *them*—bid them seek repentance
 For wrongs and injuries heaped on me !

My vice it was made their virtue surer ;
 My impurity made them purer.
 Daughters and mothers ! Your husbands and brothers
 Made me a scapegoat —and what you see !

*Repent, dear sister, I say again,
 Of all the ill you have wrought on men.*

I never tempted. 'Twas they that sought me,
 Bought my embraces and hired my charms ;
 Foulness of body and mind they brought me,
 The vilest speech, the most shameful harms
 I sent them away like souls new-shriven,
 White as the snow by the soft breeze driven ;
 I bore their Hell, while they went to the Heaven
 Of chastest love, in their pure ones' arms !

*Say at least you are grateful, dear,
 For the home which friends provide you here*

Nay ; 'Tis Society has turned grateful,
 Rewarding one who has served it well !
 For years the world was my foe most hateful,
 Spurning and mocking the one that " fell."
 Now that the world has at last relented,
 I shall forgive it and live contented ;
 And they who sinned, having now repented,
 I pray may be saved from the Christian's Hell !

*Prayer from YOU . . . O ! Sister dear,
 Pray for yourself with heart sincere !*

I have nought to pray for. The path of Duty
 I followed ever, at God's high call ;
 My love, my service, my fleshly beauty
 Were not for me, nor for one, but all
 The curse of many, I gladly bore it ;
 The scorn of the prudes, I bowed before it ;
 My work is done —should I now deplore it,
 Then might I weep o'er my woeful fall !

*Sinful sister, blaspheme not God !
 Do penance, and kiss the chastening rod !*

Blasphemy ! Surely 'tis you, good mother,
 Who now blaspheme, when you talk of Sin—
 You who have lived, like many another,
 Nor known that " Virtue is hard to win."
 Have you faced the world and lived unspotted ?
 And if my life's sheet has been blurred and blotted,
 My pardon hastens ; for, " whom God chastens "—

Enough of talk ! Let our work begin !

LINES ON READING A POEM ENTITLED "FAREWELL TO LOVE."

Would I could say "Farewell to Love!" would I could leave
 behind
 The witching hopes and pleasing fears that charmed my
 youthful mind!
 Would that to Love's inglorious chains I now could bid
 farewell,
 And burst the bonds that hold my heart beneath their slavish
 spell!
 Would I could blot Love's fleeting joys forever from my
 view,
 And say to her delusive wiles and false delights—"Adieu!"

False is the blush on Beauty's cheek, and false the smile she
 wears;
 The promised joys and sweets of Love are but seductive
 snares.
 Like dim mirage on desert plain that tempts the longing
 sight,
 And draws the traveller on in hope of unattained delight,
 Love's distant prospects brightly shine, but her rewards are
 few,
 And yet my fond heart cannot say—"Delusive hope, adieu!"

I loved—the full and fervent love of guilelessness and truth—
 Ere yet my boyhood's tender years had budded into youth.
 How true and constant was the flame within my breast that
 burned!
 How soothing was the blest belief of love for love returned!
 I knew that she I loved was fair; I thought that she was
 true;
 I deemed our hearts in love were linked, and ne'er could bid
 adieu.

Within my heart her image, like a pure Madonna crowned,
 Stood shrined, and by its presence blessed the spot to holy
 ground;
 But she struck down—iconoclast!—struck, in my sorest
 need,
 The idol of my worship down, the Virgin of my creed;
 Yet in that shrine my Fancy still her image can renew,
 And though for aye she's lost to me, I cannot say "Adieu!"

The heart that loves and loves again has never loved aright—
 There needs on second victory if once 'tis conquered quite.
 Though other maids around me throng, with soft, alluring
 wiles,
 I own no magic in their glance, no witchery in their smiles ;
 Still—still *her* presence haunts my soul. *her* image fills my
 view—
 Though death itself should come between, I cannot say
 "Adieu!"

1869-75.

TO MAGGIE.

October blasts now wildly swell,
 The shortening days grow dull and drear,
 And fierce and gusty tempests tell
 That winter's blustering reign is near ;
 But stormy blasts, my Maggie dear,
 Awake within me no regret,
 They take me back, through many a year,
 To that glad night when first we met.

Rememberest thou ? 'Twas Hallowe'en,
 When, if Tradition speak aright,
 The fairies trip upon the green,
 And dance around with footsteps light.
 But thou, a fairy far more bright
 Than ever painter pictured yet,
 Appeared to bless my longing sight
 On that glad night when first we met.

Since then, sweet intercourse was ours—
 Our days passed on like heavenly dreams ;
 But now a darker future lowers
 Uncheered by Love's delightful gleams.
 Though all my pleasure vanished seems,
 Though now my sun of joy has set,
 Still brightly on my memory beams
 That blissful night when first we met.

And, Maggie, should we meet no more,
 But coldly walk our separate ways,
 The memory of the love I bore
 Shall brighten all my after-days ;
 And while my heart of Love's warm rays
 Retains one trace, I'll ne'er forget
 In all the future's tangled maze,
 That blissful night when first we met.

1868-70.

THE BROOK.

A streamlet clear flows past my dwelling,
 Embracing softly its verdant shore ;
 Though not like a river proudly swelling,
 'Tis sweeter to me, and I love it more.
 And oft I wander, and deeply ponder,
 Where through changing scenes it glides along,
 And its rippling waves, as they slow meander,
 Still murmur a soft and soothing song.

Never staying as on it prances,
 Save when to linger in some lone pool,
 Where the flowers that droop 'neath the sun's fierce
 glances
 Bend downward to drink of its waters cool.
 Brightly glancing, lightly dancing,
 In shade or sunlight, it ever flows—
 As steadily on to the sea advancing,
 With changeless purpose it onward goes.

Softly flowing through fertile meadows,
 Where the sloping banks in plenty smile ;
 Lost in the woodland's sombre shadows ;
 Sparkling clear in the sun awhile ;
 Lightly tripping, gaily skipping,
 Over a shallow, pebbly bed ;
 Or soft o'er a gravelly bottom slipping—
 It dances onward with airy tread.

No streamlet ever can please me better—
 I love it when bound 'neath Winter's reign ;
 Or when boldly it bursts its icy fetter,
 Like a nation breaking a tyrant's chain ;
 Whether lightly leaping, and cadence keeping
 With the spring-tide songs of the feathered host
 Or mixing its wail with the woodlands weeping
 For their faded leaves on its bosom tossed.

But most in summer, when sweetly singing
 It leaps along, by its banks I rove—
 When its crystal waters are backward flinging
 The bright beams cast from the sun above ;
 When with leap and quiver it ripples ever,
 As seaward it dances merrily down,
 Till its clear wave flows in the darker river,
 Like a silver thread in a robe of brown.

And oft have I wished that pure and blameless,
Like that sweet streamlet's, my course might be—
That I might glide on, unseen and nameless,
But singing still, to Oblivion's sea ;
Still onward pressing, the flowers caressing,
The drooping reviving and making gay,
And scattering round me many a blessing
Of plenty and peace on my joyous way.
1868.

THE GRANDFATHER'S SONG.

(FROM "L'ART D'ETRE GRAND-PERE," BY VICTOR HUGO.)

Dance, little maidens,
Dance and whirl away, —
The woods make merry cadence
And laugh while you play.

Dance, ye maidens queenly,
Dance and whirl away, —
The lovers sit serenely
Beneath the woodland spray,

Dance, madcap ladies,
Dance and whirl away, —
Your school-books and studies,
Disturb not to-day.

Dance, lovely maidens,
Dance and whirl away, —
The birds' wings make cadence,
Applauding your play.

Dance, little fairies,
Dance and whirl away, —
Flowers on your foreheads,
Fresh as dawning day.

Dance, little ladies,
Dance and whirl away—
The gentlemen and ladies
Will whisper as they may

"AUBADE."

(FROM THE FRENCH OF VICTOR HUGO.)

Thy window is shut at the birth of the morning;
 Why sleepest thou, love, who art queen of the day?
 Awake are the roses, thy garden adorning,
 Why wakest not thou, who art fairer than they?
 Leave, lady, thy sleeping,
 Look forth and see
 Thy knight, who is weeping
 And singing to thee!

At thy gate, my belovéd, the summons is ringing,
 Aurora cries loudly, "Lo! I am the day!"
 "I am music!" the wild bird melodious is singing;
 "I am love! I am love!" doth my heart sing away!
 Leave, lady, thy sleeping,
 Look forth and see
 Thy knight, who is weeping
 And singing to thee!

I love thee as woman, as angel adore thee—
 The God who has made me to yearn and desire
 Has given me my love to be poured out before thee,
 Has given thee thy beauty for me to admire!
 Leave, lady, thy sleeping,
 Look forth and see
 Thy knight, who is weeping
 And singing to thee!

1877.

ZULEIKA.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF BODENSTEDT.)

Not to pure angels robed in white,
 Not to the odorous roses bright,
 Not e'en to the sun's resplendent light
 Do I liken my love, my darling!

For the angels, passionless, pine forlorn;
 'Neath every rose there lurks a thorn;
 And the sun is veiled from night till morn—
 They are none of them like my darling!

I search in creation all things fair;
 No likeness, but contrast, find I there;
 Herself I can but with herself compare—
 Fond, thornless, beautiful darling!

1887

THE DUCK.

[FROM THE GERMAN OF LESSING.]

Duck, thou picture true of me—
Picture true of all my brothers !
I will sing a song to thee,
Thou art worthy more than others.

Duck, full oft the envious eye
Looks upon thee tippling, drinking ;
Oft beholds thee passing by,
Drunkly staggering, sagely winking.

Thus a beast can teach us this
(What a shame ! no doubt you're thinking)—
Only they can know true b'iss
Who give up their time to drinking !

It is nature and not choice
Makes thee of the pond a lover ;
So do I, at nature's voice,
Drink, till nought remaineth over.

Drink, oh duck ! and sing thy song ;
What though envy calls it " quacking : "
Over words to haggle long
Shows both sense and judgment lacking.

Those who do not like my songs
May call them quacking, if it please them ;
To thee and me the bliss belongs
Of drinking deeply, just to tease them !

How I pity thee, poor duck !
That thou drinkest water cheerless ;
And how great I count my luck
That I drink of wine so peerless !

Still, contented, drink thou on ;
Do not envy me, poor creature .
For the use of wine alone
Marks man's higher place in nature.

Order runs through nature's plan ;
Meaner grades there are, and nobler ;
Thou drink'st water happier man
Sits and sips his sherry cobbler.

THE GREATEST MAN.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF LESSING.)

And would'st thou know the greatest man, sir ?
 Go ask Hupokritos, the priest :
 With prideful mien he gives the answer—
 " He who can make himself the least ! "

And would'st thou know the greatest man, sir ?
 Go ask yon bard with air sublime :
 In doggerel verse he gives the answer—
 " He who most easily can rhyme ! "

And would'st thou know the greatest man, sir ?
 Go ask the courtier, trimly dressed :
 He bows and smiles, which means for answer—
 " He who can smile and bow the best ! "

And would'st thou know the greatest man, sir ?
 Ask the philosophers ; and each,
 In words obscure, conveys the answer—
 " He who can understand our speech ! "

If thou would'st know the greatest man, sir,
 Why ask of fools so foolishly ?
 You see, each fool returns for answer—
 " He who the nearest comes to me ! "

But would'st thou know the greatest man, sir ?
 The wisest fool in Folly's thrall,
 (To wit, myself) returns the answer—
 " He who, when drunk, can laugh at all ! "

1878.

Y.M.C.A.

(PRIZE ACROSTIC IN AN AUCKLAND COMPETITION.)

Ye Powers who guide the fortunes of the **Y**OUNG,
Make smooth their path till **M**EN's estate be theirs
Calm, **C**HRI**S**TIAN joys engage each heart and tongue,
And bright **A**SSOCIATION banish cares !

1890.

THE PILGRIMAGE TO KEVLAAR.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINE.)

The mother stands at the window,
In the bed her son doth lie ;
" Wilt thou not rise, dear William,
To see the pilgrims go by ? "

" I am so sick, dear mother,
I see and I hear no more ;
I think and I think of my Gretchen,
Who is dead, and my heart is sore."

" Arise ! and with book and garland
To Kevlaar we will depart,
And there the Blessed Virgin
Will heal thy wounded heart."

The holy banners flutter,
The sacred music flows,
As through Cologne's fair city
The grand procession goes.

And, leading her son, the mother
Goes forth with the pilgrims now,
And they both are singing in chorus,
" O, Mary, praised be thou ! "

.

To-day the Virgin at Kevlaar
Is dressed so fair to view ;
There are many sick folks coming,
And she has much to do.

The sick bring waxen figures
Of their feet and hands diseased ,
They lay them before the Virgin,
And at once are from pain released.

There have many gone there on crutches
Who dance and leap to-day,
And many whose hands were palsied
On the fiddle now briskly play.

The mother took wax, and from it
She made a waxen heart ;
" Take that, my son, to the Virgin,
And she will heal thy smart."

The son to the shrine went sobbing,
 The waxen heart he held,
 The tears from his eyes were trickling,
 The words from his heart upwelled—

"Thou highly blessed Lady,
 Thou mother of our God,
 Thou holy Queen of Heaven,
 Remove my sorrow's load !

"Long dwelt I with my mother
 In that city fairest far—
 Cologne—where many hundreds
 Of chapels and churches are.

"And next to us dwelt my Gretchen,
 But she died long, long ago—
 This waxen heart I bring thee—
 Heal, Mary, my heart's deep woe !

"Heal thou my heart's wound, Mary,
 And fervently shall I bow
 Before thee, praising and singing—
 "Oh, Mary, praised be thou !"

At home the son and the mother
 Lay asleep in their little room,
 When through the doorway the Virgin
 Trod soft in the silent gloom.

Above the sick man bent she,
 And laid her hand so light
 On his heart, then, sweetly smiling,
 She vanished at once from sight.

The mother saw all in a vision,
 And she longed to see yet more,
 But she woke from her sleep affrighted,
 For the dogs howled at the door.

There lay, as if in slumber,
 Her son—but he was dead ;
 On his death-pale cheeks was playing
 The light of the morning red.

The mother her thin hands folded,
 She felt, she knew not how—
 Devoutly sang she, softly,
 "Oh, Mary, praised be thou !"

THE GRENADIERS.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF H. HEINE.)

For France were bound two Grenadiers,
From a Russian prison delivered :
But in German land fast flowed their tears,
And their lips with anguish quivered.

For they heard with shame the sorrowful tale
How the star of their foes had arisen—
How the armies of France were all scattered and fled,
And the Emperor—the Emperor in prison !

Together they wept o'er the luckless news,
And despair afresh returning,
The first one said—" I am sad and sore,
And my old wounds fiercely burning !"

The other said—" I might die with thee—
As a patriot none can doubt me ;
But my wife and children wait at home,
And they will starve without me !"

" Bah ! what care I for wife or child ;
To a nobler ambition I've risen ;
Let them go and beg when they want for bread,
But my Emperor—my Emperor in prison !

" Now, comrade, one service render me—
Deny me not, I pray thee ;
If I die, take my body back to France,
In the earth of France to lay me.

" And lay on my heart the Honour Cross,
Which my deeds in war have won me ;
My musket give me in my hand,
And gird my sword upon me !

" Thus low in my grave will I listening lie,
Like a guard when the foe is advancing,
Till I hear the thundering cannons roar,
And war-steeds neighing and prancing !

" Then I know that my Emperor over me rides :
In their blood many brave men welter ;
Then at once full-armed from my grave I will rise
My Emperor—my Emperor to shelter !"

THE BALLAD OF ELLINOR :

A LEGEND OF MID-LANARKSHIRE.

PART I.

Oh ! sweetly flowed the Calder stream
 Through Palacecraig's romantic dell,
 And soft the pale moon's silvery beam
 Upon the silvery water fell ;

And sadly crooned the crystal tide,
 And plaints of grief the night-breeze bore,
 When last I wandered by its side
 And thought of lovely Ellinor.

There rocky cliffs impending frown
 High o'er the murmuring water's flow,
 And giant trees above look down
 On giant trees that rise below ;

And all along the streamlet's side
 Is many a sweet, secluded grove,
 Where youthful lovers oft have sighed
 Their pledges warm of mutual love.

There Nature's fairest flowerets blow,
 And ever hums the honey bee ;
 There wild fruits ripe and ruddy grow,
 And sweetest songsters crowd each tree ;

And he who wanders forth alone
 When summer mantles all in green
 Might gaze with kindling eye and own
 No fairer spot on earth is seen.

But now, if passing lovely seem
 The scenes fair Calder's banks along,
 If calm and clearly flows the stream
 And sweet the wild-bird pours its song,

How lovely—how surpassing bright—
 They must have been in days gone by,
 Ere blighting Art appeared to fight
 With Nature for the mastery !

If now its sweet and sylvan shades
 Entrance the wandering poet's eye ;
 If amorous youths and blushing maids
 Now ramble there in ecstasy ;

Then might the shady groves have been
The haunt of woodland nymphs and fays,
Who, on the daisy-covered green,
Join in the dance's mystic maze.

Then naiads on the crystal wave
Might gaily sport in joy's excess ;
Or mermaid from her secret cave
Arise to comb each silken tress :

Or sirens from the stream might pour
In song their sweet, seductive breath,
Till the tranced listener on the shore
Was onward lured to certain death.

But those who by the Calder dwell
Rehearse no tales of fairy lore,
But to the curious tourist tell
The tale of lovely Ellinor !

Oh ! surely 'twas an evil hour
When first the dark-eyed gipsies came
To Palacecraig's secluded bower,
And camped by Calder's crystal stream.

Of swart complexion were the band—
A branch of the Zingari race ;
Those wanderers through each Christian land,
Who own no earthly resting-place :

But, restless as the mountain wind,
From place to place they ever fly,
And, leaving all they loved behind,
Ne'er heave one sad, regretful sigh.

Long they sojourned in sunny Spain,
Till banished by a stern decree,
Then o'er the wild tempestuous main
They sought the land of liberty.

Better had they resolved to brave
The anger of the Christian king —
That each had been a crouching slave,
Than lived to see the woes I sing.

With them there came a maiden young,
Replete with every youthful grace,
Whose raven tresses clustering hung
In freedom o'er her olive face.

Joy sparkled from her beaming eye,
 Her step bespoke a heart as light ;
 Ne'er had her bosom heaved a sigh
 Ne'er felt her heart affliction's blight ;

For was she not their chieftain's child,
 And destined yet, in forest green,
 O'er that rude band of wanderers wild
 To reign and rule—the Gipsy Queen !

Ah ! little thought they, as they planned
 Their future schemes in visions bright,
 That o'er them Fate's uplifted hand
 Was raised to scatter withering blight !

Could not their boasted art foretell
 The ills the future held in store,
 And ward the deadly bolt that fell
 To blast the life of Ellinor ?

PART II.

'Twas autumn ; all the trees displayed
 Their hues of gold and burning flames,
 When from the palace on the Craig
 Came down the young Lord James.

He oft had heard the rustics tell
 Of the old gipsy beldam's skill—
 Revealing, by a magic spell,
 The future—good or ill.

Yet heard he not alone her fame—
 He heeded not such mystic lore ;
 But tidings to his ears there came
 Of beauteous Ellinor.

And every word of praise he hears
 His heart with fierce desire inflames,
 And now to seek the gipsy camp
 Descends the young Lord James.

He comes, a foe in friendly guise,
 He seeks the old diviner's tent ;
 But all around his roving eyes
 Were wandering as he went.

He crossed the aged gipsy's hand,
 Anon she plied her magic art,
 Spying the future's shadowy land,
 And mapping out life's chart.

Lord James heard all as one entranced,
To him her words no import bore ;
A form before his vision danced—
The form of Ellinor.

"Thy heart is false," the gipsy said ;
"Thy passions, restless, ever rove ;
Oh ! woe unto the hapless maid
Who gives to thee her love.

"Away ! Lord James, thy heart is black,
And black the fate for thee in store ;"
He turned, nor heard the words she spake—
He thought of Ellinor.

All through the gipsy camp he walked,
Intent to see the beauteous maid.
He saw her not ; then homeward stalked
Through the rich forest glade.

But as he neared the castle gate
A maiden stood his path before,
And by her beauty, wild and strange,
He knew 'twas Ellinor.

Alas ! for lovely Ellinor,
How strong a thing man's passion is :
Whene'er Lord James beheld her face,
He vowed she would be his.

And he whose lust no bridle knows
Will aught to gain a maiden dare ,
It only makes her fall more sure,
The more that she is fair

Oh ! why are men's unholy vows
So often kept, remembered long ?
Oh ! why so slow at doing good—
So ready to do wrong ?

With subtle and insidious art,
Ere many months had yet passed o'er,
Lord James had won the trusting heart
Of artless Ellinor.

She thought him chivalrous and good,
Noble in purpose as in name,
And met with her heart's purest love
His vile, unhallowed flame.

They met within the dark pine wood
 Oft in the glorious summer night,
 And wantoned in the ecstasy
 Of lawless love's delight.

And soon the old, old tale was told,
 How woman's love and trust are spurned,
 And how the love of heartless man
 To cold neglect is turned.

PART III.

'Twas a wild and windy autumn night—
 Dark clouds went hurrying by
 And aye and anon the bright moon shone
 From a clear spot in the sky—

When Lord James and the maid he had scorned and
 betrayed
 To their final trysting came
 In the dark pine wood, that so sombre stood
 By the Calder's murmuring stream.

But Calder murmured not that night
 Its sweet and soothing song,
 But fierce and loud, 'neath the driving cloud,
 Its brown waves sped along.

No time is there for dallying words
 When the heart is sick and sore
 With a doubt and fear, like that which pressed
 On the gentle Ellinor.

No time for courtly phrase or speech
 When a purpose vile inflames
 The breast, like that which festered in
 The heart of the bad Lord James.

"Oh! make me thy bride," the maiden said,
 "And thou shalt be Gipsy King;
 The people all shall obey thy call,
 And wealth to thee shall bring.

"And thou and I, 'neath the woods and sky,
 A happy life shall spend;
 Our hearts will be light from morn till night,
 And we'll love till our lives shall end!"

But the young Lord James he turned away,
And scornfully laughed he,
And said he would marry no gipsy maid,
Though fairer far than she.

Oh ! sad was he heart of Ellinor,
And her face was clouded with pain,
But love for her unborn child gave strength,
And she spake to him again.

She told of the treasures of silver and gold
That long concealed had lain
'Neath the mouldering walls of deserted halls
In the sunny land of Spain ;

And all the Alhambra's hidden wealth,
And treasures great beside,
She'd on him bestow, if he kept his vow,
And owned her as his bride ;

And if he would not be the Gipsy King,
And roam the wild woods free,
Then for his sweet sake she'd the life forsake,
And happy would they be.

But again Lord James he turned away,
And scornfully he said
That not for all the wealth of the Ind
Would he marry a gipsy maid ;

For what would all his noble kin,
And what would his father say,
If one of her race he dared to place
Among lords and ladies gay ?

" Then if not for wealth, and not for power,
Nor yet for love of me,
Thou wilt make me thy bride, then woe betide,
For heavy thy doom shall be.

" The gipsies' wrath shall dog thy path
Till on thee their vengeance falls,
And, false Lord James, the burning flames
Shall lay low thy castle walls.

" The gipsies' knife shall reach thy heart—
A nameless grave shall be thine ;
If thou provest untrue, thou'lt sorely rue
That thou didst not be mine."

But louder laughed the young Lord James,
And again he spoke in scorn—
He was not afraid of a gipsy maid,
Nor of all the gipsies born !

He taunted her with her beggar's blood,
And he called her a shameful name ;
Then Ellinor towered proudly up,
And her eyes flashed living flame.

In tones of wrath she shrieked aloud—
" Then, base deceiver, die !"
And seen by the moonbeam's fitful light,
A dagger gleamed on high.

Lord James's coward blood was stirred
To save his worthless life ;
He struck her down with a cruel blow,
And he seized the fatal knife.

Oh ! shriek, thou storm-wind ; shriek aloud
At the wild and awful deed ;
Oh ! hurrying moon, thy pale face hide,
Nor see the maiden bleed.

Her blood has dyed the withered sod,
She lies all deathly still ;
Her heart so fond has ceased to beat,
Her bosom is cold and chill.

Oh ! death is sweet to the young and pure,
Ay, 'twere sweeter than life to him
Who stands and looks on the maiden slain,
And trembles in every limb.

For his heart is faint with a sickly fear
That tortures more than death,
Though he feels no pang for his awful deed,
Nor calls back the fledged breath.

He has cast one look - one fearful look -
At the form of the fair young dead,
Then dashed to earth the blood-stained knife,
And in trembling terror fled.

PART IV.

A lurid gleam lights up the sky
By Palacecraig's ancestral halls ;
The hungry flames leap up on high,
Enveloping the massy walls.

The loud alarum bell is rung,
Wide sound its iron notes of fear ;
The tidings fly from tongue to tongue,
And crowds of helpers hurry near.

'Tis scarcely dawn, and still the wind
Howls loud and deep ; and in the sky
The startled moon half hides behind
The black clouds that go hurrying by.

The forkéd flames are fiercely fanned
By every wild succeeding blast ;
In vain from willing hand to hand
Are fresh supplies of water passed.

Vain all the work of willing hands—
In vain are death and danger braved ;
A blackened wreck the palace stands,
But lord and dame and all are saved.

The household all are safe and sound,
And none have perished in the flames.
None ? Wherefore, then, is one not found ?
For who has seen the young Lord James ?

From lip to lip the question flies ;
When, coming through the wood below,
A peasant brings, in sad surprise,
Sore tidings of a deeper woe.

From a low haugh far down the vale
Had the swoll'n waters sunk away
And there, all cold and ghastly pale,
The young Lord James's body lay.

With horror deep, the concourse heard
The fatal news ; in awe-struck tones
They blamed the rapid, treacherous ford,
The flooded stream, and slippery stones.

Some whispered that he was not drowned,
And those who brought the corpse confessed
That blood-stains on his dress they found—
A dagger-wound upon his breast.

And others said, with bated breath,
'Twas strange that on that awful day
Of ruin and mysterious death
The gipsy camp had moved away.

But Scandal's busy tongue was still—
 It must not play with noble names ;
 In the lone churchyard on the hill
 They sadly laid the young Lord James.

Left homeless, childless, and alone,
 Soon slept his parents by his side ;
 The glory of their house is gone,
 Their very name with them has died !

* * *

Long years have passed since that wild morn
 That saw the palace sink in flames ;
 Three generations have been born
 Since strangely perished young Lord James.

The genii of the mine and forge
 Have ravaged all that lovely vale ;
 Gaunt structures stretch across the gorge,
 Huge chimneys poison-blasts exhale.

But still upon yon frowning rock
 The black-burned walls their ruins lift,
 Mute witness, amid change and shock,
 To gipsy vengeance, sure as swift.

Still sweetly flows the Calder stream
 Through that once fair, secluded dell,
 And in some nooks you still may dream,
 And feel the old romantic spell.

To-day, as through the pines I strayed,
 With mind engrossed, and book in hand,
 I found within a sheltered glade,
 In rustic camp, a gipsy band.

Fence I from the wild grass growing round,
 And tended with a loving care,
 I marked a little plot of ground
 Where cowslips bloomed and daisies fair.

I asked a swart youth standing by
 Why this one spot was treasured more ;
 " It is," he answered with a sigh,
 " The grave of lovely Ellinor !"

LOVELY GABRIELLE.

(FROM THE FRENCH OF KING HENRY IV.)

Fair mistress of my heart,
Fame calls me to the wars ;
Pierced by Love's fatal dart,
I join the train of Mars.
Sad day ! Cruel parting !
My lot I deplore :
Oh, may I live no longer,
Or love never more !

Love, like a captain brave,
Has my allegiance won,
And where his banners wave
Thy beauty calls me on.
Sad day ! Cruel parting !
My lot I deplore :
Oh, may I live no longer,
Or love never more !

If thy name, fair Gabrielle,
My standard only bore,
My fame and fear should dwell
On Spain's most distant shore !
Sad day ! Cruel parting !
My lot I deplore :
Oh, may I live no longer,
Or love never more !

Of my valour's guerdon thine
Is evermore the better part :
If Conquest's crown be mine,
Thou the crown hast of my heart.
Sad day ! Cruel parting !
My lot I deplore :
Too short is our life here
For love's richest store !

Alas ! thou fairest star,
From thy light I must fly :
Shall I come back from afar,
Or afar shall I die ?
Sad day ! Cruel parting !
My lot I deplore ;
Too short is our life here
For love's richest store !

The warlike drums are beat,
 The fifes and trumpets blown ;
 But the echoes still repeat
 These mournful words alone :
 Sad day ! cruel parting !
 My lot I deplore ;
 Too short is our life here
 For love's richest store !

1876.

THE MAIDENS DANCED BEFORE THE KING.

A WINTER IDYLL.

Midwinter : all around is drear,
 And by my study fire I sit
 Watching the flickering shadows flit
 In uncouth shapes of sport and fear.
 The book I read—an Eastern tale—
 Abruptly on the couch I fling,
 For in mine ears the words will ring—
 " The maidens danced before the King !"
 These words I read a moment past
 Impel me onward, as the blast
 Through fairy seas may waft a sail !

" The maidens danced before the King !"
 What rushing visions to my mind
 These words so few and simple bring ;
 Sweet visions of delight and love ;
 I rest within a woodland grove
 Upon a breezy day in spring,
 And near me, as I lie reclined,
 Four girls, with footsteps light as wind,
 Before me leap and laugh and sing !
 Four girls of summers scarce thirteen,
 Their natures innocent and free,
 How did they trip in artless glee,
 And sing a snatch of song between !

 Their feet keep time to the skipping rope,
 Like Expectation following Hope ;
 Their merry laughter rings between
 Like sounds from the land where no care hath been,
 Anon one flees with maiden grace,
 With fairy footfalls the others chase ;
 Again their voices join to sing,
 Till the echoing woods with music ring.

And, on the ground, half tranced, half-dazed,
I lay, and on the quartette gazed,
Half thinking that the nymph-like maids
Were fairies of enchanted glades.
The strange, new rapture in my blood—
The balmy air—the bright green wood—
The carolling birds—the azure sky—
All made me doubt if I were I!

I was a wild and moody man,
Of passionate and reainless will—
My conscience scarred with deeds of ill;
And those sweet girls, so pure and free,
Not e'en in thought mistrusting me,
Before me in their gambols ran.
I, like the Israelitish king,
When the shepherd-boy sweet music made
From the harmonious, vibrant string,
Felt softened as the maidens played.
The spot became a charmed spot—
Again I was in thought a boy.
I felt a lazy, dreamy joy—
All but the present was forgot.

But thoughts are weak and words are vain
To paint this pleasure without a pain.
I thought that my heart had long grown cold,
But it beat as warily as of old;
The passions of my mind were still:
Ambition's restless rage no more
Disturbed; my envy all was o'er;
Curbed was my wonted curbless will,
To-morrow's care was charmed away.
Forgot were the griefs of yesterday.
I felt that my heart was flesh and blood,
With a pulse that beat in it through and through.
I felt as with new life imbued,
And the old was not half so good as the new

The vision passed the maidens fled
Far up the winding avenues;
But still I heard their merry tread,
And merrier laughter, floating back.
And there I lay, and could not choose
But follow with my thoughts the track
Of that bright influence, whose power
Had stol'n for me a happier hour
Of respite from my own dark thought—
Of balm unto my restless soul—
Than e'er the giddy round had brought
Of revel, mirth, and flowing bowl!

Through many a mood, in many a year,
 'Mid varied scenes and wild, rough men,
 My chequered course has run since then ;
 But still I feel that influence near
 This night, as by my fire I sit,
 And watch the flickering shadows flit
 In uncouth shapes of sport and fear.
 I hear those gladsome voices ring,
 As on that breezy day in Spring,
 When, chasing far my evil sprites,
 And waking me to fresh delights,
 " The maidens danced before the King !"

L'ENVOI.

O ! Woman, fair woman, thy power is divine ;
 Away with Mirth, Melody, Friendship and Wine ;
 In woman, dear woman, all pleasures combine !

The ascetic may frown and the prudish may prate
 And call this a weak and lascivious lay.
 To love is more sweet than to mix with the great ;
 To be loved is to bask in a heavenly ray !

O ! dear to me still is that day, when I woke
 From my dreams of ambition and cast off their yoke ;
 When my heart thawed like ice in the beams of the sun ;
 And by woman, dear woman, the conquest was won !
 Great Son of Bathsheba ! Your wisdom was shown
 In the hosts of fair women that flocked round your throne ;
 O ! Mahomet, bright was the heaven you revealed,
 All rich with fair women, whose charms, unconcealed,
 Make the light and the joy of that region above,
 Where all shall be bathed in the sunshine of Love !
 O ! woman, fair woman ! that heaven be mine
 Which is blessed and made glad by thy presence divine !

1874-84.

EPIGRAM.

" WHAT IS TRUTH ?"

Quoth Jack, " Truth lies 'twixt two extremes !"
 " No ; in a well," smart Tom replies.
 " No matter still," says Jack, " it seems,
 Where'er it is, Truth always lies !"

1880.

LOVE, THE INSURGENT.

I serve, as a duteous knight,
Love, the insurgent bold ;
Freedom is his delight,
He will not be controlled ;
He is not caught by craft, he is not bought with gold.

A woman's hand holds mine,
She looks with eyes of blue ;
My thoughts she can divine,
My heart search through and through ;
All that I know she knows, and much that I never knew.

In another's eyes I gaze,
I press her yielding hand ;
I plead, I urge, I praise,
Now eloquent, now bland ;
She cannot read my soul, she cannot understand.

I write each burning thought,
I use most cunning art ;
I spend my toil for nought,
I cannot touch her heart ;
Though she is bright and sweet, she plays a dullard's part.

From her who loves and knows
I snatch away my hand ;
I care not where she goes—
I follow o'er sea and land
The one who does not feel and will not understand.

I would not be enchained,
And loved, and understood—
Pitied, mayhap—and trained
To soft, contented mood ;
I must be conqueror, and she must be subdued.

Like prisoners from their cells,
My thought and will go free ;
My virile soul rebels
At love that comes to me ;
My heart would love compel, where love may never be.

Thus, ever and ever, on
I urge the eternal war ;
I hate the all-searching sun,
I love the glimmering star ;
The empress of my heart is she who is cold and far.

Foolish and vain and weak
 Men call my quest ; but lo !
 They know not what I seek,
 Nor can their tame souls know
 Pursuit holds more delight than calm content can show.

They know not the noble strife
 Of soul with equal soul—
 The rage that outlasts life,
 That mocks at all control,
 And sees from this speck of Time the grand Eternal Goal.

They grovel in fleshly chains,
 Forgetting their high estate ;
 They shrink from heroic pains ;
 But I—I burn, I wait,
 I suffer, I yearn, I strive, till I find a worthy mate.

Hearts are laid at my feet,
 I spurn them and pass by ;
 Love's sun, with fervent heat,
 Makes others glad ; but I—
 I have the sun within, makes cold and darkness fly.

Forth from my soul's lone ark
 I have sent dove after dove ;
 Though waves around be dark,
 And black the skies above,
 My carriers shall return with messages fraught with love.

They who are earthward bent
 May to grosser joys incline ;
 But my heavenly discontent
 Shall have recompense divine,
 When my love with me is blent and her being is lapt in mine,

My soul shall draw from far
 That pure, predestined one ;
 The cold and distant star
 Shall burn and glow as a sun ;
 As gods on a fiery car, round the orbit of love we'll run.

" That shall not end your quest,
 Nor curb Love's rebel will ;
 Yearnings shall heave your breast
 For a star more distant still."
 So speak the coward souls, whom baser pleasures thrill.

So be it! Allied to shame,
Let them in their darkness lie;
A sacred, quenchless flame
Fires me with purpose high—
I follow the rebel lord, Love, who shall never die.
1900.

MARRY OR BURN.

(TRIO AND CHORUS, FROM "POMARE.")

CAPTAIN : How shall I decide?
I've at home a fair bride,
Yet this amorous Princess I fear.
Of course she'd refuse
To accept my excuse—
Two wives is no circumstance here!
It won't help my wife
If I yield up my life
And leave her in sorrow to mourn;
I would rather refrain,
Yet my duty seems plain;—
It is better to marry than burn!

CHORUS : Marry, oh, marry!
Why should you tarry?
Such chances will never return.
Better to wed
Than be roasted instead—
Yes; it's better to marry than burn!

LIEUTENANT : My hopes are all dashed,
For the girls I have mashed
I shall see their sweet faces no more;
It's a very rum go,
For, by Jove, don't you know,
I've never been married before!
To be mashed in a stew
For this cannibal crew—
The idea my stomach will turn;
I'd rather keep free;
But, then, don't you see,
It is better to marry than burn!

CHORUS (as before).

MIDSHIPMAN : It is capital sport
 For a fellow to court
 And flirt with a lass now and then ;
 But alas ! I have learned
 That the tables are turned
 And the maidens run after the men !
 I'll be tender and true,
 Though not cooked in a stew
 Or roasted and done to a turn ;
 Miss the stake—take the miss—
 That's the true road to bliss ;
 It is better to marry than burn !

CHORUS (as before).

ENSEMBLE : How sad is our fix
 With those heathenish tricks
 That they practise on travellers here !
 It won't do to joke
 With these primitive folk
 And their customs so gory and queer !
 We fear we are hooked,
 For our goose will be cooked,
 If this triple alliance we spurn ;
 This alternative, then,
 We must face it like men—
 " Is it better to marry than burn ?"

CHORUS (as before).

1887.

COLONEL WHITMORE'S KNIGHTHOOD.

O, gallant " Sir," we hail the *day*
 That makes of you a *knight*,
 And crowns you with the wreath of bay
 You gained in arduous fight.

These honours, showered on you, express
 Our gratitude's full store ;
 But make your worth not one *whit less*,
 Nor praise you one *Whit more*.

1882.

THE POET'S MISSION.

How oft, upon a sultry day,
 Toiling along a dusty road,
And flagging on my weary way,
My heart with gratitude would sing,
As I knelt and drank at the wayside spring
 That bubbled amid the verdant sod.

How my spirits rose with the sparkling draught !
 How strength returned to my fainting limbs !
How I blessed my God as I deeply quaffed !
How I pitied the tired and thirsty wight
On the desert plain, before whose sight
 A mocking vision of water swims !

Thus, often, when the dust and heat
 Of worldly care oppressed my soul,
I have found relief and solace sweet
By drinking from the Poet's stream,
While the music of the Poet's dream
 Like magic through my being stole !

For poets dot Life's dusty ways
 Like hidden springs and wayside wells,
And to him who sad and lonely strays
Their soft and murmurous music steals ;
He deeply quaffs and quaffing feels
 That virtue in the water dwells.

Though round them the tide of human life
 Is ebbing and flowing to and fro,
They pay no heed to the din and strife,
But flow harmoniously on
With a cadenced sweetness in their tone,
 And a balm for this sad world's every woe.

This, Poet, is your mission, then—
 A well of water by the way ;
A well where the weary sons of men
May turn for a refreshing drink,
And as they kneel by the flowing brink
 May feel their sorrows pass away !

Then, Poets, sing, and wake to mirth
 Life's dusty ways and arid plains ;
Ye bring old Eden once more to earth,
An oasis springs where your feet have trod ;
It tells of the fostering care of God,
 And we bless Him for the Poet's strains.

BOYHOOD.

How sweet were the joys of our boyhood,
How pure was our happiness then ;
How much of untainted enjoyment
We miss when we come to be men !

How true were the hearts of our boyhood—
No trace of hypocrisy there ;
We never with smiles masked our hatred,
Nor dissembled with countenance fair.

How pure was the love of our boyhood,
How innocent, tender and strong ;
It haunts still our memory's chambers,
And we dream of it often and long.

In vain, vanished pleasures of boyhood,
We sigh for ye when ye are gone ;
We see but the face of the present,
And the future comes hurrying on.

We cannot decipher the future,
But we know it can never restore
The bright, happy days of our boyhood—
That are gone to return nevermore !

Though old Time, by inverting his hour-glass,
Made our years run from many to few,
Yet our hearts are not those that our boyhood
Of laughter and innocence knew.

The bare trees may bud and may blossom,
When the rigour of winter has fled ;
But nought can revive in our bosoms
The hearts that are withered and dead.

Yet we feel when we think of our boyhood,
And keep it in memory green,
That our souls are made gladder and freer
By reviewing the joys that have been.

And we hope that we yet may recover
That Eden from which we are barred,
And regain the bright image of boyhood,
Which the world and its wickedness marred.

Ah ! vain hope, and ah ! futile endeavour,
 It never may be as we deem ;
 Yet despise not the thoughts of our boyhood
 As an idle and profitless dream.

For those days brought us visions celestial,
 And music whose echo still rings ;
 And our souls held communion with angels,
 And were fanned by the waft of their wings.

And we yearn with unspeakable yearning,
 While we muse with a settled regret,
 And we feel, though the echoes grow fainter,
 That the music is here with us yet.

Then long may we dream of our boyhood—
 It will cheer us through trial and pain ;
 And sorrow and sighing will vanish
 As we live o'er our boyhood again.

1874.

TO A GENERAL LOVER.

" Woman is wine." Well, Sybarite,
 Agree with me and choose the best—
 One brand, of ruddy hue, or white—
 Whichever stands Digestion's test ;
 Not gourmand's greed, but gourmet's zest,
 Attend each feast, at morn or night ;
 Thus active liver, mind at rest,
 Shall minister to your delight.

" All wine is good," let sots protest
 Who drink till taste is blunted quite
 (So Turks, sense-sated and oppressed,
 Dream of young houris, ever bright) ;
 Not gorged content, but appetite,
 Gives pleasure, so be that your quest ;
 Variety may charm the sight,
 But palates tickled are distressed !

L'ENVOI.

Mix not your drinks ; the wise attest,
 Their sparkles bring the serpent's bite ;
 No harem's lord is truly blest ;
 Woman is wine, my Sybarite !

1901.

PARODY.

THE SONG OF THE SHIP.

With clothes all tattered and worn,
 With nose and cheeks all blue,
 A passenger stood on the vessel's deck,
 O'er which the wild waves flew.
 Pitch! Pitch! Pitch!
 With water filled to the lip!
 This passenger blue, on an iron barque,
 Thus sang the "Song of the Ship."

Pitch! Pitch! Pitch!
 While the morning sun shines bright;
 And pitch! Pitch! Pitch!
 Through all the long dark night.
 It's oh! to be on shore,
 Where alas! I ne'er may be;
 Where never a ship would meet my sight,
 If this is going to sea!

Roll! Roll! Roll!
 When I to bed am gone;
 And roll, till my poor arms
 Are sore with holding on.
 Hat and trousers and boots,
 Boots and trousers and hat,
 Are floating in water across the floor,
 And there isn't much fun in that.

Oh, men who are owners of ships!
 Oh, men with iron barques
 (And with iron hearts) do you send us here
 To be eaten up by the sharks?
 Hiss! Rattle! and Thump!
 These waves play terrible tricks,
 And we'll only get free from the storms of sea
 To be launched on the waves of Styx!

But why should I talk of Styx,
 Or Charon, the boatman grim?
 With the famine fare that they serve out here
 I'm a passenger fit for him,—
 A skeleton gaunt and grim!
 Last week I lost a stone;
 There's only one rat on board the ship,
 And it is just skin and bone.

Pitch ! Roll ! Pitch !
Her motion never flags ;
My hat is pulp, and my boots are lead,
And my clothes are rotting rags ;
My table, a rough deal plank ;
A rough deal plank is my seat ;
From dishes of tin, with spoons of iron,
My scanty fare I eat.

Rice and porridge and soup,
Molasses and raisins and rice ;
Such nasty porridge and vile pea soup,
One's palate need not be nice.
Salt beef and salter pork,
Salt pork and salter beef,
Till we sadly wish we were sent to " quod "
To get the fare of a thief.

Starve ! Starve ! Starve !
In the tropics scorching and warm ;
And starve ! Starve ! Starve !
In the biting southern storm.
While eddying in the blast
The albatross flock I see,
And they catch their fish, just to make me wish
That I had a fresh herring for tea.

Oh, but to feel the breath
Of a land-breeze soft and sweet !
Oh, to have a slate roof over my head,
And a pavement under my feet !
For only one short hour
To feed as I used to feed
Ere I left the strand of my native land,
Or knew the pangs of Need !

Oh, but for one brief hour,
Though short, it would still be sweet ;
No time would I crave, a " tippie " to have,
But only time to eat !
A boarding-house meal would make me feel
As happy as kings can be ;
But my heart will sink if I longer think
On the joys I never may see.

With clothes all battered and torn,
With purple nose and lip,
A passenger stood on a barque's fore-deck,
And sang the " Song of the Ship ! "

Dash ! Dash ! Dash !
 Her decks are filled to the lip ;
 The passenger stamped—I'm afraid he swore
 Such oaths as he never had learned on shore,
 As he sang the " Song of the Ship !"

1881.

CHRISTMAS CARDS.

ANTIPODES.

Christmas in the Old Land,
 'Mid the frost and snow ;
 Christmas in the New Land
 Where the roses blow.

Our affections range not,
 Wheresoe'er we go ;
 Hearts with climate change not,
 Still with love they glow.

HEART-UNION.

Old Father Christmas joins our hands—
 We dwelling in these summer lands,
 You in that wintry clime ;
 May hearts as well as hands unite,
 And whether skies be dull or bright
 Be glad at Christmas time !

MAORI TO PAKEHA.

Dusky daughters of the blue Pacific,
 Glad and joyous as their summer clime,
 Pray " May never thought or word malific
 Mar your joy, this happy Christmas time !
 While in lands of Shamrock, Rose and Thistle,
 Cheerful greetings pass from mouth to mouth,
 Music mingles with the North wind's whistle,
 Fragrant breathings from the Sunny South !"

THE CHRISTMAS MESSAGE.

Summer in the South Land ;
 Winter in the North ;
 Still old Father Christmas
 Smilingly comes forth.

Still the grand old message --
 Theme for poet's pen --
 Sounds from heaven's portals,
 "Peace, good-will to men!"

FATHER CHRISTMAS AND THE GOOSE.

Said Father Christmas to the Goose—
 "Come tell me if you can, sir,
 If I say *Bo*, would you refuse
 To give to me an answer?"

To Father Christmas said the Goose—
 "You're quite a funny old man, sir;
 I know you'd like to cook my goose,
 But your Latin joke is here no use,
 For I'm not that kind of *anser*!"

1887.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN AUCKLAND.

TUNE—"THE GROVES OF BLARNEY."

Och! the cilibrashun, and the dimonsthrashun,
 And the jollificashun, so free and gay,
 I will always remimber, be I lame or limber,
 Though I'm spared to live till me dying day!
 How, the weather scorning, last Friday morning,
 Myself adorning in me best array,
 I broke taytotal, and filled me bottle,
 To help me to hould St. Patrick's day!

All care forgetting, our shamrocks wetting,
 At the hour of midnight we hailed the morn!
 Then a few hours' dhraming, and the sun was sthram-
 ing,
 And the Spanish rooster was blowing his horn;
 Then the bells a-tollin, roused each bhoy and colleen,
 And sint them a-rollin' along the way,
 Where, in hurry and fluster, they all did musther
 In St. Patrick's church, on St. Patrick's day.

Thin Father Walter, from the holy altar,
 Without pause or falter, told in illigant stoyle,
 How the saint of Erin, wid his noble bearin'
 Dhruv all the varmin from our own Green Oisle !
 How aich lofty steeple tells all the people
 That St. Patrick taught them how to live and pray ;
 And in words of beauty he impressed the duty
 Of always obsarvin' St Pathrick's Day !

But our thoughts went strayin' to the brass band
 playin'
 Our counthry's music so wild and free ?
 And out from the sarmin we all go swarmin'
 To hear the Hobson and Number Three !
 It was really refreshin' to see the processhin'
 From Mither Dignan's set out on its way ;
 The beauteous childher would your eyes bewildher
 In their pure white muslin on St. Pathrick's Day.

How the sunlight flashes on the bright green sashes,
 How the music clashes of "The Minstrel Boy !"
 Wid banners wavin' and bosoms havin'
 In expectashun of bliss and joy.
 Shure it was most glorious, likewise uproarious,
 And the band's full chorious did loudly play,
 As we marched through the city, so proud and pretty,
 Till we reached the Domain on St. Pathrick's Day !

And there the scenery and the verdant screenery
 Was just as scrumpshus as ever was seen ;
 For the sod before us and the big trees o'er us
 And the favours we wore were all bright and green !
 There the hobby-horses ran round the courses,
 And the juvenile forces enjoyed their play ;
 And Mither Jinnings gave the lads an innings
 With a prize for running on St. Pathrick's Day !

'Mid music ringin' the girls were swingin'
 Like wild birds wingin' among the trees ;
 And some were singin' and kiss-in-the-ringin'
 Or out of the ring, or wherever you please !
 It was all harmonious, also euphonious,
 Likewise melodious, bright and gay !
 How they ran and sported, and kissed and courted,
 So brave and undaunted on St. Pathrick's Day !

But meself and Biddy, and Pat Murphy's widdy,
 And her daughter Liddy, and Tim Malone,
 Wid a bottle of whisky, and a box of bisky,
 Were soon quite frisky, in a grove alone.

The hours passed swately and most completely,
Till the whole of us nately did homeward stray,
And wint to the dancin' wid bright eyes glancin'
In the Choral Hall on St. Pathrick's Day.

Och, botherashun! my imaginashun
Can't give the narrashun of what was there—
How they jigged and whurled, 'mid flags unfurled,
For all the wurruld like Limerick Fair!
'Twould bate Julius Cæsar, or Nebuchadnezzar,
Or Tom Moore aither to sing that lay;
But were I a Poet, I'd let yez know it
By singing the praises of St. Pathrick's Day!

1883.

WATER; OR THE TEETOTALLER AT SEA.

I once was enamoured of water—
Water, cool, sparkling and bright;
To my wife, to my son, to my daughter,
I praised it by day and by night.

I employed in thus sounding its praises
The finest assortment of words
And the choicest collection of phrases
Our copious language affords.

In streets and in highways I shouted—
I raved till all others were dumb;
For hours, like a pump, I have "spouted"
While nothing but "water" would come!

But while I thus raved about water
Crying "water, pure water for me!"
Neither I nor my wife, son or daughter
Had ever yet sailed on the sea.

But now we have sailed on the ocean—
Been months out of sight of the land,
Where there's plenty of water in motion—
Bright, sparkling, majestic and grand.

And all who have e'er made pretences
To praising cold water, like me,
If they wish to return to their senses,
I advise them to go to the sea!

Where there's water to shoreward and seaward—
Water behind and before —
Water to windward and leeward—
Water—pure water—galore !

Water, that's dashing and jumping
Over the gunwale and deck :
Water that keeps the crew pumping
To save us from going to wreck !

Water through doorways and hatches—
Water within and without ;
Damping your boots and your matches—
Keeping you baling it out.

Water, whose motion brings suppers
And breakfasts all up from within :
Water that into the "scuppers"
Washes you, drenched to the skin.

Till fresh from the tempests of Biscay,
When each stitch of your clothing is wet,
You will call for a tumbler of whisky
To make you your troubles forget ;

Till, under a sky that is torrid,
And out on a wide briny sea,
The mere name of "water" is horrid
And will make you as mad as can be.

For the water they give you for drinking
Is the vilest that mortal e'er drank,
With a smell as of fish that are stinking
And red with the rust from the tank !

And you rush to the first thing that's handy
To drown its most villainous taste,
And in whisky, in rum, or in brandy,
The tetotalter's trust now is placed.

And you vow, with an oath ten times stronger
Than any abstainer's can be,
That you'll praise sparkling water no longer,
Nor dwell on the virtues of tea.

"The accurséd thing" now seems a blessing,
As it ought to have seemed long ago ;
And you never are tired of caressing
(In true Christian fashion) your foe !

I, for one, am quite done with "cold water"
Since ever I've been to the sea ;
And my wife, and my son, and my daughter
All gladly say "Ditto" to me.

1881.

THE SAGA OF SIR JOHN.

THE PARIHAKA RAID.

"Spuds and the Man I sing."

PROEM.

Gone are the Skalds of old, who sang
Of conquering raid and battle clang ;
But still the hero race survives,
And patriotic valour lives.
Ye bards of old, your influence fling
Around me, while I strive to sing
In stirring words and worthy rhyme
The actions of this after-time.
Descend ; your lips and lyres engage
To sing this Bryce and Bunkum age !

I.—SKALD SCOTT SINGS :—

Oh ! brave Johnny Bryce has gone down to the West ;
For quiet, steady trotting his steed was the best ;
And the stout Riot Act was the weapon he bore,
While a thousand gay riflemen marched on before.
Though the foemen were naked, and arms they had none,
His force was well armed and was full five to one ;
Oh, for purpose so noble and manner so nice,
There was never a warrior like brave Johnny Bryce !

He stayed not for brake, and he stopped not for stone,
For the road-making "bobbies" before him had gone ;
So he boldly rode into the Prophet's great hall,
'Mid Te Whiti, and Tohu, and Tito and all.
They looked up to scowl as he looked down to read,
But he would not descend from his peaceable steed ;
For chokeful of courage and rich in device,
Was the gallant old warrior—brave Johnny Bryce !

II.—SKALD CAMPBELL SINGS:—

Of the West and Johnny Bryce
 Sing the glorious day's renown,
 How the Maoris in a trice
 To submission were brought down,
 And Victoria was established on her throne.
 The bobbies took their stand
 In a bold, determined band,
 And Bryce, in chief command,
 Led them on !

Like black puddings dipped in grease
 Sat the Maoris in a row,
 While their Prophet preached of peace,
 And Kowaru muttered " No,"
 As the bobbies rummaged round for each gun !
 They pinned their prisoners three,
 And Johnny shouted " Gee !
 Let past my steed and me,
 Every one ! "

Thus rough-shod rode the chief,
 Treading on the children's toes :
 And the sounds of woe and grief
 From the Maoris wildly rose,
 And old Tito looked particularly glum ;
 While the Special of the *Star*
 Viewed the conflict from afar,
 And could only cry—" Oh Lor' !
 This is rum ! "

III.—SKALD SOUTHEY SINGS:—

Sir Arthur to New Zealand came
 When his Fiji work was done,
 And he saw a little Maori lad
 A-playing in the sun,
 Who came to ask what he had found,
 That was so small, and smooth, and round.

Sir Arthur took it from the boy,
 Who stood expectant by ;
 The blue-blood loved the dusky race,
 So with a deep-drawn sigh,
 "'Tis some poor Maori spud," said he,
 " That fell in that great victory ! "

" Ah, yes," the little heathen said,
 " My father lived hard by :
 They tore his *whare* to the ground,
 And he was forced to fly ;
 But tell me why they stole our duds,
 And wasted all our corn and spuds ?"

" It was the noble Volunteers
 Came swarming all about ;
 But why they stole your goods and cash,
 I never could make out ;
 But everybody says," quoth he,
 " It was a famous victory !

" They say it was a shocking sight,
 When Bryce's work was done,
 To see full twice ten thousand spuds
 Lie rotting in the sun ;
 But things like that, it seems, must be
 At every famous victory !

" And I must knight the great John Bryce,
 And praise the good John Hall"—
 " Why ! they are hard oppressors both !"
 The Maori boy did bawl.
 " Nay, nay, my little boy," quoth he,
 " It was a famous victory !"

" But was it not a wicked thing
 Our murphies to destroy ?"
 " You really have no right to ask,
 You naughty Maori boy,
 When *Herald*, *Star*, and *Times* agree
 It was a famous victory !"

IV.—SKALD MACAULAY SINGS :—

Now glory to the gallant " Force " from whom all victories
 are,
 And glory to the gallant Bryce, who waged this frightful
 war ;
 Now let there be the merry sound of bells' melodious chime,
 And puffs in all the servile Press throughout New Zealand's
 clime !
 He stoops to conquer, lowly kneels, and rises in a trice,
 And after Arthur's accolade, he stands as " SIR JOHN
 BRYCE !"
 " BARON BRYCE of Parihaka !" Thus are honours shower'd
 upon
 The head of our most worthy son—bold Wanganui John !

Ho ! Squatters of Victoria, and likewise New South Wales !
 Of bold O'Shannassy and Parkes the fleeting lustre pales ;
 New Zealand hath a braver knight than any ye can show,
 Or the Spanish wight whose windmill fight was famous long ago !

Shout, all ye merry maidens, and strew the flowery buds,
 In honour of the hero of the " Battle of the Spuds !"
 Since the " Battle of the Herrings " was by doughty Falstaff
 won,

The noblest name on the scroll of fame is Wanganui John !

L'ENVOI.

The latest bard has closed his lay,
 The last soft note has died away ;
 The new-made Knight now stands alone,
 An open scroll he looks upon,
 Whereon is traced, in fair device,
 The arms of the great house of Bryce.
 These are the symbols in the shield :—
 A *poaka* in a " murphy " field—
 A prison key—a " special " gag—
 The cross-bones on a coal-black flag :—
 And underneath this motto nice—
 " *Je Brise !*"—(He thinks it means " John Bryce.")
 Here leave the hero of our story
 Alone with his great weight of glory :
 There to mature a deep intent
 To get the present Parliament
 To chew the legislative cud,
 And found an Order of the Spud !

1882.

TO A LOVELY GIRL.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF LESSING.)

Kiss me, little maiden, kiss ;
 Say, are you ashamed of this ?
 Kisses give and kisses take,
 Let no prudish thoughts awake ;
 Kiss a hundred times and more ;
 Kiss me still and count them o'er.
 Lend me kisses now, I pray thee ;
 Ten years hence I will repay thee
 Tenfold, when thy ripened beauty
 Will enhance the pleasing duty.

1876.

A SPIRITUALISTIC SEANCE.

An incredible story I'll tell to you ;
 But I solemnly swear it's all quite true,
 In case you think I'm hnmbuggin' ye !
 'Tis of seven intelligent, decent chaps,
 Who expected to hear " a succession of raps "
 From a table of solid mahogany !

We had heard of " spirits " that come to earth,
 And indulge in tricks to provoke our mirth,
 And relieve this cold world's tedium ;
 But we thought it strange that those beings with wings
 Should descend to talk about mundane things
 Through a *wooden-headed* medium !

We mystic seven had heard, of course,
 Of magnetic power and of Odic Force,
 And were learned in each " ism " and " ology ; "
 And, in reckless mood, not a *rap* we'd have cared
 Though spirits in hosts *from below* had appeared
 Without a word of apology !

So down we sat, and our hands we spread
 Out flat on the table's wooden head,
 As if saying a *Benedicite* ;
 And we hoped soon to hear an audible thump,
 Or to see the ponderous table jump,
 As if moved by electricity !

But our hopes sank low, and our " spirits " fell flat,
 When in vain for an hour and a-half we sat
 Awaiting the " manifestations ; "
 And soon we began to vent our spleen
 On the one who said he a table had seen
 Indulging in peregrinations !

As stiff as a mule did our table stand —
 It refused to rise at the word of command
 In Scotch, French, Latin, or German :
 It moved not though one eased his mind, perplexed,
 In oaths, and another preached from the text —
 " Go up, thou bald head " — a sermon !

So still we remain seven sceptical chaps,
 But who fain would believe that the table raps,
 If some " sweet spirit " would prove it.
 But when table-turning again we plan,
 We'll have at our *seance* a Highlandman,
 And surely " ta Gaelic " will move it !

MARRIED VERSUS SINGLE.

Ah me! the years are speeding quickly,
 And I am growing old and sere,
 As cares and troubles, crowding thickly,
 Increase with each succeeding year
 E'en now I bend beneath their weight,
 As, gazing o'er the Waitemata,
 I think of how I met my fate,
 Twelve years ago at the Regatta.

CHORUS: Hey, the happy Waitemata
 Ho, my fair *inamorata*!
 Oh, the blisses,
 Hugs and kisses,
 At the Auckland grand Regatta!

Bright the silvery waves were glancing,
 Lightly danced our little boat;
 Lightly, too, our hearts were dancing,
 On the buoyant waves afloat.
 There, with heaven's blue vault above—
 None to note my pit-a-pat-ah!
 There I wooed and won my love,
 Out upon the Waitemata.

CHORUS: Hey, my sweet *inamorata*!
 Ho, the slighted grand Regatta!
 Oh, the pleasure,
 Past all measure,
 Out upon the Waitemata.

Yes, I won her. . . . Hence these tears!
 Floating down life's rapid river,
 With the quick succeeding years
 Come fresh arrows to my quiver!
 Now, six pairs of leathery lungs
 Give the wind for endless squalling;
 And to-day six clamorous tongues
 In my troubled ears are bawling—

CHORUS: "Take us down to the Regatta;"
 While e'en my stout *inamorata*
 Is calling too
 "Come, let us view
 The bright and blissful Waitemata."

Still the waters brightly beam,
 Still the sun is brightly shining ;
 But the want of " Love's young dream "
 Leaves me moody and repining.
 Many still are light and gay,
 Youths and maids are " spooning "—sighing
 Savage are my thoughts this day,
 Savagely I still am crying—

CHORUS : Oh, the curséd Waitemata ;
 Blast this blooming blowed Regatta .
 Come with me
 And have some tea,
 Fat and fond *inamorata* !

1882.

CIRCEAN TYPES.

I.—THE STRANGE WOMAN.

Two types of temptress you may chance to meet
 As forth you fare, on pleasure bent, my son.
 An open trafficker in shame is one,
 Who hawks her dubious wares from street to street.
 Oft warm and true, a service not unmeet
 At times she renders, though depraved, undone,
 And lost, men deem her. Scorn her not ; but shun,
 O, shun her, and her kisses rotten-sweet !

Poor waif—not blameless, yet not all to blame !
 Think ; for a paltry coin she sells herself—
 Her body and soul ; the simulated breath
 Of love ; her woman's crown, her honest fame !
 Pity the slave of Passion or of Pelf ;
 But seek her not—her ways go down to Death

II.—THE FAMILIAR.

No soiled dove, self-sacrificed, is she,
 The second Temptress with the Judas-kiss .
 But of the baleful serpent tribe, whose hiss
 Is heard not, till the victim, no more free,
 Is held by strong hypnotic witchery.
 A flirt—a harlot of the mind—is this,
 Who deals in base, dishonoured bills of bliss,
 Yet robs her dupes of more than harlot's fee.

O, doubly, trebly shun her ! Lewd and vile !
 At heart is she, though free from outward fault—
 A Circe, without Circe's saving salt
 Of healthy lust. The lover whom her smile
 Enslaves, embrates and hardens, never more
 Tastes peace, or joy, or love's delicious store.

1895,

THE AUCKLAND FIRE BRIGADE.

List to the wild alarum bells—
 Hark how their jangled music swells !
 Their notes of warning and affright
 Ring harshly through the startled night.
 The sick man starts from troubled sleep,
 The son of toil from slumber deep,
 And deep fear fills each mother's breast
 As she hastes to where her children rest.

What mean those wild, discordant sounds ?
 Too well, alas ! in our city's bounds
 Are known those brazen notes of fear,
 As they fall on the startled sleeper's ear.
 There's a lurid glare in the midnight sky,
 And a fiery column is towering high,
 And a dense black smoke in the troubled air,
 All tell that the Demon of Fire is there !

So the bells are clashing and clanging amain,
 And " Fire ! Oh, Fire ! " is their loud refrain ;
 And each one knows, as he hears their cry,
 That somewhere, now, little children lie
 Dreaming of safety, in slumber sound,
 While the Fire-Fiend surely is stealing round,
 Circling their cot with his poison-breath,
 Seeking to 'whelm them in fiery death.

Oh God ! that heart is hard indeed
 That would not at such a prospect bleed ;
 Yet many will feel no pang of pain,
 But turn them over to sleep again,
 Nor stop to think on what others endure,
 When they know their own little fold secure.
 They thank their Maker for mercies given,
 But care not how other hearts are riven.

But yet their are manly hearts and brave,
Willing to help and eager to save ;
And a score such men, at the first alarm,
Have sprung from their beds so snug and warm,
They have rushed along through the silent street
This fierce invading foe to meet ;
For a gallant, chivalrous band are they,
Who have sworn to crush the Fire-Fiend's sway.

But they find him roaring and raging amain,
While the sparks are falling as thick as rain ;
And each at once to his duty flies—
Here one the glittering hatchet plies ;
There others the jets of water guide :
While some are fighting their way inside,
Or planting the ladder against the wall
In their daring efforts to rescue all.

And now, as the flames are mounting higher
Of this roaring, crackling Moloch fire,
The mother is crying, in accents wild,
" Oh, who will rescue my darling child ?"
For a moment is seen, in the lurid glare,
The fireman mounting the burning stair ;
And danger and death he has safely braved,
And the mother's sweet little pet is saved.

Oh, surely theirs is a nobler strife
Than the soldier's seeking his brother's life.
And a purer-lustred fame is theirs
Than the laurel-wreath which the poet wears.
For their hearts have the priceless guerdon won
Of the joy that flows from a good deed done ;
And blessing and thanks are the fireman's meed.
From those whom he helped in their hour of need.

All honour and fame to the daring band
Who thus in the post of danger stand,—
Who bravely risk their limbs and lives
To save our dear little babes and wives ;
All praise to the AUCKLAND FIRE BRIGADE.
Their name and their fame shall never fade,
As long as with pity a heart shall bleed
Or glow with pride o'er a noble deed.

Then, ye at night who hear the bells,
Whose jangled music harshly swells,
If safety unto you is given,
Oh, breathe a fervent prayer to Heaven

That He will, by His outstretched arm,
 Preserve His creatures safe from harm ;
 And bless Him for that noble aid—
 The gallant AUCKLAND FIRE BRIGADE.

1882.

SONNET.

THE LOST TRIBE.

Not always do they perish by the sword
 Who by the sword have lived. A harder fate,
 A direr doom, an end more desolate
 Befel the remnant of one warlike horde !
 Ngatimamoe ! From your Chiefs a word
 Was wont to summon all the woes that wait
 On warfare—plunder, slaughter, lust and hate ;
 You then were feared ; your name is now abhorr'd !

Driven to the wild, inhospitable West,
 The strong tribe dwindled ; mother, sire and son
 Fought Cold and Famine—foes that ne'er relented.
 The last child starved at the last mother's breast,
 The last stern warrior laid him down alone,
 Unsepulchred, unhonoured, unlamented !

1896

SONNET.

DISILLUSION.

When I reflect, in philosophic mood,
 On days when Love was monarch, sole and single,
 Amazement and amusement in me mingle—
 I scorn what once I thought my chiefest good.
 When Love's strong toxin coursed within my blood,
 My dear one's touch made nerves and pulses tingle ;
 I sang her praises in melodious jingle ;
 Visions of her swept past, a glorious flood.

Though plain and awkward, to my eye she seemed
 A nymph of peerless beauty, matchless grace ;
 Though coarse and frail, a holy aureole gleamed
 Around her frowsy hair and rough-hewn face ;
 A saint, enchantress, goddess, queen, I deemed
 A girl whose every trait was commonplace.

1895.

THE MIDNIGHT REVIEW.

A LEGEND OF THE FIRST NAPOLEON.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF ZEDLITZ.)

At the midnight hour the drummer
Arises from the dead,
And, beating the drum, he marches
His rounds with stately tread.

With his bony arms like drumsticks
He makes the drumsticks beat
The time to martial music—
"Assemble" and "Retreat."

The drum has a hollow rattle,
And at its eerie sound
The soldiers rise from their slumber
In their graves beneath the ground.

And those from the distant Northland,
Congealed to ice and snow,
And those from Italia's borders.
Where the earth feels fiery glow,

And those by the Nile-mud covered,
And the Arabian sand,
Each from his grave arises
With a musket in his hand.

At the midnight hour the bugler
Springs from the realms of Death,
And to and fro as he rideth
He bloweth with lusty breath.

And at the sound of the bugle
The horsemen rise from their rest --
The old and bloody squadrons
In various armour dressed.

Grimly from 'neath their helmets
Grin skulls all bony and bare ;
By arms long, lank, and fleshless
Are the sabres waved in air !

At the midnight hour, the Commander
Comes from the silent tomb ;
Begirt by his staff, he slowly
Rides through the sombre gloom.

His dress is plain and simple—
 A little hat on his head ;
 And a sword by his side keeps clanking
 In time to his horse's tread.

The yellow flickering moonbeams
 Light up the prospect wide,
 As the man in the little hat now
 Along the lines doth ride.

The troops salute their leader,
 " Present," and " Shoulder arms,"
 And along the ranks the music
 Bursts forth with war's alarms.

The Generals and Marshals
 Stand in a circle near ;
 The Commander softly whispers
 A word in his neighbour's ear.

From lip to lip it travels,
 And the word they speak is " France,"
 And the pass-word, " St Helena,"
 Is given with a furtive glance.

This is the review so ghastly,
 At the midnight hour beheld,
 Which, on the Champs d'Elysée,
 The dead Napoleon held.

1878.

" BOUTS RIMES."

The following lines secured the prize of three guineas offered by the Editor of " One and All," London, for the best filling-in of the rhymes:—
 " Marriage, sold, carriage, gold, flunkey, red, monkey, head."

SUNRISE IN THE TROPICS.

The Sun, like a bridegroom arrayed for his marriage,
 Flings off the dark bondage to which he was sold
 'Neath cruel King Night; and the wheels of his carriage
 Glide over a pavement of bright burning gold.

All men feel his magic, from monarch to flunkey ;
 At his touch stir the forests, the hill-tops blush red ;
 Aloud screams the peacock, and chatters the monkey—
 All Nature rejoices when Sol lifts his head !

1879.

LYRA MUNDI.

"Monday's child is fair of face."—*Old Rhyme.*

Awake, my lyre, a Song of Days,
That I may con the truthful saying—
"A Monday's child is fair of face"—
While high thy witching notes are straying,
And sing the love of Mister Jones,
High swelling, like the tide at Fundy ;
And tell, in soft and dulcet tones,
How he was born upon a Monday !

Well may I call the saying trite
That dowers a Monday's child with beauty,
For Alfred Percy Jones was quite
A child whose worship was a duty.
"His mother's rosebud—father's joy!"—
Parents in this, of course, are stupid ;
But all the ladies loved the boy,
And kissed him as he had been Cupid !

Stern Fate, who mixes pains and joys,
Brought Alfred Jones his compensation,
And he, like other lovely boys,
Would often cause his ma vexation.
He weekly chose to act the fool—
He played all Saturday and Sunday,
Forgot his lessons for the school,
And got a thrashing every Monday.

Our hero grew, as years flew by,
Still taller, handsomer, and nobler ;
Havanas then he loved to try,
Or sip a luscious sherry cobbler.
He took a trip to *la belle France*—
(His birthday there is known as *Lundi*)—
Behold him as he there would prance
Like hero of "*Juventis Mundi*" :—

Eyes shaded each by pensive lash,
As though no vulgar light might enter ;
A Grecian nose ; a straw moustache ;
Hair ditto—parted in the centre.
His well-curved lips were ripe and red,
And seemed to whisper—"Oh, come kiss us!"
He walked the street with mincing tread,
As fair, as vain, too, as Narcissus!

But love of liquor, love of pelf,
 The love of Learning, Art or Science,
 And e'en the engrossing love of self—
 At all, true Love can laugh defiance.
 And so it came that A. P. Jones
 Fell deep in love with Patience Lundy;
 She murmured "Yes" in softest tones,
 And they were married on a Monday!

A frugal, pious-minded wife
 Was Mrs Jones; her chiefest pleasure
 Was how to fill her husband's life
 With happiness in fullest measure.
 As godliness and cleanliness
 Are closely linked, and as the Sunday
 Absorbed the first, she could not miss
 But have her washing day on Monday!

Dear Mrs Jones, one Sabbath night,
 Lay sick, with leech and nurse attending;
 In a far room, by candle light,
 Sat Jones, with hopes and fears thick blending.
 "I am so glad," he said at last,
 "Our first-born's birthday will be Sunday!"
 The clock struck twelve—three minutes passed --
 A squeak—the heir was born on Monday!

So prosperous was their married life,
 So calm their course down Wedlock's river,
 That Alfred Percy Jones and wife
 Had soon twelve arrows in their quiver;
 But all their birthdays were the same—
 (Sage were the winks of Mrs Grundy)—
 The triplets, too—for triplets came—
 Came tripping home upon a Monday!

Thus through his Mundane course he found
 That Fate would brook of no denial;
 "Black Monday" once a week came round,
 And always brought its cross or trial.
 One Monday morn he bowed to fate,
 And paid his share for Eve's transgression;
 Next Monday, through the churchyard gate,
 There slowly swept a black procession.

Oh, think not sadly of the dead;
 He now is free from all his sorrow;
 No dark dreams haunt his Sunday bed,
 Ne'er dawns the fateful Monday morrow!

Read on the costliest of stones,
 His last long resting-place adorning—
 “ *Hic jacet* Alfred Percy Jones ;
Sic transit gloria Mundi morning !”

1879-83.

BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

Autumn, with varied store
 Of fruit and yellow grain, once more has come ;
 I hear the music of the groves no more,
 Nor Summer's ceaseless hum.

Far up the autumnal sky,
 Where threatening lour the tempest-laden clouds,
 I see the birds of passage southward fly,
 In compact, dusky crowds.

Here, desolate and dead
 Are groves and fields, of leaves and verdure stripped ;
 And every flower that lifts its tender head
 By biting frost is nipped.

So, leaving this bleak shore,
 The birds to milder regions wing their way,
 Where their sweet songs of rapture they will pour,
 'Neath Summer's gladsome ray.

Though blows the stormy blast,
 Though faintness and despair should seize on each,
 Hope smoothes the way, and cheers them till at last
 A blissful land they reach.

So man's immortal soul,
 When past his flowery youth and manly prime,
 From this cold world flies, bursting all control,
 To more congenial clime.

He leaves to rot behind
 His earthly frame, a lump of senseless clay ;
 And borne on buoyant, hopeful wings, his mind
 Pursues its heavenward way—

Wings its aspiring flight
 To lands of beauty, ruled by Love Divine,
 Where ransomed souls, in God's immortal light,
 Through endless summer shine.

1868.

AMY SHERWIN.

A WELCOME AND FAREWELL.

"Ich singe wie der Vogel singt
Der in den Zweigen wohnet."—GOETHE.

The Singers of God are everywhere,
They warble in sun and shade ;
The "gentle lark" in the upper air,
The robin in wintry branches bare,
The nightingale in the glade ;
Encaged or free, they pipe their lays—
An endless pæan of joy and praise !

Not only in grand cathedral aisles,
Or in sacred cloisters dim,
God's minstrels sing ; but 'mid Pleasure's wiles,
Where Mirth holds court, and where Beauty smiles,
They raise their songs to Him,
And draw men's souls from their earthly strife
To a nobler aim and a higher life !

So thou, dear Austral Queen of Song,
Hast come upon joyous wing ;
Thou hast trilled and carolled, pure and strong,
Thou hast cheered the sick who suffered long,
Thou hast sung that others might sing ;
Thou hast banished the grosser cares of earth,
With thy songs of sorrow, of love, and mirth.

Sweet Singer, welcome as summer's sun,
Our darkness to dispel !
Thou lark and nightingale joined in one,
Who the love of every heart hast won,
Glad welcome, yet sad farewell ;
For ev'n as we watch thee sing and soar
Thou wingest thy flight to a distant shore !

Like a bird of passage, on tireless wing,
Thou fliest far o'er the main ;
But long shall melodious echoes ring
In the hearts of those who heard thee sing,
Till thou return'st again,
With a song to scatter our grief and care ;
The Singers of God are everywhere !

AN APRIL DAY.

At earliest dawning of an April morn,
I wandered 'mid the sprinkling rain, and viewed
A rainbow's arch the western skies adorn,
With many a bright and varied tint imbued,
While, in the Eastern Heaven, with strength renewed,
Bright Phœbus rose, and from his golden locks
(With heavy vapours of the night bedewed)
Shook drops of pearl on fields and bleating flocks,
While bright the sunbeams glanced on waters, woods, and
rocks.

How fair ! (I thought) how lovely ! how serene
All things appear—above, around, below !
How fresh and fragrant is the verdant scene !
How glorious in the Eastern Heaven the glow
Of rosy-tinted clouds ! How bright the bow
Spans all the western skies ! While thus, amazed,
I looked with joy and pleasing wonder, lo !
The bow, dissolving, vanished as I gazed,
As 'twere a picture fair by some rude hand erased.

Now blotted were those bright celestial gleams
That decked the morning sky with colours gay ;
Quenched by the gathering clouds were Phœbus' beams,
Nor through the thick screen shone the feeblest ray ;
Still fell the rain, but not with gentle sway—
The watery vapour with the air was blended ;
The sun in hopeless gloom pursued his way,
Till gentle Night with deeper shade descended,
And closed the dreary day, that ere begun seemed ended !

" Even thus it is !" I inwardly exclaimed—
When home secure within my cheerful room,
I thought upon the glorious dawn that beamed,
Then viewed the day of darkness and of gloom—
" 'Tis thus that sinful joys awhile illumine
The heart of man ; but soon the fitful glow
Is past, and leaves a double weight of doom,
Shutting out Heaven from this world below,
While sets the Sun of Life in dark and hopeless woe !"

SWEET STAR OF PEACE.

(WRITTEN DURING ANGLO-RUSSIAN COMPLICATIONS.)

Sweet Star of Peace, arise !
 Shed o'er the nations thy soft rays intense,
 And shower on earth thy calm beneficence
 From clear and cloudless skies.
 Make warlike portents cease ;
 Bid the rude Russ from violence refrain ;
 Make the bold Briton sheathe the sword again—
 Arise, Sweet Star of Peace,
 And 'neath thy holy angel glance
 May Joy, and Love and Hope advance.

Rise, Star of Peace, and shine ;
 Dispel the lowering clouds that soon might flood
 Earth's smiling landscapes with a rain of blood ;
 Send forth thy beams divine,
 Bidding mankind increase
 In Science, Industry, ennobling Arts—
 Love in their homes, and Commerce in their marts ;
 Arise, sweet Star of Peace !
 Shine till all darkness gross and dense
 Yields to thy gracious influence !

Arise, sweet Star of Peace !
 Pour on each heavy heart thy soothing balm,
 Breathe o'er each restless soul thy blessed calm,
 To all bring glad release.
 Before thee Hatred flies ;
 Envy and Jealousy and Lust and Greed
 Live not where'er thy wingéd arrows speed ;
 Sweet Star of Peace, arise !
 Rule every heart with gentle sway,
 Day-star of Love's eternal day !

Sweet Star of Peace, arise
 And usher in the Golden Age of Love
 And Wisdom, when the serpent and the dove —
 The innocent and wise—
 In peace which nought can mar
 Shall dwell for ever, when the true and good
 Shall form a bright, eternal brotherhood !
 Arise, O glorious Star !
 Beam godlike love from smiling skies,
 Till earth becomes a Paradise !

THE CAT.

A TALE FOR THE MARINES.

Attend, ye gallant sailors, wherever ye may be —
Among the dangers of the shore, or snug upon the sea
While I relate a truthful tale of hateful actions done
In the South Atlantic Ocean in the year of '81.

'Twas in the good ship Albatross, with Captain Henry Jinks
(As fearless as a lion and as watchful as a lynx),
We sailed with eighteen passengers adown the noble Clyde
For Wellington, New Zealand, across the ocean wide.

An aged maiden lady, she sailed among the rest,
For she could not find in Britain the man her soul loved best ;
So she sailed to seek a husband across the stormy sea,
And her favourite cat was with her, as black as black could
be.

'Twas in the sultry Tropics, when faint the breezes blew,
This cat, with thirst and hunger, most piteously would mew,
And she prowled about at midnight, when all had gone to
sleep,
Till those who heard her howling gave curses low, but deep.

Some passengers were heard to swear, by all that they adored,
They would seize her by the sooty tail and pitch her over-
board ;
But the sailors swore as loudly that this thing would not be,
Or they'd fling the fellow overboard who put her in the sea

With a superstitious pleasure they saw the cat on deck,
And as long as they beheld her they feared not storm or
wreck ;
But they said if one should harm her, or take away her life,
The ship would be in danger from stormy tempest's strife.

And though oft the sailors grumbled about their wretched
food—
Not half enough in quantity, the quality not good,
They had still a bit of choicest beef and softest bread to spare
When pussy to the fo'c'sle went, their scanty meal to share.

Thus onward sped the gallant ship, till fifty days were gone,
Until, when drawing near the Cape, one night a gale came on,
And puss was heard till midnight loud mewling as before,
But from that fatal evening poor pussy mew'd no more.

Next morn the maiden lady awoke from troubled sleep,
For she dreamed her sooty favourite was thrown into the deep ;
She wept and wrung her hands, and cried " Oh, pussy, fond
and true ;
You were my only friend on earth, and now I've lost you
too."

Full wrathful were the sailors when puss could not be found ;
They cursed at all the passengers in curses rough and round,
And they swore if they but knew the one who dared to take
her life
They'd pitch him over to the sharks, or rip him with a knife.

And when they saw no longer the cat upon the deck
The sailors spoke in whispers of tempest and of wreck ;
For they all believed sincerely, if puss was in the deep,
She would raise the Powers of Darkness, and the ship to
ruin sweep.

But hark to what I tell you (though strange, it all is true)—
From that night ceased the tempest, the gale no longer blew,
And a steady breeze impelled the ship o'er waves that lightly
curled,
And we sailed right on to Wellington with all our sails
unfurled.

And all the sailors wondered, and shook their heads at that
(For bad luck should always follow the drowning of a cat)—
All but one, named Jacob Bumble, and a sneaking wretch
was he,
Who stole the boy's new oilskins the first week out at sea.

At Wellington the sailors went ashore to spend their " tin,"
And Harry, Jack, and Bumble were drinking at an inn.
And they talked about the voyage and the drowning of 'he
cat,
But Bumble laughed and chuckled, and said " All round my
hat."

Then Harry asked of Bumble to tell them what he meant,
And Bumble, " half-seas-over," was very well content
To " spin a yarn " to please them ; so he laughed and licked
his lips,
And said, " About the cat, boys ; 'twas cook and I and
Chips.

" 'Twas yon tempestuous midnight poor pussy's spirit fled ;
I took a stout belaying-pin and struck her on the head,
And I pitched her carcase in the bunk where cook and Chips
they lay,
And those two skinned and cooked her before the break of
day.

" They cooked her in a pie, boys, with crust so crisp and
sweet,
With carrots at her head, boys, potatoes at her feet :
And before the sun had risen, the cook and I and Chips
Had eaten cat and crust and all, and licked our hungry lips.

" And weren't we quite right, boys ? for she made a dainty
dish—
Far better than a porpoise or a score of flying fish ;
And old Hadfield shouldn't starve us in his [hanged] teetotal
ships,
And we'll sail in such no longer—the cook and me and
Chips."

Jack and Harry swore at Bumble, and left him where he sat,
For they could not bear a rascal who could eat a pussy-cat ;
And Bumble, cook and carpenter were all discharged next
day,
And they went ashore together with their "toggerly" and
pay.

Well, that is all my story ; I have nothing more to state,
Except that these three scoundrels each met a dreadful fate ;
They sailed away to Sydney, where their money soon was
spent,
And as they could not find a ship, from bad to worse they
went.

The wretched Jacob Bumble, he joined the " Kelly gang,"
And was shot down by the bobbies in the town of Barrawang ;
Cook's mouth broke out in blisters, his tongue swelled in a
lump,
Till he died of sheer starvation ; and Chips went off his
"chump."

MORAL.

Now, all ye gallant sailors, wherever ye may be,
Take warning by my story, so truthful and so free.
If your owner fain would starve you, and grudges you a meal,
Eat flying-fish and porpoise, buy, borrow, beg and steal ;
Go even to the "slush-pot," and fill yourselves from that
(Though you'd likely then have scurvy) ; but be sure DON'T
EAT THE CAT.

A TOAST.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF CARL GOTTLIEB HAUPTMAN.)

Three things there are, which wanting, there is no man
 Finds joy or comfort in life's pilgrimage ;
 These are—Good Fellowship and Wit and Woman—
 Beloved by men of every clime and age!

Good Fellowship—the union of our spirits
 With kindred spirits. Life indeed were dark
 If what the solitary sage inherits
 Alone were ours—a fast-expiring spark.

Wit wakes up genius from its slothful slumber,
 Kills cowardice and envy, care and pain ;
 Drives from the soul the sorrows that encumber,
 And brings us pleasure in an endless train.

And lovely Woman. Bitter were life's waters
 Did she not share the weal and woe of earth ;
 Though Eve entailed much folly on her daughters,
 Bright through their weakness shines their matchless worth.

Then, friends (or all of you whose hearts are human),
 Pledge me these three in one long, loud huzza —
 Good Fellowship and Wit and lovely Woman ;
 We love and honour them—hip, hip, hurrah.

1881.

ALEXANDER.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF LESSING.)

To Alexander spake the Seers—
 " Above in yonder shining spheres
 Full many a peopled city lies."
 The mighty conqueror could but weep
 That, there to let his armies sweep,
 There was no bridge across the skies !

And is it true, as spake the Seers ?
 And are there in yon shining spheres
 Such pleasures as our earth supplies—
 Good wine to drink and maids to kiss ?
 Then, brothers, let us weep for this—
 That there's no bridge across the skies !

1876.

TO FATHER CHRISTMAS.

"At ——— on ——— the wife of F. Christmas of twin daughters." (*Announcement in daily papers.*)

Oh, Father Christmas! luckiest *père*,
Among us married mortals;
Your's the best Christmas-box that e'er
Brought bliss to earthly portals!

Missfortunes never singly come,
When men are in a corner;
But you have picked a double "plum,"
And quite eclipsed Jack Horner!

With envious thoughts I do not pause,
Begrudging you your pleasure;
Nor would I beg good Santa Claus
To send me such a treasure!

"A Merry Christmas" you must have,
When two fair maids adore you;
But tell me, how did you behave
When they were placed before you?

Say, did you fixed and wondering stand,
And swear by "Gum" or "Criminy?"
Or did you, with uplifted hand,
Ejaculate—"Oh, Gemini?"

1883.

BARBAROSSA.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF RUCKERT.)

Old Redbeard Fritz, like a statue, sits
In the Castle's donjon keep;
Though ages have fled, he is not dead,
But sunk in charmed sleep.

To the silent gloom of this lower room
The Emperor hath gone —
Still sits he there on an ivory chair
By a table of marble stone

The Empire's might is vanished quite,
 While here he doth remain ;
 But when he breaks his trance and wakes
 Lo ! all shall come again !

Of no flaxen sheen is his beard, I ween,
 Like an ember of fire it shines ;
 It has even grown through the table of stone
 On which his chin reclines.

He nods, and doth seem like one in a dream,
 And, with half-opened eye,
 He beckons to come the page in the room,
 Who always waits hard by.

To the boy he cries, with a drowsy voice,
 "To the walls with all your might,
 And tell to me if the ravens you see
 Still flying round yon height.

"And if round the hill those ravens still
 In eddying circles fly,
 Then must I keep my charmed sleep
 Till a hundred years go by !"

1875.

MY LOVER FROM THE SEA.

(FROM " POMARE.")

Oh, how strong my bosom's yearning
 For my lover, tall and fair ;
 Hope's bright star is ever burning
 Through the midnight of Despair.
 Still a soft voice keeps repeating
 Sweetly, soothingly, to me :
 "Soon, to calm your bosom's beating,
 Comes your lover from the sea !"

Come, my lover, come, my dear one !
 Here I wait and pine for thee ;
 Come and claim thy promised fair one,
 Far off lover on the sea !

Other suitors woo my glances—
 Wealth and power are at my call ;
 Round my pathway Pleasure dances,
 But I sigh amid it all.

Sadness broods my spirit over,
From my eyes the tear-drops start,
All for thee, my absent lover,
Constant Pole Star of my heart !

O, my lover, hear my pleading ;
Come my darling, come to me ;
Come and heal my bosom bleeding,
Far-off lover on the sea !

1886.

AFTER THE TENTH ODE OF ANACREON.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF LESSING)

Why heed I Mahomet's decrees,
Or Sultan's choicest pleasures ?
What is the Persian Shah to me,
With all his vaunted treasures ?

What care I for their victories won,
Or all their war devices,
If but my darling beard I can
Anoint with odorous spices ?

If I can but with roses sweet,
Enwreath my locks anointed,
Which should a maid purloin, a kiss
Shall be the fine appointed !

I care but for to-day. The fool
In future care finds sorrow ;
To-day is ours ; but who can see
The dark, uncertain morrow ?

Why should I, in my earthly course,
Let future ills annoy me ?—
With careless mind, the sweets of Love
And Wine shall still employ me !

For sudden comes the Tyrant Death,
And grimly calls — " Come hither !
Thou now must drink and kiss no more,
Drink out ! Kiss out ! Come hither ! "

1876.

THE SOLDIER.

It is usual and proper and genuinely British to despise the
 Soldier in times of Peace ;
 To refuse him drinks at so-called public-houses, to turn on
 him the stalwart " chucker-out " at the theatres ;
 To ridicule him as the " peeler's " rival in the affections of
 the nursemaid or cook,
 And generally to view him as an absurd ornament or an
 inevitable nuisance.
Helas ! Pauvre Soldat !

It is also correct and loyal and truly English to praise the
 Soldier in time of War ;
 To acclaim him the Saviour of his country, the Hero, the
 Christian martyr ;
 For royalties, magnates and clergy to sing his virtues aloud ;
 For women to beslaver him in public and weary him with
 their amours.
 Bully boy, Tommy Atkins !

In all this the British Public is indubitably right. When is
 the British Public wrong ?
 The man who dares impugn the wisdom of that leonine brute
 is a fool from Foolville,
 And that is not my present designation and address.
 Hurrah for the British Public !

Yet it is verily my intention to bless the Soldier in Peace
 and damn the Soldier in War ;
 And that not from any disesteem of the Soldier, whom I love
 as a man and a brother,
 But solely because I hold Peace to be man's God-ordained
 condition,
 And regard War as horrible, hateful, hellish,
 The Sum of all Sin, the Wrong of Wrongs, the greatest Crime
 against Democracy,
 The foe of Freedom, Virtue, and Truth,
 The wrecker of Arts, Letters, Civilisation and Religion.
 War, in short, is the Devil !

What is the Soldier in Peace ? A citizen (barring excep-
 tions) cleanly and continent, quiet and unassuming,
 Obtruding only his gaudy uniform, his cane, and his imbecile
 swagger.
 He gives grace to public spectacles and point to diplomatic
 despatches ;
 He is courteous to men and kindly to women ; dutiful,
 disciplined, neat ;

He is the great Unemployed, an economic necessity, under
existing conditions,
A consumer and non-producer, without whom work would be
scarcer and wages lower.
As lover and husband, as son and father, he is faithful in
strict moderation
(A true British quality this, for which we must ever esteem
him),
And by no means so "absent-minded" as certain chartered
libellers have asserted ;
The Soldier in Peace must be admired, or at least tolerated.
Votre Santè, peaceful Soldier !

True, in some darkened realms, the Soldier is Tyranny's
ally,
The upholder of Force, Injustice and cruel Oppression ;
The panderer to Kings, the foe of the People ;
So that the masses are happier in times of foreign war than
during domestic peace,
But this was never in England—England, where men are
men,
And Kings and Courts and Armies are kept as popular toys.

In another and freer country than ours, the Soldier in Peace
is the friend
And sworn defender of Wealth—arrogant, boweless
Wealth—
At whose bidding the Soldier is ready to shoot down father
or brother
Who asks for a living wage or a decent respite from labour.
Such soldiers were better employed, methinks, as foreign
filibusters,
Forcing the blessings of Freedom on Filipinos and Cubans.
Viva, Americanos !

What is the Soldier in War ? A licensed Butcher of men,
A Cain, not branded and banished, but petted, flattered,
rewarded ;
A Robber, a Raider, a Liar, a Spy, and a lurking Assassin ;
A complete Lexicon of foul and blasphemous language ;
An Anarchist, knowing no law but his oath to obey his
leader
(The Ten Commandments and statute law being for his
benefit suspended),
An unadulterate Brute, lower than men of the Stone Age,
Who fought and ravened and slew, as Hunger or Passion
dictated,
And not at the bidding of those who say, " Look you, this
man here

Yesterday was your brother, his goods and his person were
 sacred ;
 To-day (not that I know it, but certain politicians have told
 me)
 He is your country's enemy, whom you must certainly
 murder,
 Under pain of being yourself disgracefully slain for cowardice
 or high treason ;
 You must burn his dwelling, destroy his goods, nor heed
 though his children should starve ;
 This do, and God will requite you, the King and all good
 men will praise you."

(I strip off the pleasing euphemisms by which the trade of
 the Soldier
 Is made to appear as honourable as tilling the soil or dis-
 tributing its products.
 "Strategy," "ambushing," "sharpshooting," "sniping,"
 These are but words to disguise mean and skulking assassina-
 tion ;
 To "forage" or "commandeer" is simply to plunder and
 steal ;
 To "pacify the country" is to burn, destroy, hunt, starve,
 and proscribe.
 A brave calling, *Camerados* !)

Such is the Soldier abroad, pursuing a war of aggression ;
 Look now at the home-staying Soldier or the one returning
 war-battered,
 When everyone "sees red," and Blood is the daily diet.
 Observe his haughty air, his insolent swagger,
 As he shoulders civilians rudely out of his path ;
 See him, inflamed with Beer and Lust, boldly and publicly
 Ogling young girls and making insulting proposals to virtuous
 women,
 (Virtuous, but, I grant you, O so willing to be tempted !)
 Have we not all marked him and marvelled how far his
 vainglory would carry him !
 Have we not asked, "How long ere all Civil Freedom shall
 cease
 And Earth be but one vast playground for this riotous, leering
 ruffian ?
 I myself have seen, *moi qui vous parle*, have witnessed
 In an Australian city's crowded street, a red-coated
 "Imperial"
 Three times fell to the pavement a poor inebriate woman,
 Because she dared to cling to him who was sated and cloyed
 with love ;
 And though, mayhap, the blood of some spectators boiled,
 as mine did,

Not one had the courage to enter the feeblest of protests
 against the cowardly deed.
 For what would have happened, think you, if one had
 challenged the brutal offender ?
 He would doubtless have been pounded to a jelly by the
 trained fighting man and his comrades,
 Then haled before a magistrate, denounced as a disloyalist,
 a pro-Boer, and what not ;
 Would have been lectured and fined and discredited, while
 the real culprit escaped.
 That is the meaning of War to those who stay at home ; and
 therefore I say
 To Hell with War, where it belongs !

Soldier ! Brave Soldier ! Dear Soldier ! My countryman,
 friend and brother,
 I love you in Peace, I hug you, even though you do seem
 absurd ;
 Live for ever in Peace, as butt, cavalier and ornament,
 I at least will not decry you, or deny you your beer and
 amusement.
 But, Soldier ! I hate you in War, as the Abomination that
 makes Desolate,
 That creates Wildernesses and Widows and Weeping Chil-
 dren in thousands.
 You are bravest, O Soldier, when, meek and self-abnegating,
 You step aside from industrial competition, and wearing the
 badge of subjection,
 And accepting the paltry pittance a grudging nation bestows,
 You leave the willing to work and offer yourself as a puppet
 For women and small boys to wonder at.
 That is your true *forte*, that is your mission and *metier* ;
 Stick to it, noble Soldat !

1901.

MISSIONS TO THE HEATHEN.

Give them of goodly raiment,
 Bid wash their face and hands,
 Provided, in repayment,
 They give to you their lands.
 Wean them from War's wild raiding,
 From taste for human meat,
 Teach them the ways of trading—
 Of swindling and deceit !

1890.

TAHITI, THE LAND OF LOVE AND BEAUTY.

I.—THE PROEM.

There is a land that lieth
 Amid the Southern Sea,
 Where the soft zephyr sigheth
 Across the odorous lea ;
 Where smiles a radiant heaven
 On seas of constant calm ;
 Where added charms are given
 Of orange tree and palm ;
 Where rise basaltic mountains
 With fadeless foliage crowned,
 And leaping, sparkling fountains
 Spread melody around.

A gentle race there dwelleth
 Within that land so fair,
 Whose happy laughter telleth
 Of bosoms free from care ;
 There merry youths and maidens
 In peace their years employ —
 Their voices join in cadence,
 Their life is love and joy ;
 The grace of form and feature
 No ugly fashions mar ;
 The paragons of Nature
 These gentle people are !

How shall I tell the glories
 Of that bright Orient clime,
 Whose beauties shame the stories
 Brought down from olden time
 Of Asiatic splendour—
 Of scenes by art made bright,
 Of maidens warm and tender,
 Whose eyes have Love's own light ?
 How shall my feeble fingers
 Pourtray, with futile art,
 That nameless grace which lingers
 Like fragrance round my heart ?

Not, as in fable olden,
From azure fields above
Descends this City Golden,
Where all is peace and love ;
From seas of pearl and coral
This Island rises fair,
While beauteous offerings floral
Adorn her glossy hair.
O, lovely Papeete,
Of earthly scenes the pride !
O, glorious Tahiti,
Old Ocean's chosen bride ;

II.—THE INVITATION AND JOURNEY.

" Come, follow me, away—away—
In hot pursuit of Yesterday !"
Thus Pleasure gaily called, and I
Responded gladly to her cry.

How many aching hearts have yearned,
How many longing eyes have burned,
To catch a glimpse of gladness fled,
To live again the day that's dead.

How many more have tried the while
To catch To-morrow's distant smile —
A dim mirage, that lures always,
And fades from the expectant gaze.

But these have sought when Hope was gone,
And those when Greed impelled them on—
When urged by Fear or grim Despair
To seek relief from haunting Care.

And these, because they sought amiss,
Could never find the wished-for bliss ;
For Time will not his steps retrace
To gaze on Sorrow's weeping face.

But Pleasure calls, and in her train
I follow o'er the Summer Main
To isles that stretch away — away—
To the dim portals of the Day.

Not to the far Hesperides,
 Where dying glories gild the seas,
 Our steps are bent Our eyes we turn
 To where bright Orient splendours burn ;

To where the virgin Day, new-born,
 Sits in the rosy lap of Morn ;
 Where Sol renews his wasted fires,
 And fond Earth glows with soft desires.

With Hope my guide ; my comrades Joy
 And Love, the little Archer Boy,
 I speed towards that blissful clime
 Where backward roll the wheels of Time ;

Where man may drink in very sooth
 The famous Fount of Endless Youth,
 And where the drug Nepenthe grows,
 That brings enjoyment and repose.

There, living in the gladsome Now,
 I'll smoothe the wrinkles from my brow ;
 While Time with Pleasure stops to play,
 I'll dream it always Yesterday.

III.—THE ARRIVAL AND WELCOME.

Yo-rana! Yo-rana! Our haven is reached,
 The perils of ocean are o'er,
 Our anchor is cast and our shallop is beached,
 We are treading that wonderful shore
 Where scenes of enchantment bewilder the eyes,
 From the emerald earth to the amethyst skies—
 From the mountains resplendent with deep purple dyes
 To the ocean of beauty and calm.
 'Tis the Isle of Tahiti, the fairest on earth ;
 It is gay Papeete, the Palace of Mirth ;
 It is where all the Loves and the Graces have birth—
 The Land of the Coral and Palm !

Yo-rana! We hail thee, thou Orient Queen,
 As thou sitt'st on thy coralline throne ;
 Adoring we gaze on thy beauties serene,
 And the charms that are wholly thine own.

Is it city or garden that greeteth our sight ?
The luscious banana hangs ruddy and bright ;
The bread-fruit and orange to feasting invite ;
 The zephyr seems loaded with balm ;
The lime and the shaddock are lovely to see ;
The sweet golden papao hangs on the tree ;
Rare spices and flow'rs grow uncultured and free
 In the Land of the Coral and Palm.

Yo-rana ! Ye hills so fantastic, yet fair.
 That rear your bold fronts to the sky ;
All hail, lovely harbour, beyond all compare,
 Where soft breezes languish and die ;
Where bright fishes dart from the deep coral cave,
To glance in the sunshine that cleaves the blue wave ;
Where the lingering tides, as the pebbles they lave,
 Murmur soft a perpetual psalm ;
Where the boatman spreads gaily his white lateen sail,
And his craft speeds so lightly it scarce leaves a trail ;
Yo-rana ! Fair city and harbour. All hail
 To the Land of the Coral and Palm.

IV.—FRENCH OCEANIA.

When Gallia's sons set forth to rear
 A home amid the Southern Sea,
They ranged the ocean far and near
In search of Grace and Joy, till here
 They found what they desired in thee,
 Fair Queen of Oceania.

Oh, gallant are the sons of France,
 In love and war aye bold and free !
With thy brave sons they broke a lance ;
Now, conquered by thy daughters' glance,
 They dwell in love and peace with thee,
 Blest Queen of Oceania.

Enthroned thou sittest, Ocean Queen,
 Fairest of all the isles that be ;
Moorea shines in Summer sheen
 (Thy handmaid fair is she) ;
Taha and Bora Bora green,
 With Huaheine's sacred isle,
Attend thee with a gracious smile,
And Raiatea calls to thee,
 Proud Queen of Oceania.

The bright Marquesas bow the head,
 And send thee tribute willingly ;
 From Tuamotu's hundred shores
 The ocean yields its pearly stores,
 And tideless Rapa waits on thee—
 Fair Queen of Oceania !

Proud Queen of the Pacific Main—
 Fair Mistress of the Summer Sea !
 Long, blest, and peaceful be thy reign,
 While Pleasure follows in thy train,
 And Love for ever dwells with thee—
 Fair Queen of Oceania !

V.—DIANA OF THE TAHITIANS.

Bright is the noonday in fair Tahiti,
 When a golden sheen is on hill and sea,
 And sweet is the smile of its garden city
 In the shade of the palm and bread-fruit tree.

But lovelier still when the light grows dimmer,
 Till Sol in a crimson glory dies,
 And Luna shines with a silvery shimmer,
 And bright stars gleam in the dusky skies.

The rose-cheeked maiden far o'er the waters
 Is type of the ruddy and glaring noon ;
 But gems of night are Tahiti's daughters—
 Graceful and fair as the lady moon !

Modest are they as " the chaste Diana "—
 Huntresses they whose prey is man,
 Luring alike, with their soft " Yo-rana,"
 Endymion handsome and rough old Pan !

Who could withstand the magic glamour
 Of those lustrous, liquid, soulful eyes ?
 The coldest heart they might well enamour,
 Such wondrous pow'r in their glances lies !

Who could resist the spell magnetic
 Of that sweetly suasive trancing voice ?
 It calls to love, and the grim ascetic
 Responsive leaps, as he had no choice !

'Twas night, and slowly o'er fair Tahiti
The moon's pale chariot rolled along,
When a dark-eyed maiden of Papeete
Assailed my ear with her syren song.

SONG.

Come to the woodlands—
Come with me
The doves are mated
On yonder tree ;
They are billing, cooing,
And fondly wooing ;
Oh, why are we mortals
Less happy than they ?
Then come to the woodlands
Away away !
Come away ! Come away !

I know sweet bowers
In a shady grove ;
I have decked with flowers
My bed of love ;
There nought shall fear thee—
No pain come near thee ;
There Pleasure ruleth
With melting sway ;
Then come to the woodlands
Away away !
Come away ! Come away !

I'll spread thee a cover
Of softest silk,
I'll bid thee drink of
The cocoa milk,
While oranges render
Their juices tender,
And I'll give thee kisses
More sweet than they ;
Then come to the woodlands
Away—away !
Come away ! Come away !

Thus sang the maid, as the light grew dimmer,
And into the forest she passed from sight ;
But long on her dress did the moonbeams shimmer,
And her glorious eyes like stars gleamed bright !

Still in my dreams I can see her going,
 Backward looking to lure me on,
 Her long white robe like an angel's flowing,
 Her glossy hair o'er her shoulders thrown.

Oh ! vision of light and love and beauty !
 Visit me oft in this world of care ;
 Shine on the thorny path of duty,
 Beckon me on to a life more fair ;

Beam on my sight when the pale Diana
 Stately walks through the fields above ;
 Breathe in my ear your soft " Yo-rana ! "
 Beckon me on to your bower of love !

VI.—THE FOURTEENTH OF JULY.

'Tis the fête which the French love to honour,
 The day when fair Freedom had birth,
 And the natives of lovely Tahiti
 Now join in the feasting and mirth.

All day has the tricolor flaunted,
 With bunting in many a line ;
 All day have the praises been chanted
 Of Liberty, Beauty and Wine.

The conquering race with the conquered
 In friendly athletics have striven,
 And now 'twas the white, now the tawny
 To whom the rich honours were given.

'Tis night now ; the town is all blazing
 With lanterns of many a hue,
 And the band on the lit lawn is playing—
 " Three Cheers for the Red, White and Blue."

Within, in the Governor's ball-room,
 A splendid assembly is met ;
 'Mid music, and glitter, and fragrance,
 They advance, and retire and poussette.

Without, by King Pomare's palace,
 There's a merrier meeting, I ween,
 For the youths and the maids of Tahiti
 In hundreds so happy are seen.

For their annual musical contest
Have gathered this light-hearted throng;
They are singing the "himene"—sacred
And sweetly melodious song.

HIMENE.

Praise ye the Lord always !
Praise Him all, both great and small ;
Sing His praises loud--
Forms and faces bowed ;
Praise ye the Lord alwa-a-a-y !

Youths and maidens gay,
Manhood sage, and hoary age,
Bless His holy name,
Sing, with loud acclaim,
Praise to the Lord alwa-a-a-y.

Come out to this avenue splendid,
Where lights in long lines are displayed,
Where lovers in couples are walking
All under the banyan's broad shade.

Here groups on the greensward are seated,
Who sing with harmonious chime,
While their heads, and their limbs, and their bodies
Sway swiftly, aye beating the time.

Their eyes beam with warm animation,
Their faces with happiness glow ;
In gesture and look of affection
Fond spirit to spirit doth flow.

Oh, blame not these children of Nature,
Nor call them immodest and rude ;
This light song or dance is the reflex
Of their happy and innocent mood.

Be it song, be it dance, 'tis enchanting ;
Its theme is all others above--
'Tis the sprightly and gay hula-hula,
And its ever new subject is Love !

HULA-HULA.

There once was a maiden free,
Who sang so light, from morn till night,
Ever so merrily,
Blithely and cheerily,
" Love, sweet love for me-e-e-e-e-! "

A youth she chanced to see ;
 To the stranger pale she told her tale,
 Till he, bent listening,
 Eyes bright glistening,
 Sang " Sweet love for me-e-e-e-e-! "

Oh, love flows warm and free
 When fresh it starts from youthful hearts ;
 Now in unison
 Sing they twain as one—
 " Love, sweet love for me-e-e-e-e-! "

VII.—LA FETE VENETIENNE.

The crescent moon in western skies is steadily declining,
 A silver trail across the waves reflects its placid shining,
 And past the line of light that marks the reef's encircling rim
 I see Moorea's mountains rise, fantastic, weird, and dim.

To westward lies that lovely isle, enwrapt in sombre shade,
 While Papeete glows with light, in festal robes arrayed,
 And sweetly blended I can hear, as on the deck I stand,
 Low murmurous music from the deep, loud laughter from
 the land.

But see! a light springs into view far o'er the ocean dark,
 Like glowworm glimmering through the gloom, or *ignis fatuus*
 spark ;
 Another and another come, they gather more and more,
 Till dancing points of light are seen o'er all Moorea's shore.

Like some great city's distant lights these twinkling tapers
 seem,—
 A city of enchantment, as in fantasy or dream,
 Raised fresh and fair from ocean cave by some magician's
 power,
 To tempt and dazzle human sight—the pageant of an hour !

But, no ; the lights still gather ; now they mingle, gleam,
 and glance,
 Like fireflies flitting through the dusk, in noiseless, mazy
 dance.
 Still more and more ; a myriad lights swift into being leap,
 Until it seems the Milky Way reflected in the deep.

Not mirrored stars ; for once again the witching scene is
 changed ;
 The lights, by ordered movements, in long straight lines are
 ranged ;

And now the shining ranks advance, by viewless captain
led—
An army marching o'er the deep with soundless, printless
tread !

Unlike the strange, mysterious host that marched on
Dunsinane
(When each man bore a leafy bough), this army of the
main
Disdains all craft or strategy, flings off the cloak of night,
And each bold warrior bears aloft a torch that flashes
bright.

As on they come with measured sweep, at some unheard
command
The lines divide, and columns wheel around on either hand ;
Two squares of fire now meet the sight ; they noiselessly
advance,
While fancy dreams of sunny gleams on sword and shield
and lance.

Nearer and nearer still they come to fair Tahiti's shores,
And now the ear can faintly catch the measured plash of
oars,
And now the eye can dimly see the scores of light canoes
That sweep along, all gaily lit, and manned by dusky crews.

And sudden from the firefly fleet the sounds of music break ;
The trumpet and the war-like drum the mountain echoes
wake ;
And from a thousand throats on shore come ringing cheers
and cries,
While from the war-ships in the bay responsive plaudits
rise.

Still nearer draws the bright parade of fairy boats aflame ;
" Yo-rana ! " now the boatmen call, above the loud acclaim ;
" Yo-rana ! " from the shadowy shore the happy crowds re-
spond,
And Echo sounds the glad salute, with iteration fond !

Paie Luna's horn has touched the tip of yonder purple
hill ;
The lights are out, the sounds of mirth and music all are
still !
To sleep we go, to dream that we are demi-gods, not men,
And wake to find no traces of " La Fête Venetienne ! "

VIII.—THE FAREWELL.

Adieu ! perhaps for ever,
Isle of the Coral Main ;
My longing eyes may never
Behold thy hills again ;
But far o'er stormy waters,
And under gloomier skies,
I'll dream of thy dark daughters,
With love-alluring eyes ;
And 'mid hard paths of duty,
Whatever I may see
Of passing grace or beauty
Shall turn my thoughts to thee.

My memory shall be haunted
With visions of thy hills,
Thy bosky vales enchanted,
Thy many tinkling rills.
Though never more beholding
Thy radiant glory-gleams,
My fancy fond, enfolding
Thy charms in soft day-dreams,
Shall urge her coursers reinless
To bear me back to thee,
Where still thou sittest, stainless,
Girt by thy zone of sea !

Queen of the blue Pacific !—
A peerless maiden thou—
May influence malific
Ne'er cloud thy shining brow !
Farewell ! With deep devotion
I'll ever think of thee,
Bright Oasis in Ocean—
Fair City of the Sea !
O, glorious Tahiti !
Old Neptune's chosen bride ;
O, lovely Papeete !—
Of earthly scenes the pride !

NOTES.

HEATHER AND FERN (p. iii.).—Set to original music by the author. Another setting, which has been published, was composed by a musician in the north of Scotland.

"Though here there is nought to remind me
Of the dark, misty land of my birth."

These lines were written in Auckland, to which district the reference is appropriate, though other parts of New Zealand have a resemblance to Scotland.

TARAWERA; OR, THE CURSE OF TUHOTU (pp. 1—10).—The pivotal incidents of this poem—Tuhotu's four-days' burial beneath volcanic debris, his rescue alive, and his denunciation by his people as a wizard—are well-authenticated episodes of the Tarawera eruption of 10th June, 1886. It is also asserted that Tuhotu had in general terms predicted disaster to the natives of the devastated district, whose immoralities he strongly condemned. The type of Maori character of which Tuhotu was a representative will soon be as extinct as the moa. Learned in Maori lore, as well as in the "new superstition" of Christianity, he kept up the reputation of a prophet among his people, many of whom have a lingering faith in the ancient mythology of the race. He is therefore depicted as holding a dual kind of belief in Maori superstitions and Christian doctrines, a concept whose reasonableness is proved by the adherence of many intelligent natives to the "Hauhau" religion; but towards the close of the poem, Tuhotu's expression of doubt as to the reality of his "Vision" indicates that the purer faith was becoming dominant.

Tarawera's triple mountain.—Mount Tarawera, which is about 2,000 feet high, was, prior to the eruption, flat-shaped on top; but there were three distinct peaks or summits, separated from each other by deep rocky ravines. The word "Tarawera" signifies "burnt cliffs," and as Maori names are all descriptive, it would seem to indicate that the natives were aware of the volcanic origin of the mountain.

Fair Wairoa.—This village, half European and half Maori, was the largest and most populous settlement destroyed by the eruption.

Whare.—Maori for house. The word is pronounced almost like "Whorry."

Tohunga, priest and prophet.—The tohunga was in ancient days held in great veneration by the Maoris, and noted occupants of the office were almost worshipped as demi-gods.

The snows of five-score winters.—Tuhotu was said to be over 100 years old, but this is doubtful. At any rate, he was extremely old.

Him we bore to Rotorua.—Rotorua, where the Government offices and sanatorium are situated, is some eight or nine miles from Wairoa. The eruption was heard and seen from here, and caused great alarm, on account of the frequency of earthquake shocks: but the residents did not give way to panic, and were able to render valuable assistance in rescuing those in danger and succouring refugees from the devastated villages.

Reinga's shadowy shore.—Te Reinga, a cape at the most northerly part of New Zealand, was, in Maori mythology, the spot from which the spirits of the dead took their departure for the other world; it is sometimes referred to as the abode of spirits.

Pakeha.—White man, or European.

Moura, Te Ariki, and Waitangi.—Three villages which, with Wairoa, were destroyed by the eruption. The name "Waitangi" signifies "Water of Lamentation."

The realm of Po.—"Po," darkness.

Ngatitoi.—A *hapu*, or sub-tribe, of the Tuhourangi tribe. By the eruption, Ngatitoi were rendered extinct, and Tuhourangi nearly so.

Maui.—The creator or "grandfather" of New Zealand. He is said to have fished the islands out of the sea, whence the North Island was called "Te Ika a Maui"—Maui's fish!

Hawaiiiki.—This is the name given by the Maoris to the land from which they migrated to New Zealand. They describe it as "an island of the great sea, standing towards the north." On account of the devastating wars in that country, Ngahue made a voyage of discovery, and finding New Zealand a desirable place to dwell in, chiefly on account of the plentiful supply of flesh food to be got by killing the moa, he advised his people to come. Six large canoes were accordingly built, and, laden with human beings, food, seeds, and domestic animals, made the long voyage in safety. Hawaiiiki has been by different writers identified with

Hawaii (Sandwich Islands), Savaii (Samoa Group), or Haapai (Tongan Group), these and other islands in the Pacific Ocean being inhabited by people of the Maori race and language. The nearest place from which they could have come is over a thousand miles from New Zealand.

Great Ngatoro-i-Rangi.—Ngatoro, or Ngatoro-i-Rangi, "The Runner of the Sky," was the navigator of the Arawa canoe—one of the six that brought the Maoris from Hawaiiiki. From the occupants of the Arawa canoe are descended all the Maoris in the Hot Lakes district. Tradition has it that Ngatoro, on landing, set forth to explore the country, and, penetrating to the great mountains of Tongariro, Ruapehu, and Ngauruhoe, was astonished at beholding their snow-clad peaks. Ascending the first-named mountain to ascertain the nature of the unknown white substance, he was benumbed with the intense cold, and called upon his sisters, Hangaroa and Kuiwai, to fetch him fire quickly. The sisters, who were fishing at White Island, situated off the East Coast, near the place where the Arawa canoe touched land), at once dived in the sea, and traversing the passage under the earth emerged from the top of Tongariro, with the sacred fire-stick from Hawaiiiki, in time to save their brother's life. Till this day (say the Maoris, the fire burns on Tongariro, and along the path which the sisters traversed there are also fires showing where the sacred stick had touched. In point of fact, from White Island to Tongariro is a continuous line of volcanic activity, the Hot Lakes district being about mid-way between the two extremities.

The spell of his evil eye.—Many Maoris to the present day believe in witchcraft. In 1887 two natives were sentenced to imprisonment for life at Gisborne for murdering a companion whom they accused of bewitching people. Many deaths are attributed by natives to the evil eye!

Mount Tarawera was strictly *tapu* (sacred or forbidden) on account of the summit of the hill being the burial place of the chiefs of the Arawa tribe.

Mahana's steaming flood.—A reference to a stream of warm water which flowed from Rotomahana (*roto*—lake, and *mahana*—hot) into the large cold water Lake Tarawera. This hot stream was a little over six feet wide and about a mile long.

Te Kūpuarangi.—"The Fountain of the Clouded Sky,"—better known as the Pink Terrace—was a marvelously beautiful work of Nature—the product of centuries

of deposits of silicious matter from a geyser or boiling cauldron at the summit. The hot water, overflowing from the natural basin, formed many pools in its descent, which made delicious hot baths. This terrace, which had a delicate pink hue throughout, was 80 feet high, and the Maori name is most poetically descriptive of its appearance,

Te Tarata.—"The White Terrace,"—was situated close to Rotomahana, and was larger, and in some respects more beautiful than *Te Kupuarangi*. It had 50 steps, ranging in breadth from one to two feet, and the appearance presented was that of a structure of beautifully-fashioned white marble, with tiny cascades falling over it.

Rotomahana.—Now a thing of the past—was one of the smallest lakes of the group, being a mile long by about a quarter of a mile broad. It was 1088 feet above the sea level, its waters were hot, steaming, and frequently disturbed by subterranean forces.

The Taniwha.—Was a mythical monster somewhat akin to a dragon, but usually inhabiting lakes and rivers. It is described in Maori traditions as being the size of a large sperm whale, but shaped like a lizard, and covered with scales, while its back was studded with spines. The monster was carnivorous, and was held in superstitious dread by the Maoris. There is no evidence that such an animal ever existed in New Zealand, and the traditions of it are probably exaggerated alligator stories handed down by the tropic-dwelling ancestors of the Maori race. When the waters of Rotomahana showed more than ordinary ebullition the natives were wont to say, 'The *taniwha* is turning in his sleep!' Other natives of a more practical turn of mind tell tourists who cross Lake Tarawera that there is a danger of the *taniwha* becoming enraged and swamping their canoe; and the traveller, to humour the guileless (?) savage, usually leaves a coin on a rock in the centre of the lake to appease the monster!

Bursts Tarawera, &c.—Tarawera, Wahanga, and Ruawahia were the names given respectively to the three separate mountain peaks, frequently alluded to as one mountain under the name of Tarawera.

How sad was Rangiheua's fate.—Rangiheua, the chief of Te Ariki village, had gone to live on the island of Puwai—one of two islets in Rotomahana—a few days before the fatal 10th of June, 1886. This island was used as a health resort by the natives, and on this occasion Rangiheua was accompanied by seven of his tribe. The

island was in the very centre of the original outburst, and these natives must have been overtaken by sudden and awful death in the very first fury of the great convulsion of nature. Rangiheua, an old man, used to say with pride that he was the owner of Te Tarata and Te Kupuarangi, and holding the approaches thereto, he exacted toll from every visitor. Both the terraces were demolished by the eruption, but Tuhotu makes no lament for their loss, as the Maoris had no special regard for them, and Tuhotu, instead of deploring their destruction, would rather be inclined to rejoice that the Maoris were deprived of a means of degeneracy and demoralisation in the funds which the terraces provided.

Ngatitoti.—Rangiheua was chief of this *hapu*, and the whole settlement being destroyed by the eruption, the sub-tribe became extinct.

I live, the last of all my tribe.—Tuhotu's language here is not strictly correct, unless it be applied to his *hapu* only. He is reputed to have been a lineal descendant of Ngatoroirangi, and Te Heuheu, the present chief of Taupo district, is also a direct descendant of that great *rangatira* and *tohunga*.

The tangi's mournful cry.—The *tangi* is the funeral song, or lamentation, usually taken part in by all the relatives of the deceased. Like the Irish "wake," the *tangi* of modern days has degenerated into an occasion of ceremonious weeping, feasting and drinking. Regarding Tuhotu's interment, the following was stated in an Auckland newspaper:—"It was understood that Tuhotu should be buried in the Rotorua cemetery, in the portion reserved for natives. The Maoris seemed desirous of having as little to do with the affair as possible, as their belief was that he was a wizard."

APOSTROPHE TO AUCKLAND (p. 20).—"Seated on thy hundred hills"—a poetic license, similar to Byron's Venice, "Throned on her hundred isles." There are some sixty odd volcanic cones within a few miles of the city of Auckland.

McKelvie, Costley, Elam, Grey.—Public-spirited benefactors of Auckland.

THE CHIMES OF WELLINGTON (p. 24)—The first four lines of the refrain are meant to be sung to the music of the chimes of the Wellington Post office.

THE PASSING OF THE POET (p. 27). W. R. Wills, a native of Bristol, England, and a working shoemaker, was the author of many poems showing true poetic feeling.

THE DAWN OF BROTHERHOOD (p. 28). — "See yonder wandering star;" an allusion to the fact that comets move with greatly accelerated speed when approaching their perihelion. The following verses evoked by this poem are by Mr. C. E. Harvie, Seafield View Road, Auckland, and were published as "dedicated to J. L. Kelly":—

THE OPTIMIST.

The Optimist may see
A blessed unity,
When the Millennium has come, all nations to embrace --
When laughing, joyous gladness
Shall banish painful sadness
And universal brotherhood unite the human race.

Ah! 'tis a splendid dream,
Bright Hope's immortal beam
Has kindled in the glowing hearts of noble-minded men,
When not a cloud of sorrow
Can sadden o'er the morrow;
No Juggernaut of prejudice will mangle merit then.

For Manhood will aspire
To raise from Trouble's mire
A fellow by Misfortune smote, and soothe away his pain;
Then Woman will not handle
The filthy slime of scandal,
Nor greet an erring sister with a gesture of disdain.

Each vice we now deplore
Shall die for evermore,
And Sin, with all its reptile brood, be trampled in the dust;
Red Anarchy and Treason
Will heed the voice of Reason,
And Virtue never suffer from the sweet-voiced sons of Lust.

My feeble Muse grows faint
For ardent words, to paint
The glories that entwine around the Brotherhood of Man,
When Poverty we'll banish,
When slavery shall vanish,
And Liberty and Justice lead triumphantly the van.

THE PESSIMIST.

Where'er my eyesight falls,
Dark misery appals,
And fawning hypocrites obtain advantage of the good.
Will Lust and Rapine falter,
Will human nature alter,
To work a God-like miracle, and call it Brotherhood?

It is in vain to tell
Of Pleasure's festival,
For glad, fraternal happiness can never bless our day;
While still, from Learning's portals,
Unnumbered selfish mortals
In blind and stubborn ignorance turn sullenly away.

To thee, whose worthy song
 Proclaims a foe to wrong
 And shows the workings of a mind by kindly feelings warmed,
 Attack each vile oppression,
 Denounce each foul aggression,
 Expose each soulless tyranny, that it may be reformed.

A trenchant pen is thine,
 Then tell in burning line
 The wrongs of frail Humanity, that clamour for redress.
 In fearless vigour ringing,
 Let thy exalted singing
 Teach us to make an Eden of Life's barren wilderness.

We boldly call on thee
 For aid and sympathy,
 And claim thy wealth of poesy, against our specious times.
 Take up the holy quarrel,
 And point a stinging moral,
 To those who reap the plunder of unhallowed legal crimes.

Soon may we truly hail,
 No more an idle tale,
 The blessed joys of unity, that hopeful natures see
 And greet with glad thanksgiving,
 The right to earn a living,
 Unmenaced by Starvation, in the near futurity.

NIRGENDSWO (pp. 33, 34). — A German word signifying
 "nowhere."

A SONNET SEQUENCE (pp. 34, 35). — These sonnets were
 evoked by the presentation to the author by his eldest
 son, John Stuart Kelly, then aged 25, of a volume of
 "Sonnets of the Century," with the following original
 sonnet on the first fly-leaf:—

TO MY FATHER.

Fortune on me her favours showered one day
 And filled my long-time empty coffers high.
 "I'll pay my creditors in full," said I;
 And joyfully I paid them all straightway—
 But one I found impossible to pay:
 Though Fortune still remained my firm ally.
 His just demands I could not satisfy,
 And I, perforce, his debtor am for aye.

Father, 'tis thy unceasing love to me
 Which, trying to return, hath me undone
 And Fortune brought to veriest bankruptcy:
 But, whilst the streams of being in me run
 I can some small repayment make to thee
 By proving worthy to be called thy son.

August 31st, 1896.

LOVELY RAROTONGA (pp. 35, 36).—Rarotonga is the most important island of the Cook Group in the South Pacific. Makea, Tinuomana, and Mere Paa were at the time of the author's visit the "Queens" holding sway over the three districts into which the island was divided. Since then the group has been formally "annexed" to New Zealand. "Maori and Papa" (native and European). These islanders belong to the Maori race, and are by some authorities believed to be the original stock from which the New Zealand Maoris sprang. Their language is almost identical with Maori. These verses, written extempore on the island, were recited by the author at a large gathering of natives in front of the residence of Mere Paa at Ngatangia.

EXODUS (pp. 43, 44).—Written at sea, and based on the circumstances under which the author left Scotland for New Zealand.

THE BONNIE BRAES O' BLANTYRE (p. 54).—This song had music composed for it by T. S. Gleadhill, and the song was published by Mr. Morison Kyle, Glasgow.

JANET HAMILTON (p. 63).—A poetess of Langloan, Scotland, who though unlettered and latterly blind, attained wide celebrity by the beauty and fervour of her writings.

THE SHEARING POET (p. 68).—"Schlecht und recht, und Niemand's Herr noch Knecht." The quotation is, I think, from the German poet, G. E. Lessing. It may be freely translated, "Upright and downright, and no man's lord or slave." The following is the ode that provoked my reply:—

ODE.

(Inspired by seeing a poet shearing.)

Hail, shearing "pote"!
 I pray thee, stay thy hook
 That I may scan apace
 The glories of thy face;
 For of thy wild, poetic look,
 At which the very rashes shook,
 I fain would take a note!

Thy weapon o'er the grass
 Doth oftentimes idly pass—
 Thou labourest rather slow;
 I fear me, winsome bard,
 Unless thou workest hard,
 Thy wages shall be low.

Thou bendest ill thy back —
 Thou hast not got the knack
 Of cutting low the stems ;
 And yet thy brow is wet
 With trickling beads of sweat,
 That gleam like sparkling gems.

Sweet is the song thou singest,
 Whilst gaily at my feet
 The rashes mown thou flingest,
 And, oh, thy glance is sweet !
 Thou'rt happy now, blithe bard ; but, hark !
 Was that a *cursor* remark —
 In Parliament unheard,
 Unseen in books --
 Concerning hooks
 That cut the fingers of bards and singers ?
 Oh, dear ! I'm scared !

See how thy blood
 In gory flood
 Wells trickling from the wound !
 But never mind,
 Thy wound I'll bind —
 Alas ! the bard hath swooned !

Some water ! Ah, thou'rt come again
 To life, poor dear ! Dost feel the pain ?
 Ah ! at thy heart ? Ah, *oui* !
 Poor invalid, give me the hook,
 There, sit thee down and take the book,
 And read a rhyme to me !

YE MORAL.

If in this earthly life
 Thy fortune thou must make ;
 And if a winsome wife
 Unto thyself thou'dst take ;
 And if, for her sweet sake
 Thou'dst gain immortal fame,
 And thou resolvedest to break
 All records with thy name—

Then this I say without a jest,
 And boldly in thy hearing,
 If I may judge thine actions best
 By this, thy knack of shearing—
 That if thou'dst swear upon the Book
 That all these goals thou'dst surely win,
 " By hook or crook ! " excuse my grin—
 I think 'twould surely be by crook !

— " Peggy Bawn " (Mr. Dugald MacFadyen), in *Glasgow Weekly Herald*.

BLACKBIRDS AT CALDERVALE (p. 71).—" Caldervale " was the name given by the author to his residence at Woolston, near Christchurch—so called after a village in his native valley of the North Calder in Scotland.

NEW ZEALAND, PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE (p. 74).—This and other extracts in the present volume are republished from a lengthy brochure in verse, issued on the occasion of the celebration of the Jubilee of New Zealand at Auckland.

IN THE PARK AT SUNRISE (p. 81).—The Albert Park, Auckland, though only about fourteen acres in extent, is, from its commanding position in the centre of and overlooking the town, as well as from the tasteful way in which it has been laid out and planted, likely to prove the most popular place of outdoor resort for the residents of the city for many years to come. On the "brow" of the Park, looking to the westward, there are two pieces of ordnance mounted, and a large flagstaff erected; and from this point a wide view of the city, harbour, and surroundings is obtained. Historically considered this Park has an indelible connection with the early life of the colony, as the site of the barracks and armoury, and as having been fortified for the purpose of resisting a threatened descent of the natives.

FROM MEMORIÆ AMORIS (pp. 92, 96, 119, 130, 147).—These are extracts from a long poem, still unfinished, that was commenced over thirty years ago.

THE TANIWHA (p. 98).—This is supposed to be an aged Maori's description of the mythical saurian monster, the *taniwha*, which figures so largely in Maori tradition and nomenclature.

THE PHANTOM CANOE (p. 130).—On the occasion of the great volcanic eruption of 1886, the Maoris of Rotorua alleged that they had for several days previously seen a phantom canoe crossing the lake.

THE STREAM AND THE LILY (p. 138).—A peculiar fact in connection with this lyric is that the author has no recollection of having written it, having been surprised to find it in his pocket, in a finished state, written in pencil by himself. Mr. Maughan Barnett has composed music for this song.

TUTANEKAI (p. 149).—In these two sonnets an attempt is made to present the well-known legend of Hinemoa from the standpoint of an admirer of the lover.

CAIRNHILL (p. 155).—A beautiful little estate of several hundred acres, situated a mile from Airdrie, in Lanarkshire, Scotland.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S JUBILEE (p. 160).—This poem was adjudged the best of seventy-three sent in for competition, open to New Zealand.

HEINE (p. 171)—*Bergstimm*—mountain voice or echo; the title of one of Heine's songs.

LOVE AND TIME.—(p. 171).—*L'amour fait passer le temps*
Love makes time pass; *Le temps fait passer l'amour*—Time makes love pass.

THE LOST TRIBE (p. 244).—This sonnet describes the ending of a chapter of New Zealand history. Ngati-mamoe were a South Island tribe and became extinct as stated.

THE SAGA OF SIR JOHN (p. 235).—This "skit" on the Hon. John Bryce's Parihaka raid was originally published in the *Auckland Observer*. The various poems parodied are so well known that it is unnecessary to name them. *The Battle of the Herrings* is the title given in history to an engagement in which Sir John Falstaff distinguished himself. *Je brise*—I break or shatter.

TAHITI, THE LAND OF LOVE AND BEAUTY (p. 264).—

Seas of Constant Calm.—This is no mere poetic figure. Tahiti seems to be quite outside the hurricane zone, and has never suffered from those periodic storms as nearly all the other Pacific Islands have done. Further, the channel of ten or twelve miles wide, which separates Tahiti from Moorea, is said by mariners to have calm water even when tempests are raging in the seas around.

Fadeless foliage.—The trees are nearly all evergreen.

The grace of form and feature, etc.—In allusion to the fact that Tahitians have long given up the habit of tattooing, while they do not make themselves ridiculous by aping European fashions in dress, but have adopted clothing at once suited to the climate and fitted to display their fine figures to perfection. The dresses of many European ladies resident in Papeete are modelled after the flowing robes of the Tahitians.

In hot pursuit of yesterday.—In going from the Australasian colonies to Tahiti, the traveller passes from East to West longitude, and consequently finds that he has lost a day in point of computation.

Yo-rana.—This is the Tahitian salutation on meeting. It is pronounced as spelt, with a rising inflection, and with but a slight accent on the penultimate.

The luscious banana hangs ruddy and bright.—A species of banana, in much request as food by the natives, has a skin of dark red colour.

Papao.—This fruit, commonly called the "mummy apple," grows in clusters like the cocoanut, at the top of a smooth-stemmed tree, from six to ten feet high.

Tuamotu's hundred shores.—The Tuamotu, or Low Archipelago Islands, are under the French Protectorate. They are seventy-eight in number, and yield large quantities of pearl shell. These islands were formerly subject to the native monarchs of Tahiti, their inhabitants being contemptuously called "The King's pig-feeders."

Tideless Rapa.—There is no perceptible rise or fall of the tide at Rapa, an island far to the south-west of Tahiti, which has been brought under French influence. Though small in size, it is of importance from its position.

The chaste Diana.—The ancient goddess referred to by Ben Jonson as "Queen and huntress, chaste and fair," became so desperately enamoured of the beautiful Endymion that she sought his couch nightly, while she also surrendered her charms to the embraces of the half-bestial Pan.

Himene, (Hymn) and Hula-Hula.—The verse employed is an imitation of the peculiar measure of the Tahitian native songs, which has been adopted for their hymns. The closing sentence of each stanza is sounded in a prolonged nasal drawl, lasting about thirty seconds, in the midst of which the leading singers strike up the next stanza. The music has a jangling sound, but although sung with great rapidity, admirable time is kept. During the "drone" at the close of each verse, the singers, who are seated on the ground, bow their faces to the earth. In the hula-hula they keep time with heads, limbs and bodies, and occasionally leap to their feet and go through a variety of motions.

La fete Venetienne.—A procession of illuminated boats and canoes is a prominent feature in the annual fetes of the 14th July and the following day. The effect is pleasing in the extreme.

Bright fishes.—The fishes here have extraordinarily brilliant colours. Some have bright black and gold bars alternating, others are blue, green, red and white.

Lingering tides.—There is only a tide once in twenty-four hours at Tahiti, and the rise does not exceed two feet.

Moorea.—This beautiful little island stands about ten miles from Tahiti, and, lying right in front of the harbour of Papeete, forms a complete barrier against the wind and waves from the outer seas.

Taha and Bora Bora—Two islands of the Society Group.

Huaheine's sacred isle.—This island is "tapu," and all criminals fleeing from the other islands find here a sanctuary.

Raiatea calls to thee.—By Anglo-French treaty in 1848 the independence of Raiatea was recognised by both Powers. About a year after this poem was written, this island, with Huaheine, Taha and Bora Bora, were formally annexed to French Oceania.

The bright Marquesas.—The Marquesas Islands, to the northward of Tahiti, are now subject to the French Colonial Government of the latter island, though formerly they constituted a separate French colony.



WELLINGTON, NEW ZEALAND:

Printed at the New Zealand Times Office, Lambton Quay.

1902.

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